THE Spectator

A

NEW EDITION

IN

EIGHT VOLUMES;

with Illustrative Notes.

To which are prefixed,

The Lives of the Authors,

By ROBERT BISSET, A.M.

Aut simul et Jucunda et Idonea Vitæ.)

Hor. de Art. Poet.

VOL. III.

LONDON

Printed for G. Robertson, N.° 22, Piccadilly; J. Cuthell, N.° 24, Middle Row, Holborn; J. Lackington, N.° 47 and 48 Chiswell Street, Moorfields, and Mess.rs Bell & Bradefute Edinburgh.


GR III

97 b12

THE

SPECTATOR,

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES,

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED THE

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS:

COMPREHENDING

JOSEPH ADDISON,
SIR RICHARD STEELE,
THOMAS PARNELL,
JOHN HUGHES,
EUSTACE BUDGELL,
LAWRENCE EUSDEN,
THOMAS TICKELL.
ALEXANDER POPE.

WITH

CRITICAL REMARKS

ON THEIR

RESPECTIVE WRITINGS.

BY ROBERT BISSET, A. M.

A NEW EDITION, IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. S. JORDAN, NO. 166, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCXCIV.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY BOYLE.*

SIR,

As the professed design of this work is to entertain its readers in general, without giving offence to any particular person, it would be difficult to find out so proper a patron for it as yourself, there being none whose merit is more universally acknowledged by all parties, and who has made himself more friends and fewer enemies. Your great abilities, and unquestioned integrity, in those high employments which you have passed through, would not have been able to have raised you this general approbation, had they not been accompanied with that moderation in an high fortune, and that affability of manners, which are so conspicuous through all parts of your life. Your aversion to any ostentatious arts of setting to show those

 great

* He was the son of CHARLES Lord CLIFFORD. He was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer to King WILLIAM in March 1701; and continued in that office till Feb. 12, 1707-8, when he was made one of the principal Secretaries of State, in which station he remained till Sept. 20, 1710. On the accession of GEORGE I. Mr. BOYLE was created Lord CARLETON, and soon after made President of the Council. He died, unmarried, March 14, 1724-5.

great services which you have done the public, has not likewise a little contributed to that universal acknowledgment which is paid you by your country.

The consideration of this part of your character, is that which hinders me from enlarging on those extraordinary talents, which have given you so great a figure in the British senate, as well as in that elegance and politeness which appear in your more retired conversation. I should be unpardonable, if, after what I have said, I should longer detain you with an address of this nature: I cannot, however, conlude it without acknowledging those great obligations which you have laid upon,

SIR,

Your most obedient,

Humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

THE

SPECTATOR.

N°. 122.

FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1711.

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.

PUBL. SYR. FRAG.

"An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a coach."

THE SPECTATOR ACCOMPANIES SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY TO THE ASSIZES.

A MAN's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself, seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir ROGER is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns

of affection and good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shewn to the good old Knight. He would needs carry WILL WIMBLE and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road WILL WIMBLE joined a couple of plain men who rode before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir ROGER acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the game act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty-jury.

The other that rides along with him is TOM TOUCHY, a fellow famous for *taking the law* of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the *widow*. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution: his father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has *cast* and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree.

As Sir ROGER was giving me this account of TOM TOUCHY, WILL WIMBLE and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir ROGER, WILL told him that Mr. TOUCHY and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that

that arose between them. WILL it seems had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when TOM TOUCHY, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-a-one, if he pleased, might *take the law of him* for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir ROGER heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that "much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir ROGER came; but notwithstanding all the Justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old Knight at the head of them, who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the Judge's ear, "That he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit." I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir ROGER was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir ROGER *was up*. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see

gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring *his* courage, that was not afraid to speak to the Judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir ROGER are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had it seems been formerly a servant in the Knight's family; and to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir ROGER, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that *the Knight's Head* had hung out upon the road above a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as Sir ROGER was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a Duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the Knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the *Saracen's-Head.* I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir ROGER's alighting, told him in my hearing, That his *Honour's Head* was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend, with his usual chearfulness, related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown

frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir ROGER, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a *Saracen*, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, *That much might be said on both sides.*

These several adventures, with the Knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels. L.

N°. 123.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1711.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.

HOR. 4. OD. iv. 33.

"Yet the best blood by learning is refin'd,
"And virtue arms the solid mind;
"Whilst vice will stain the noblest race,
"And the paternal stamp efface."

OLDISWORTH.

NEGLECT OF THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG HEIRS, WITH THE STORY OF EUDOXUS AND LEONTINE.

AS I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir ROGER, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy young man, who rode by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir ROGER told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother that lived not many miles from the place where we were.

She

gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring *his* courage, that was not afraid to speak to the Judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir ROGER are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had it seems been formerly a servant in the Knight's family; and to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir ROGER, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that *the Knight's Head* had hung out upon the road above a week before he himself knew any thing of the matter. As soon as Sir ROGER was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a Duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the Knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the *Saracen's-Head*. I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir ROGER's alighting, told him in my hearing, That his *Honour's Head* was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend, with his usual chearfulness, related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown

frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir ROGER, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a *Saracen*, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, *That much might be said on both sides.*

These several adventures, with the Knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels. L.

N°. 123.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1711.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.

HOR. 4. OD. iv. 33.

"Yet the best blood by learning is refin'd,
"And virtue arms the solid mind;
"Whilst vice will stain the noblest race,
"And the paternal stamp efface."

OLDISWORTH.

NEGLECT OF THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG HEIRS, WITH THE STORY OF EUDOXUS AND LEONTINE.

AS I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir ROGER, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy young man, who rode by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir ROGER told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She

She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ake. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horse-back, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole country.*

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers, who either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel, than a true story.

EUDOXUS and LEONTINE began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great

* We have remarked in the life of ADDISON, that knowledge is now much more generally diffused among gentlemen, than it was at the beginning of the century. Heirs to great estates, the class of men on whose ignorance Mr. ADDISON here animadverts, instead of being kept at home, and flattered by servants and dependants, are most commonly sent to seminaries of learning; where they meet with equals, must trust to personal exertions for eminence, and are strongly impelled to excellence, by the principle of emulation, which operates so powerfully on youthful minds at great schools.

great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. EUDOXUS, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, until at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. LEONTINE on the contrary sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixt and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with EUDOXUS, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from LEONTINE. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, according to Mr. COWLEY, 'there is no dallying with life,') they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. LEONTINE, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend EUDOXUS, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, EUDOXUS having a son born to him, and LEONTINE a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife (in whom all his happiness was wrapt up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the

daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, LEONTINE, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and EUDOXUS reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy should be bred up with LEONTINE as his son, and that the girl should live with EUDOXUS as his daughter, until they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of EUDOXUS, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of LEONTINE, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took LEONILLA, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. FLORIO, the name of the young heir that lived with LEONTINE, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of EUDOXUS, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by FLORIO. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of every thing which LEONTINE recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty

twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the inns of court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficients in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not FLORIO's case; he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for LEONTINE and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader, that whilst FLORIO lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of EUDOXUS, where he became acquainted with LEONILLA from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. LEONILLA,* who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for FLORIO, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. FLORIO was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from LEONTINE to repair to him in the country the next day. For it seems EUDOXUS was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, LEONTINE told him that EUDOXUS had something of great importance

* The fable of Mr. O'KEEFE's *Agreeable Surprize* seems to be taken from this story.

importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. FLORIO was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighbourhood, but EUDOXUS took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to LEONTINE, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. LEONILLA too shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discovery to LEONILLA which I have made to yourself." FLORIO was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb shew those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half EUDOXUS's estate settled upon them. LEONTINE and EUDOXUS passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of FLORIO and LEONILLA the just recompence, as well as the natural effects of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

L.

No. 124.

MONDAY, JULY 23, 1711.

Μέγα Βίβλιον, μέγα κακόν.

"A great book is a great evil."

PERIODICAL ESSAYS REQUIRE MORE UNINTERRUPTED ANIMATION THAN BOOKS.

A MAN who publishes his works in a volume, has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writings to the world in loose tracts and single pieces. We do not expect to meet with any thing in a bulky volume, till after some heavy preamble, and several words of course, to prepare the reader for what follows. Nay, authors have established it as a kind of rule, That a man ought to be dull sometimes; as the most severe reader makes allowances for many rests and nodding-places in a voluminous writer. This gave occasion to the famous Greek proverb which I have chosen for my motto, "That a great book is a great evil."

On the contrary, those who publish their thoughts in distinct sheets, and as it were by piece-meal, have none of these advantages. We must immediately fall into our subject, and treat every part of it in a lively manner, or our papers are thrown by as dull and insipid. Our matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself, or in the turn it receives from our expressions. Were the books of our best authors thus to be retailed to the public, and every page submitted to the taste of *forty or fifty thousand readers*, I am afraid we should complain of many flat expressions, trivial observations, beaten topics, and common thoughts, which go off very well

well in the lump. At the same time, notwithstanding some papers may be made up of broken hints and irregular sketches, it is often expected that every sheet should be a kind of treatise, and make out in thought what it wants in bulk: that a point of humour should be worked up in all its parts; and a subject touched upon in its most essential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies, and enlargements, that are indulged to longer labours. * The ordinary writers of morality prescribe to their readers after the Galenic way; their medicines are made up in large quantities. An essay-writer must practise in the chemical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops. Were all books reduced thus to their *quintessence*, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny-paper. There would be scarce such a thing in nature as a *folio*; the works of an age would be contained on a few shelves; not to mention millions of volumes, that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the difficulty of furnishing out separate papers of this nature, has hindered authors from communicating their thoughts to the world after such a manner: though I must confess I am amazed that the press should be only made use of in this way by newswriters, and the zealots of parties; as if it were not more advantageous to mankind, to be instructed in wisdom and virtue, than in politics; and to be made good fathers, husbands and sons, than counsellors and statesmen. Had the philosophers and great men of antiquity, who took so much pains in order to instruct mankind, and leave the world wiser and better than they found it; had they, I say, been possessed of the Art of Printing, there is no question but they would have made such an advantage of it, in dealing out their lectures to the public.

* SWIFT, in his *Tale of a Tub*, very humorously describes the modes in swelling out performances. MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS strongly recommends prolixity to all who are desirous of attaining perfection in the bathos.

lic. Our common prints would be of great use were they thus calculated to diffuse good sense through the bulk of a people, to clear up their understandings, animate their minds with virtue, dissipate the sorrows of a heavy heart, or unbend the mind from its more severe employments with innocent amusements. * When knowledge, instead of being bound up in books and kept in libraries and retirements, is thus obtruded upon the public; when it is canvassed in every assembly, and exposed upon every table, I cannot forbear reflecting upon that passage in the *Proverbs*: "Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates. In the city she uttereth her words, saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? And the scorners delight in their scorning? And fools hate knowledge?"

The many letters which come to me from persons of the best sense in both sexes, (for I may pronounce their characters from their way of writing) do not a little encourage me in the prosecution of this my undertaking: besides that my bookseller tells me, the demand for these my papers increases daily. It is at his instance that I shall continue my *rural speculations* to the end of this month; several having made up separate sets of them, as they have done before of those relating to *wit*, to *operas*, to points of *morality*, or subjects of *humour*.

I am not at all mortified, when sometimes I see my works thrown aside by men of no taste nor learning. There is a kind of heaviness and ignorance that hangs upon the minds of ordinary men, which is too thick for

* This is a most excellent idea, and worthy of the mind of an ADDISON. It may deserve the consideration of the conductors of papers, whether the frequent insertion of essays on moral and literary subjects might not add to the value of their publications.

knowledge to break through. Their souls are not to be enlightened.

——Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra.

VIRG. ÆN. ii. 360.

"Black night enwraps them in her gloomy shade."

To these I must apply the fable of the *Mole*, that after having consulted many oculists for the bettering of his sight, was at last provided with a good pair of spectacles; but upon his endeavouring to make use of them, his mother told him very prudently, "That spectacles, though they might help the eye of a *man*, could be of no use to a *mole*." It is not therefore for the benefit of *moles* that I publish these my daily *essays*.

But besides such as are *moles* through ignorance, there are others who are *moles* through envy. As it is said in the Latin proverb, "That one man is a *wolf* to another;" so generally speaking, one author is a *mole* to another. It is impossible for them to discover beauties in one another's works; they have eyes only for spots and blemishes: they can indeed see the light, as it is said of the animals which are their name-sakes, but the idea of it is painful to them; they immediately shut their eyes upon it, and withdraw themselves into a wilful obscurity. I have already caught two or three of these dark undermining vermin, and intend to make a string of them, in order to hang them up in one of my papers, as an example to all such *voluntary moles*.

C.

N°. 125.

TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1711.

Ne pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella:
Neu patriæ validas in viscere vertite vires.
VIRG. ÆN. vi. 832.

"This thirst of kindred blood, my sons, detest,
"Nor turn your force against your country's breast."
DRYDEN.

ON PARTY SPIRIT.

MY worthy friend Sir ROGER, when we were talking of the *malice of parties*, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a school-boy, which was at the time when the feuds ran high between the Round-heads and the Cavaliers. This worthy Knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to *St. Anne's Lane*, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who had made *Anne* a saint? The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to *Anne's Lane;* but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shewn the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, says Sir ROGER, I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane. By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir ROGER generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neighbourhood, and make honest gen-

tlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious *party-spirit*, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, * calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

PLUTARCH says very finely, That a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because, says he, if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you. I might here observe how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity

* In ADDISON's time, when party-rage was very violent, not merely scribblers, but even men of the greatest talents dealt in the meanest personalities. BOLINGBROKE, ATTERBURY, and SWIFT, so far degraded themselves as to write a scurrilous paper, entitled the *Examiner*, as we before observed in the Life of STEELE. They not only attacked the principles of their opponents, which was fair as far as they were reprehensible, but their morality, and even their circumstances, when there was an opportunity. The Whigs in ADDISON's time were much less abusive than the Tories, owing, probably, in some measure to the influence of his example.

malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object) answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote;* but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party-principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner, as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this *party-spirit* has so ill an affect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this *spirit* is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle, is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight and intire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England, who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails among all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties.---Books are valued upon the like considerations. An abusive scurrilous stile passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party-notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man,

* By JESUS CHRIST. See *Luke* vi. 27—32, &c.

for a known undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary postulatums of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this *inhuman spirit* prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the GUELFES and GIBELLINES, and France by those who were for and against the League: but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country.* How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honour and esteem; if instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the *love of their country*. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, "If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind."

For

* It is evident on the slightest observation, that men of minds by no means ill inclined, judge unfairly and act hurtfully, under the influence of zeal for certain political and religious opinions. A candid man would not impute the Birmingham riots to wicked motives, at least in the vulgar concerned, though the effects were so destructive.

For my own part I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association, for the support of one another against the endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of *neutral forces*, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded because they are above practising those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear: on the contrary, we should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow-subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.*

C.

---

* A spirit of liberality breathes through this excellent paper, which is the result of an enlightened understanding, combined with a benevolent heart.

N°. 126.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1711.

Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.

VIRG. ÆN. X. 108.

"Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me."

DRYDEN.

ON PARTY-SPIRIT, CONTINUED.

IN my yesterday's paper I proposed, that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another, and the confusion of their common enemies. As it is designed this neutral body should act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and divest themselves of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an association, which may express their intentions, in the most plain and simple manner.

"WE whose names are hereunto subscribed do solemnly declare, That we do in our consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any man whatsoever to be our enemy who endeavours to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, That six is less than seven in all times and all places; and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, That it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all occasions oppose such persons that upon any day of the year shall call black white, or white black, with the utmost peril of our lives and fortunes."

Were

Were there such a combination of hones men, who, without any regard to places, would endeavour to extirpate all such furious zealots as would sacrifice one half of their country to the passion and interest of the other; as also such infamous hypocrites, that are for promoting their own advantage under colour of the public good; with all the profligate immoral retainers to each side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit submission to their leaders; we should soon see that furious party-spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society, that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in DIODORUS SICULUS an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the Ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the Crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the Ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labours of this industrious animal, Ægypt, says the historian, woul be over-run with Crocodiles; for the Ægyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures, that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal; and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, whatever

post

post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations, I have endeavoured as much as I am able to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice, which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular, because I observe that the spirity of *party* reigns more in the country than in the town.* It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness, to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve towards one another an outward show of good-breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humour fills the country with several periodical meetings of Whig jockies and Tory fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers, that my friends Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT are of different principles, the first of them inclined to the *landed* and the other to the *monied* interest. This humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find however that the Knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London

---

* Mr. ADDISON gives a very humorous picture of a country gentleman, a most zealous party man, in his *Freeholder*, in the Tory fox-hunter. There are many excellent observations on the effects of party notions, among country squires, in FIELDING'S *True Patriot*, and a most admirable exemplification in SQUIRE WESTERN.

don to his house we did not so much as bate at a Whig inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir ROGER's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the innkeeper; and provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and a hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into a house of any one that Sir ROGER had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir ROGER's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow *party humour*. Being upon the bowling-green at a neighbouring market-town the other day, (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a week) I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprised, that notwithstanding he was a very fair *bettor*, nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry I found, that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. WILL WIMBLE was the other day relating several strange stories that he had picked up, nobody knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, WILL stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner

dinner asked my friend Sir ROGER in his ear if he was sure that I was not a *Fanatic*.

It gives me a serious concern to see such a spirit of dissension in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children.

C.

N°. 127.

THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1711.

——— Qantum est in rebus inane!

PERS. SAT. i. 1.

"How much of emptiness we find in things."

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PREVAILING DRESSES.

IT is our custom at Sir ROGER'S, upon the coming in of the post, to sit about a pot of coffee, and hear the old Knight read DYER'S *Letter*; which he does with his spectacles upon his nose, and in an audible voice, smiling very often at those little strokes of satire, which are so frequent in the writings of that author. I afterwards communicate to the Knight such packets as I receive under the quality of SPECTATOR. The following letter chancing to please him more than ordinary, I shall publish it at his request.

MR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'You have diverted the town almost a whole month at the expence of the country, it is now high time that you should give the country their revenge. Since your withdrawing from this place, the *fair sex* are run into great extravagancies. Their petticoats, which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous concave, and rise every day more and more. In short, Sir, since our women know themselves to be out of the eye of the SPECTATOR, they will be kept within no compass. You praised them a little too soon, for the modesty of their head-dresses; for as the humour of a sick person is often driven out of one limb into another, their superfluity of ornaments, instead of being intirely banished, seems only fallen from their heads upon their lower parts. What they have lost in height they make up in breadth, and contrary to all rules of architecture, widen the foundations at the time that they shorten the superstructure. Were they, like Spanish JENNETS, to impregnate by the wind, they could not have thought on a more proper invention. But as we do not yet hear any particular use in this petticoat, or that it contains any thing more than what was supposed to be in those of scantier make, we are wonderfully at a loss about it.

'The women give out, in defence of these wide bottoms, that they are airy, and very proper for the season; but this I look upon to be only a pretence, and a piece of art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate summer these many years, so that it is certain the heat they complain of cannot be in the weather.* Besides, I would fain ask these tender constitutioned ladies,

* It has been said that the *pad*, the ton of the present year 1793, was invented for a defence against the cold, as the hoops were then pretended to be against the heat, and that they were introduced in winter. The old ladies might perhaps have occasion for such assistance; but to the young, we apprehend, they are, for that purpose, totally unnecessary.

ladies, why they should require more cooling than their mothers before them?

'I find several speculative persons are of opinion that our sex has of late years been very saucy, and that the hoop-petticoat is made use of to keep us at a distance. It is most certain that a woman's honour cannot be better intrenched than after this manner, in circle within circle, amidst such a variety of outworks and lines of circumvallation. A female who is thus invested in whalebone is sufficiently secured against the approaches of an ill-bred fellow, who might as well think of Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE's way of making "Love in a Tub," as in the midst of so many hoops.*

'Among these various conjectures, there are men of superstitious tempers, who look upon the hoop petticoat as a kind of prodigy. Some will have it that it portends the downfal of the French King, and observe that the Farthingal appeared in England a little before the ruin of the Spanish monarchy.† Others are of opinion that it foretels battle and bloodshed, and believe it of the same prognostication as the tail of a blazing star. For my part, I am apt to think it is a sign that multitudes are coming into the world rather than going out of it.‡

'The first time I saw a lady dressed in one of these petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in my own thoughts for walking abroad when she was *so near her time*, but soon recovered myself out of my error, when I found all the modish part of the sex as *far gone* as herself. It is generally thought some crafty women have thus betrayed their companions into hoops, that they might make them accessary to their own concealments,

---

* POPE, in his *Rape of the Lock*, very justly remarks the inefficacy of such fences to secure the fortress.

† Viz. in 1568.

‡ How far the prominences in the female appearance, at present fashionable, may be forerunners of increasing population, time probably may shew.

ments, and by that means escape the censure of the world; as wary Generals have sometimes dressed two or three dozen of their friends in their own habit, that they might not draw upon themselves any particular attacks from the enemy. The strutting petticoat smooths all distinctions, levels the mother with the daughter, and sets maids and matrons, wives and widows, upon the same bottom. In the mean while, I cannot but be troubled to see so many well-shaped innocent virgins bloated up, and waddling up and down like big-bellied women.

'Should this fashion get among the ordinary people, our public ways would be so crouded, that we should want street room. Several congregations of the best fashion find themselves already very much straitened, and if the mode increase, I wish it may not drive many ordinary women into meetings and conventicles. Should our sex at the same time take it into their heads to wear trunk breeches (as who knows what their indignation at this female treatment may drive them to?) a man and his wife would fill a whole pew.

'You know, Sir, it is recorded of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, that in his Indian expedition he buried several suits of armour, which by his directions were made much too big for any of his soldiers, in order to give posterity an extraordinary idea of him, and make them believe he had commanded an army of giants. I am persuaded that if one of the present petticoats happens to be hung up in any repository of curiosities, it will lead into the same error the generations that lie some removes from us; unless we can believe our posterity will think so disrespectfully of their great grandmothers, that they made themselves monstrous to appear amiable.

'When I survey this new-fashioned rotunda in all its parts, I cannot but think of the old philosopher, who after having entered into an Egyptian temple, and looked about for the idol of the place, at length discovered a little black monkey inshrined in the midst of it, upon which he could not forbear crying out, to the great scan-

dal of the worshippers, "What a magnificen place is here for such a ridiculous inhabitant!"

'Though you have taken a resolution, in one of your papers, to avoid descending to particularities of dress, I believe you will not think it below you, on so extraordinary an occasion, to *unhoop* the fair sex, and cure this fashionable tympany that is got among them. I am apt to think the petticoat will shrink of its own accord at your first coming to town; at least a touch of your pen will make it contract itself like the sensitive plant, and by that means oblige several who are either terrified or astonished at this portentous novelty, and among the rest,

Your humble servant, &c.'

C.

No. 128.

FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1711.

——————Concordia discors.

LUCAN. i. 98.

——————"Harmonious discord."

VIVACITY AND GRAVITY.

WOMEN in their nature are much more gay and joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex in the very soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As *vivacity* is the gift of *women*, *gravity* is that of *men*. They should each of them therefore keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not

draw too much, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, Women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the Man often degenerates into a *cynic*, the Woman into a *coquette*; the Man grows sullen and morose, the Woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said, we may conclude, men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good-humour of the wife. When these are rightly tempered, care and chearfulness go hand in hand; and the family, like a ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast.

Natural historians observe (for whilst I am in the country, I must fetch my allusions from thence) that only the male birds have voices; that their songs begin a little before breeding-time, and end a little after; that whilst the hen is covering her eggs, the male generally takes his stand upon a neighbouring bough within her hearing; and by that means amuses and diverts her with his songs during the whole time of her sitting.

This contract among birds lasts no longer than till a brood of young ones arises from it; so that in the feathered kind, the cares and fatigues of the *married state*, if I may so call it, lie principally upon the *female*. On the contrary, as in our species the man and the woman are joined together for life, and the main burden rests upon the former, nature has given all the little arts of soothing and blandishment to the female, that she may chear and animate her companion in a constant and assiduous application to the making a provision for his family, and the educating of their common children. This however is not to be taken so strictly, as if the

same duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both parties; but only to set forth what seems to have been the general intention of Nature, in the different inclinations and endowments which are bestowed on the different sexes.

But whatever was the reason that Man and Woman were made with this variety of temper, if we observe the conduct of the fair sex, we find that they choose rather to associate themselves with a person who resembles them in that light and volatile humour which is natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counterbalance it. It has been an old complaint, that the coxcomb carries it with them before the man of sense. When we see a fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid life and laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female favourite. Noise and flutter are such accomplishments as they cannot withstand. To be short, the passion of an ordinary woman for a man is nothing else but self-love diverted upon another object. She would have the lover a woman in every thing but the sex. I do not know a finer piece of satire on this part of womankind, than those lines of Mr. DRYDEN,

> "Our thoughtless sex is caught by outward form,
> And empty noise; and loves itself in man."

This is a source of infinite calamities to the sex, as it frequently joins them to men, who in their own thoughts are as fine creatures as themselves, or if they chance to be good-humoured, serve only to dissipate their fortunes, inflame their follies, and aggravate their indiscretions.

The same female levity is no less fatal to them after marriage than before. It represents to their imaginations the faithful, prudent husband, as an honest, tractable, and domestic animal; and turns their thoughts upon the fine gay gentleman that laughs, sings, and dresses so much more agreeably.

As

As this irregular vivacity of temper leads astray the hearts of ordinary women in their choice of their lovers, and the treatment of their husbands, it operates with the same pernicious influence towards their children, who are taught to accomplish themselves in all those sublime perfections that appear captivating in the eye of the mother. She admires in her son what she loved in her gallant; and by that means contributes all she can to perpetuate herself in a worthless progeny.

The younger FAUSTINA was a lively instance of this sort of women. Notwithstanding she was married to MARCUS AURELIUS, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the Roman Emperors, she thought a common gladiator much the prettier gentleman; and had taken such care to accomplish her son COMMODUS according to her own notions of a fine man, that when he ascended the throne of his father, he became the most foolish and abandoned tyrant that was ever placed at the head of the Roman empire, signalizing himself in nothing but the fighting of prizes, and knocking out men's brains. As he had no taste of true glory, we see him in several medals and statues which are still extant of him, equipped like a HERCULES, with a club and a lion's skin.

I have been led into this speculation by the characters I have heard of a country-gentleman and his lady, who do not live many miles from Sir ROGER. The wife is an old coquette, that is always hankering after the diversions of the town; the husband a morose rustic, that frowns and frets at the name of it. The wife is over-run with affectation, the husband sunk into brutality. The lady cannot bear the noise of the larks and nightingales, hates your tedious summer-days, and is sick at the sight of shady woods and purling streams; the husband wonders how any one can be pleased with the fooleries of plays and operas, and rails from morning to night at essenced fops and taudry courtiers. Their children are educated in these different notions of their parents.

rents. The sons follow the father about his grounds, while the daughters read volumes of love-letters and romances to their mother. By these means it comes to pass, that the girls look upon their father as a clown, and the boys think their mother no better than she should be.

How different are the lives of ARISTUS and ASPASIA! The innocent *vivacity* of the one is tempered and composed by the chearful *gravity* of the other. The wife grows wise by the discourses of the husband, and the husband good humoured by the conversations of the wife. ARISTUS would not be so amiable were it not for his ASPASIA, nor ASPASIA so much esteemed were it not for her ARISTUS. Their virtues are blended in their children, and diffuse through the whole family a perpetual spirit of benevolence, complacency, and satisfaction. C.

N°. 129.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1711.

Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum,
Cùm rota posterior curras & in axe secundo.
PERS. SAT. V. 71.

"Thou, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art curst
"Still to be near, but ne'er to be the first."
DRYDEN.

ON DRESS IN REMOTE COUNTIES.

GREAT masters in painting never care for drawing people in the fashion: as very well knowing that the head-dress, or periwig, that now prevails, and gives a grace to their portraitures at present, will make a very odd

odd figure, and perhaps look monstrous in the eyes of posterity. For this reason they often represent an illustrious person in a Roman habit, or in some other dress that never varies. I could wish, for the sake of my country friends, that there was such a kind of *everlasting drapery* to be made use of by all who live at a certain distance from the town, and that they would agree upon such fashions as should never be liable to changes and innovations. For want of this standing dress, a man who takes a journey into the country is as much surprised, as one who walks in a gallery of old family pictures, and finds as great a variety of garbs and habits in the persons he converses with. Did they keep to one constant dress they would sometimes be in the fashion, which they never are as matters are managed at present. If instead of running after the mode, they would continue fixed in one certain habit, the mode would some time or other overtake them, as a clock that stands still is sure to point right once in twelve hours. In this case therefore I would advise them, as a gentleman did his friend who was hunting about the whole town after a rambling fellow. If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant yourself at the corner of any one street, I will engage it will not be long before you see him.

I have already touched upon this subject in a speculation * which shews how cruelly the country are led astray in following the town; and equipped in a ridiculous habit, when they fancy themselves in the height of the mode. Since that speculation I have received a letter (which I there hinted at) from a gentleman who is now on the western circuit.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'BEING a lawyer of the Middle-Temple, a Cornishman by birth, I generally ride the western circuit for

---

* See No. 118.

my health, and as I am not interrupted with clients, have leisure to make many observations that escape the notice of my fellow-travellers.

'One of the most fashionable women I met with in all the circuit was my landlady at Staines, where I chanced to be on a holiday. Her commode was not half a foot high, and her petticoat within some yards of a modish circumference. In the same place I observed a young fellow with a tolerable periwig, had it not been covered with a hat that was shaped in the Ramilie-cock. As I proceeded in my journey, I observed the petticoat grew scantier and scantier, and about three-score miles from London was so very unfashionable, that a woman might walk in it without any manner of inconvenience.

'Not far from Salisbury I took notice of a Justice of Peace's lady, who was at least ten years behind hand in her dress, but at the same time as fine as hands could make her. She was flounced and furbelowed from head to foot; every ribbon was wrinkled, and every part of her garments in curl, so that she looked like one of those animals which in the country we call a *Friezland* HEN.

'Not many miles beyond this place I was informed that one of the last year's little muffs had by some means or other straggled into those parts, and that all the women of fashion were cutting their old muffs in two, or retrenching them, according to the little model which was got among them. I cannot believe the report they have there, that it was sent down franked by a parliament man in a little packet; but probably by next winter this fashion will be at the height in the country, when it is quite out at London.

'The greatest beau at our next county sessions was dressed in a most monstrous flaxen periwig, that was made in King WILLIAM's reign. The wearer of it goes, it seems, in his own hair when he is at home, and lets his wig lie in buckle for a whole half year, that he may put it on upon occasion to meet the judges in it.

'I must

'I must not here omit an adventure which happened to us in a country church upon the frontiers of Cornwall. As we were in the midst of the service, a lady who is the chief woman of the place, and had passed the winter at London with her husband, entered the congregation in a little head-dress, and a hooped petticoat. The people, who were wonderfully startled at such a sight, all of them rose up. Some stared at the prodigious bottom, and some at the little top of this strange dress. In the mean time the lady of the manor filled the *area* of the church, and walked up to her pew with an unspeakable satisfaction, amidst the whispers, conjectures, and astonishments of the whole congregation.

'Upon our way from hence we saw a young fellow riding towards us full gallop, with a *bob wig*, and a black silken bag tied to it. He stopt short at the coach, to ask us how far the Judges were behind us. His stay was so very short, that we had only time to observe his new silk waistcoat, which was unbuttoned in several places, to let us see that he had a clean shirt on, which was ruffled down to his middle.

'From this place, during our progress through the most western parts of the kingdom, we fancied ourselves in King CHARLES the Second's reign, the people having made very little variations in their dress since that time. The smartest of the country squires appear still in the Monmouth-cock, and when they go a wooing (whether they have any post in the militia or not) they generally put on a red coat. We were, indeed, very much surprised, at the place we lay at last night, to meet with a gentleman that had accoutred himself in a *night cap wig*, a coat with long pockets and slit sleeves, and a pair of shoes with high scollop tops; but we soon found by his conversation that he was a person who laughed at the ignorance and rusticity of the country people, and was resolved to live and die in the mode.

'Sir, if you think this account of my travels may be

of any advantage to the public, I will next year trouble you with such occurrences as I shall meet with in other parts of England. For I am informed there are greater curiosities in the northern circuit than in the western; and that a fashion makes its progress much slower into Cumberland than into Cornwall. I have heard in particular, that the Steenkirk* arrived but two months ago at Newcastle, and that there are several commodes in those parts which are worth taking a journey thither to see.' C.

N°. 130.

MONDAY, JULY 30, 1711.

——————— Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.

VIRG. ÆN. vii. 748.

"A plundering race, still eager to invade,
"On spoil they live, and make of theft a trade."

ON GIPSIES.

AS I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir ROGER, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of Gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the *justice of the peace* upon such a band of lawless vagrants

* The Steenkirk was a military neckcloth, in fashion soon after the battle of Steenkirk, fought in 1692. As fashions prevalent in the metropolis are adopted in country towns, as soon as they are known, the slow progress of fashions in the time of the SPECTATOR, is a proof of the infrequency of intercourse between London and the remote parts of the country, compared to that which now subsists.

vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop: but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge, says Sir ROGER, they are sure to have it: if a hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey: our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be, whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them: the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes.

Sir ROGER observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so intirely new to me, told me, that, if I would, they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's proposal, we rode up and communicated our hands to them. A CASSANDRA of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me, that I loved a pretty maid in a corner, that I was a good woman's man, with some other particulars which I do not think

proper

proper to relate. My friend Sir ROGER alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle, that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sun-burnt than the rest, told him, that he had a widow in his line of life. Upon which the Knight cried, "Go, go, you are an idle baggage;" and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night. My old friend cried PISH, and bid her go on.* The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The Knight still repeated, "She was an idle baggage," and bid her go on. Ah, master, says the gipsy, that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ake; you have not that simper about the mouth for nothing. The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir ROGER told me, that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good-humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road, who was no conjurer, as he went to

* The fortune telling business is at present almost wholly engrossed by females, if not of higher rank, or more knowledge than the gipsies, of a more splendid appearance. In so enlightened an age, in so enlightened a country, various persons, by muttering a few hard words over globes and slates, persuade multitudes of their thorough insight into future events, and earn a very comfortable livelihood. One in particular is consulted by ladies of the first fashion. Such visits may perhaps prepare for the expediency of the *pad*.

to relieve him he found his pocket was picked: that being a kind of *palmistry* at which this race of vermin are very dextrous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks on this idle profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe, and live in the midst of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago. "As the Trekschuyt, or Hackney-boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in: which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare: an eminent merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon farther examination that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gipsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich, and likely to

leave

leave him a good estate: the father on the other hand was not a little delighted to see a son return to him, whom he had given for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages." Here the printed story leaves off; but if I may give credit to reports, our linguist having received such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations. Nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honour to those who sent him; and that he has visited several countries as a public minister, in which he formerly wandered as a gipsy.

C.

No. 131.

TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1711.

——— Ipsæ rursum concedite sylvæ.

VIRG. ECL. X. 63.

"Once more ye woods adieu."

LAST PAPER FROM SIR ROGER'S—STRANGE IDEAS ENTERTAINED OF THE SPECTATOR IN THE COUNTRY.

IT is useful for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbour. My friend Sir ROGER generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to

to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion, when the worst comes to the worst. By these means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply, besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons, the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner, I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects, and hunted them down, with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring any thing to my mind; whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chace. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and in the town to choose it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character, my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. WILL WIMBLE, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and some of them hearing of the visit which I made to MOLL WHITE,

WHITE, will needs have it that Sir ROGER has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighbourhood is what they here call a white *witch*.

A Justice of Peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir ROGER's party, has, it seems, said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir ROGER does not harbour a *Jesuit* in his house, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir ROGER's friends are afraid the old Knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded *Whig*, that is sullen, and says nothing because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a popish priest; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot, and halloo, and make a noise. It is true, my friend Sir ROGER tells them, "that it is my way," and that I am only a philosopher; but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighbourhood. A man that is out of humour when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer, that will be the master of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the

town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the croud again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company, with all the privileges of solitude. In the mean while, to finish the month, and conclude these my *rural speculations*, I shall here insert a letter from my friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

DEAR SPEC,

'I suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have however orders from the Club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company, after thy conversations with MOLL WHITE and WILL WIMBLE. Pr'ythee do not send us up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches.—Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir ROGER's dairy-maids. Service to the Knight. Sir ANDREW is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every mother's son of us commonwealth's-men.

Dear SPEC,

thine eternally,

WILL HONEYCOMB.'

C.

No. 132.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1711.

—Qui, aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.

TULL.

"That man may be called *impertinent*, who considers not the "circumstances of time, or ingrosses the conversation, or "makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no re-"gard to the company he is in."

SPECTATOR'S JOURNEY TO TOWN IN A STAGE COACH.

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir ROGER that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county-town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me, inquired of the chamberlain in my hearing what company he had for the coach? The fellow answered, Mrs. BETTY ARABLE the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer (who took a place because they were to go) young squire QUICKSET her cousin (that her mother wished her to be married to); EPHRAIM the quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had sudied himself dumb from Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY'S. I observed by what he said of myself, that according to his office he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me. The next morning at day-break we were all called; and I who know my own natural shyness, and endeavour

endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting-out was, that the Captain's half pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the mean time the drummer, the Captain's equipage, was very loud, that none of the Captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his cloke-bag was fixed in the seat of the coach: and the Captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious behaviour of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting to the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity: and we had not moved above two miles, when the Widow asked the Captain what success he had in his recruiting? The Officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her, 'That indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. In a word, continued he, I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character: you see me, Madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, Widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!"* This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. 'Come, said he, resolve upon it, we will make a wed-

* SMOLLET in his *Roderic Random* very naturally and strongly exhibits the vanity here ridiculed. Ensign WHIFLE in the waggon, and the swearing boasting Lieutenant in the stage-coach, are happy instances of ignorant contemptible fellows assuming importance among strangers.

ding at the next town; we will wake this pleasant companion who is falling asleep, to be the brideman, and (giving the quaker a clap on the knee) he concluded, This sly saint, who, I will warrant, understands what is what as well as you or I, Widow, shall give the bride as father.' The quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, 'Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoureth of folly: thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fullness, but thy emptiness that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say: if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing; but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it is an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee: to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road.'

Here EPHRAIM paused, and the Captain, with a happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time) cries, 'Faith friend I thank thee; I should have been a little *impertinent* if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I will be very orderly the en-

suing part of the journey. I was going to give myself airs, but ladies, I beg pardon.'

The Captain was so little out of humour, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that EPHRAIM and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation, fell under EPHRAIM: and the Captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behaviour of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place, as going to London, of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them: but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good-fortune, that the whole journey was not spent in *impertinences*, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering. What therefore EPHRAIM said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding, but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, EPHRAIM declared himself as follows: 'There is no ordinary part of human life which expresses so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behaviour upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him: such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof: but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend (continued he, turning to the officer) thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: but be advised by a plain man; modes and apparels are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contempti-

ble for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it.'

T.

No. 133.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1711.

'Quis desiderio sic pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis?

HOR. I OD. XXIV. I.

"Such was his worth, our loss is such,
"We cannot love too well, or grieve too much."

OLDISWORTH.

ON DEATH.

THERE is a sort of delight, which is alternately mixed with terror and sorrow, in the *contemplation of death*. The soul has its curiosity more than ordinarily awakened, when it turns its thoughts upon the conduct of such who have behaved themselves with an equal, a resigned, a chearful, a generous or heroic temper in that extremity. We are affected with these respective manners of behaviour, as we secretly believe the part of the *dying* person imitable by ourselves, or such as we imagine ourselves more particularly capable of. Men of exalted minds march before us like princes, and are, to the ordinary race of mankind, rather subjects for their admiration than example. However, there are no ideas strike more forcibly upon our imaginations, than those which are raised from reflections upon the *exits* of great and excellent

excellent men. Innocent men who have suffered as criminals, though they were benefactors to human society, seem to be persons of the highest distinction, among the vastly greater number of human race, the *dead*. When the iniquity of the times brought SOCRATES to his execution, how great and wonderful is it to behold him, unsupported by any thing but the testimony of his own conscience and conjectures of *hereafter*, receive the poison with an air of mirth and good-humour, and as if going on an agreeable journey, bespeak some deity to make it fortunate!

When PHOCION's good actions had met with the like reward from his country, and he was led to *death* with many others of his friends, they bewailing their fate, he walking composedly towards the place of execution, how gracefully does he support his illustrious character to the very last instant! One of the rabble spitting at him as he passed, with his usual authority he called to know if no one was ready to teach this fellow how to behave himself. When a poor-spirited creature that *died* at the same time for his crimes bemoaned himself unmanfully, he rebuked him with this question, "Is it no consolation to such a man as thou art to *die* with PHOCION?" At the instant when he was to *die*, they asked what commands he had for his son: he answered, "To forget this injury of the Athenians." NIOCLES, his friend, under the same sentence, desired he might drink the potion before him: PHOCION said, "because he never had denied him any thing, he would not even this, the most difficult request he had ever made."

These instances were very noble and great, and the reflections of those sublime spirits had made *death* to them what it is really intended to be by the author of nature, a relief from a various being, ever subject to sorrows and difficulties.

EPAMINONDAS, the Theban General, having received in fight a mortal stab with a sword, which was left in his body, lay in that posture until he had intelligence that

his troops had obtained the victory, and then permitted it to be drawn out, at which instant he expressed himself in this manner: "This is not the end of my life, my fellow-soldiers; it is now your EPAMINONDAS is born, who *dies* in so much glory."

It were an endless labour to collect the accounts with which all ages have filled the world of noble and heroic minds that have resigned this being, as if the termination of life were but an ordinary occurrence of it.

This common-place way of thinking I fell into from an aukward endeavour to throw off a real and fresh affliction, by turning over books in a melancholy mood; but it is not easy to remove griefs which touch the *heart*, by applying remedies which only entertain the *imagination*. As therefore this paper is to consist of any thing which concerns human life, I cannot help letting the present subject regard what has been the last object of my eyes, though an entertainment of sorrow.

I went this evening to visit a friend, with a design to rally * him, upon a story I had heard of his intending to steal a marriage without the privity of us his intimate friends and acquaintance. I came into his apartment with that intimacy which I have done for very many years, and walked directly into his bed-chamber, where I found my friend in the agonies of death.—What could I do? The innocent mirth in my thoughts struck upon me like the most flagitious wickedness: I in vain called upon him; he was senseless, and too far spent to have the least knowledge of my sorrow, or any pain in himself. Give me leave then to transcribe my soliloquy, as I stood by his mother, dumb with the weight of grief for a son who was her honour and her comfort, and never until that hour, since his birth, had been an occasion of a moment's sorrow to her.

'How

* This was an amusement by no means consistent with the character of the SPECTATOR, who was so remarkably taciturn.

'How surprising is this change! From the possession of vigorous life and strength, to be reduced in a few hours to this fatal extremity! Those lips which look so pale and livid, within these few days gave delight to all who heard their utterance: it was the business, the purpose of his being, next to obeying him to whom he is going, to please and instruct, and that for no other end but to please and instruct. Kindness was the motive of his actions, and with all the capacity requisite for making a figure in a contentious world, moderation, good-nature, affability, temperance, and chastity, were the arts of his excellent life. There as he lies in helpless agony, no wise man who knew him so well as I, but would resign all the world can bestow to be so near the end of such a life. Why does my heart so little obey my reason as to lament thee, thou excellent man?---Heaven receive him, or restore him!---Thy beloved mother, thy obliged friends, thy helpless servants, stand round thee without distinction. How much wouldst thou, hadst thou thy senses, say to each of us!

'But now that good heart bursts, and he is at rest---With that breath expired a soul who never indulged a passion unfit for the place he is gone to. Where are now thy plans of justice, of truth, of honour? Of what use the volumes thou hast collated, the arguments thou hast invented, the examples thou hast followed? Poor were the expectations of the studious, the modest, and the good, if the reward of their labours were only to be expected from man. No, my friend, thy intended pleadings, thy intended good offices to thy friends, thy intended services to thy country, are already performed (as to thy concern in them) in his sight, before whom the past, present, and future, appear at one view. While others with thy talents were tormented with ambition, with vain-glory, with envy, with emulation, how well didst thou turn thy mind to its own improvement in things out of the power of fortune; in probity,

in integrity, in the practice and study of justice! How silent thy passage, how private thy journey, how glorious thy end! *Many have I known more famous, some more knowing, not one so innocent.*' R.

N°. 134.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1711.

——— Opiferque per orbem
Dicor ———

OVID. MET. i. 521.

"And am the great physician call'd below."

DRYDEN.

LETTERS TO THE SPECTATOR ON HIS OWN WRITINGS.

DURING my absence in the country, several packets have been left for me, which were not forwarded to me, because I was expected every day in town. The author of the following letter, dated from Tower-Hill, having sometimes been entertained with some learned gentlemen in plush doublets,* who have vended their wares from a stage in that place, has pleasantly enough addressed to me, as no less a sage in morality, than those are in physic. To comply with his kind inclination to make my cures famous, I shall give you his testimonial of my great abilities at large in his own words.

Tower-hill, July 5, 1711.

SIR,

'YOUR saying the other day there is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them,

* Quack Doctors.

them, makes me in pain that I am not a man of power. If I were, you should soon see how much I approve your speculations. In the mean time, I beg leave to supply that inability with the empty tribute of an honest mind, by telling you plainly I love and thank you for your daily refreshments. I constantly peruse your paper as I smoke my morning's pipe, (though I cannot forbear reading the motto before I fill and light) and really it gives a grateful relish to every whiff; each paragraph is fraught either with useful or delightful notions, and I never fail of being highly diverted or improved. The variety of your subjects surprises me as much as a box of pictures did formerly, in which there was only one face, that by pulling some pieces of isinglass over it, was changed into a grave senator, or a Merry-Andrew, a patched lady or a nun, a beau or a black-a-moor, a prude or a coquette, a country esquire or a conjurer, with many other different representations very entertaining, (as you are) though still the same at the bottom. This was a childish amusement, when I was carried away with outward appearance, but you make a deeper impression, and affect the secret springs of the mind; you charm the fancy, sooth the passions, and insensibly lead the reader to that sweetness of temper that you so well describe; you rouse generosity with that spirit, and inculcate humanity with that ease, that he must be miserably stupid that is not affected by you. I cannot say indeed that you have put impertinence to silence, or vanity out of countenance; but methinks you have bid as fair for it, as any man that ever appeared upon a public stage; and offer an infallible cure of vice and folly, for the price of one penny. And since it is usual for those who receive benefit by such famous operators, to publish an advertisement, that others may reap the same advantage, I think myself obliged to declare to all the world, that having for a long time been splenetic, ill-natured, froward, suspicious, and unsociable, by the application of your medicines,

cines, taken only with half an ounce of right Virginia *tobacco*, for six successive mornings, I am become open, obliging, officious, frank, and hospitable.

I am,

Your humble servant,

And great admirer,

GEORGE TRUSTY.'

This careful father and the humble petitioner hereafter mentioned, who are under difficulties about the just management of *fans*, will soon receive proper advertisements relating to the professors in that behalf, with their places of abode and methods of teaching.

July 5, 1711.

SIR,

'In your Spectator of June the 27th you transcribe a letter sent to you from a new sort of muster-master, who teaches ladies the whole *exercise* of the *fan*; I have a daughter just come to town, who, though she has always held a *fan* in her hand at proper times, yet she knows no more how to use it according to true discipline, than an aukward school-boy does to make use of his new sword. I have sent for her on purpose to learn the *exercise*, she being already very well accomplished in all other arts which are necessary for a young lady to understand; my request is, that you will speak to your correspondent on my behalf, and in your next paper let me know what he expects, either by the month, or the quarter, for teaching; and where he keeps his place of rendezvous. I have a son too, whom I would fain have taught to gallant *fans*, and should be glad to know what the gentleman will have for teaching them both, I finding *fans* for practice at my own expence. This information will in the highest manner oblige,

Sir, your most humble servant,

WILLIAM WISEACRE.'

'As

'As soon as my son is perfect in this art (which I hope will be in a year's time, for the boy is pretty apt), I design he shall learn to ride the great horse (although he is not yet above twenty years old) if his mother, whose darling he is, will venture him.'

TO THE SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of BENJAMIN EASIE, *Gent.*

SHEWETH,

'THAT it was your Petitioner's misfortune to walk to Hackney church last Sunday, where to his great amazement he met with a soldier of your own training; she furls a *fan*, recovers a *fan*, and goes through the whole exercise of it to admiration. This well-managed officer of yours has, to my knowledge, been the ruin of above five young gentlemen besides myself, and still goes on laying waste wheresover she comes, whereby the whole village is in great danger. Our humble request is therefore, that this bold Amazon be ordered immediately to lay down her arms, or that you would issue forth an order, that we who have been thus injured may meet at the place of general rendezvous, and there be taught to manage our *snuff-boxes* in such a manner as we may be an equal match for her;

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.'

R.

N°. 135.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1711.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia——

HOR. I SAT. X. 9.

"Let brevity dispatch the rapid thought."

ON THE CONCISENESS OF THE ENGLISH, IN COMMON DISCOURSE.

I HAVE somewhere read of an eminent person, who used in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to Heaven that he was born a Frenchman: for my own part, I look upon it as a peculiar blessing that I was born an Englishman. Among many other reasons, I think myself very happy in my country, as the language* of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is sparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I shall communicate to the public my speculations upon the English tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The English delight in silence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation, but falls into more pauses and intervals than in our neighbouring countries; as it is observed, that the matter of our writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower compass than is usual in the

* The reader will find a very masterly and complete examination of the English language, both in its positive and comparative excellences and defects, preceded by a concise historical account of its formation and progress, in Dr. BLAIR's ninth lecture.

the works of foreign authors: for, to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conceptions as possible.

This humour shews itself in several remarks that we may make upon the English language.* As first of all by its abounding in monosyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few sounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our *tongue*, but at the same time expresses our ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first design of speech better than the multitude of syllables, which make the words of other languages more tuneable and sonorous. The sounds of our English words are commonly like those of string music, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single touch; those of other languages are like the notes of wind instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that where the words are not monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation; as it generally happens in most of our long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the syllables, that gives them a grave and solemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for dispatch, and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as liberty, conspiracy, theatre, orator, &c.

The same natural aversion to loquacity has of late years made a very considerable alteration in our language, by closing in one syllable the termination of our præ-

* Mr. TOOKE in his *Diversions of Purley*, a treatise which contains every essential constituent of philosophy, without the usual garb, observes, that after perspicuity, the next necessary quality of style is promptness of conveyance. In this last, the English certainly excels most languages.

præterperfect tense, as in the words, "drown'd, walk'd, arriv'd," for "drowned, walked, arrived," which has very much disfigured the *tongue*, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest words into so many clusters of consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politest authors, who nevertheless are the men that have made these retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former scarcity.

This reflection on the words that end in *ed*, I have heard in conversation from one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced.* I think we may add to the foregoing observation, the change which has happened in our language, by the abbreviation of several words that are terminated in *eth*, by substituting an s in the room of the last syllable, as in "drowns, walks, arrives," and innumerable other words, which in the pronunciation of our forefathers were, "drowneth, walketh, arriveth." This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the English tongue, and added to that *hissing* in our language, which is taken so much notice of by foreigners; but at the same time humours our taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single letter on many occasions does the office of a whole word, and represents the *his* and *her* of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the best judge in this case, would very much disapprove of such innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in some measure by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all the solemn offices of our *religion*.

As

* DEAN SWIFT, who was very anxious for the improvement of the English language. He submitted a proposal to his friend Lord OXFORD, for correcting and improving it, by appointing a certain number of learned men to collect observations severally, discuss them together, and amend according to the result LORD OXFORD had actually engaged gentlemen for the purpose; but his dismission from office prevented the design from being executed.

As in the instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular words to the detriment of our *tongue*, so on other occasions we have drawn two words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our *language*, and clogged it with consonants, "as mayn't, can't, shan't, won't," and the like, for "may not, can not, shall not, will not," &c.

It is perhaps this humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our words, that in familiar writings and conversations they often lose all but their first syllables, as in "mob. rep. pos. incog." and the like; and as all ridiculous words make their first entry into a language by familiar phrases, I dare not answer for these, that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our *tongue*. We see some of our poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate HUDIBRAS's doggerel expressions in their serious compositions, by throwing out the signs of our substantive which are essential to the English *language*. Nay, this humour of shortening our *language* had once run so far, that some of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE in particular, began to prune their words of all superfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the spelling to the pronunciation; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite destroyed our *tongue*.

We may here likewise observe that our proper names, when familiarized in English, generally dwindle to monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a softer turn on this occasion, by the addition of a new syllable. *Nich* in Italian is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in French *Janot*; and so of the rest.*

There is another particular in our *language* which is a great

* In the cant words and phrases of the vulgar we may observe abbreviation greatly to prevail. Compression naturally arises from the vigour of English intellect, as dilation is a necessary consequence of the more superficial understandings of some of our southern neighbours.

a great instance of our frugality of words, and that is, the suppressing of several particles which must be produced in other *tongues* to make a sentence intelligible. This often perplexes the best writers, when they find the relatives *whom*, *which*, or *they*, at their mercy whether they have admission or not; and will never be decided until we have something like an academy, that by the best authorities and rules drawn from the analogy of languages shall settle all controversies between grammar and idiom.

I have only considered our *language* as it shews the genius and natural temper of the English, which is modest, thoughtful, and sincere, and which perhaps may recommend the people, though it has spoiled the *tongue*. We might perhaps carry the same thought into other languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who speak them. It is certain, the light talkative humour of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be shewn by many instances; as the genius of the Italians, which is so much addicted to music and ceremony, has moulded all their words and phrases to those particular uses. The stateliness and gravity of the Spaniards shews itself to perfection in the solemnity of their *language*; and the blunt honest humour of the Germans sounds better in the roughness of the *High-Dutch*, than it would in a politer tongue.

C.

N°. 136.

MONDAY, AUGUST 6, 1711.

——— Parthis mendacior ———

HOR. 2 EP. i. 112.

"A greater liar Parthia never bred."

A LETTER FROM AN ACKNOWLEDGED LIAR.

ACCORDING to the request of this strange fellow, I shall print the following letter.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I SHALL, without any manner of preface or apology, acquaint you that I am, and ever have been, from my youth upward, one of the greatest liars this island has produced. I have read all the moralists upon the subject, but could never find any effect their discourses had upon me, but to add to my misfortune by new thoughts and ideas, and making me more ready in my language, and capable of sometimes mixing seeming truths with my improbabilities. With this strong passion towards falsehood in this kind, there does not live an honester man, or a sincerer friend; but my imagination runs away with me, and whatever is started, I have such a scene of adventures appears in an instant before me, that I cannot help uttering them, though to my immediate confusion, I cannot but know I am liable to be detected by the first man I meet.

'Upon occasion of the mention of the battle of Pultowa, I could not forbear giving an account of a kinsman of mine, a young merchant who was bred at Moscow, that had too much mettle to attend books of entries and accounts, when there was so active a scene

in the country where he resided, and followed the Czar as a volunteer. This warm youth (born at the instant the thing was spoke of) was the man who unhorsed the Swedish General, he was the occasion that the Moscovites kept their fire in so soldier-like a manner, and brought up those troops which were covered from the enemy at the beginning of the day; besides this, he had at last the good fortune to be the man who took Count PIPER. With all this fire I knew my cousin to be the civilest creature in the world. He never made any impertinent show of his valour, and then he had an excellent genius for the world in every other kind. I had letters from him (here I felt in my pockets) that exactly spoke the Czar's character, which I knew perfectly well; and I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his Imperial Majesty twice or thrice a week all the while he lodged at Deptford. What is worse than all this, it is impossible to speak to me, but you give me some occasion of coming out with one lie, or other, that has neither wit, humour, prospect of interest, or any other motive that I can think of in nature. The other day, when one was commending an eminent and learned divine, what occasion in the world had I to say, "Methinks he would look more venerable if he were not so fair a man?" I remember the company smiled. I have seen the gentleman since, and he is coal-black. I have intimations every day in my life that nobody believes me, yet I am never the better. I was saying something the other day to an old friend at WILL'S coffee-house, and he made me no manner of answer; but told me, that an acquaintance of TULLY the orator having two or three times together said to him, without receiving any answer, "That upon his honour he was but that very month forty years of age;" TULLY answered, "Surely you think me the most incredulous man in the world, if I do not believe what you have told me every day these ten years." The mischief of it is, I find myself wonderfully inclined to have been present at every occurrence

occurrence that is spoken of before me; this has led me into many inconveniencies, but indeed they have been the fewer, because I am no ill-natured man, and never speak things to any man's disadvantage. I never directly defame, but I do what is as bad in the consequence, for I have often made a man say such and such a lively expression, who was born a mere elder brother. When one has said in my hearing, Such-a-one is no wiser than he should be, I immediately have replied, Now 'faith, I cannot see that he said a very good thing to my lord such-a-one, upon such an occasion, and the like. Such an honest dolt as this has been watched in every expression he uttered, upon my recommendation of him, and consequently been subject to the more ridicule. I once endeavoured to cure myself of this impertinent quality, and resolved to hold my tongue for seven days together; I did so, but then I had so many winks and unnecessary distortions of my face upon what any body else said, that I found I only forbore the expression, and that I still lied in my heart to every man I met with. You are to know one thing (which I believe you will say is a pity, considering the use I should have made of it) I never travelled in my life; but I do not know whether I could have spoken of any foreign country with more familiarity than I do at present, in company who are strangers to me. I have cursed the inns in Germany; commended the brothels at Venice; the freedom of conversation in France; and though I never was out of this dear town, and fifty miles about it, have been three nights together dogged by bravoes, for an intrigue with a cardinal's mistress at Rome.

'It were endless to give you particulars of this kind; but I can assure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, there are about twenty or thirty of us in this town; I mean by this town the cities of London and Westminster; I say there are in town a sufficient number of us to make a Society among ourselves; and since we cannot be believed any longer, I beg of you to print this my letter,

that we may meet together, and be under such regulation as there may be no occasion for belief or confidence among us. If you think fit, we might be called *the Historians*, for *liar* is become a very harsh word. And that a member of the society may not hereafter be ill received by the rest of the world, I desire you would explain a little this sort of men, and not let us *historians* be ranked, as we are in the imaginations of ordinary people, among common liars, make-bates, impostors, and incendiaries. For your instruction herein, you are to know that an *historian in conversation* is only a person of so pregnant a fancy, that he cannot be contented with ordinary occurrences. I know a *man of quality* of our order, who is of the wrong side of forty-three, and has been of that age, according to TULLY's jest, for some years since, whose vein is upon the romantic. Give him the least occasion, and he will tell you something so very particular that happened in such a year, and in such company, where by the bye was present such a one, who was afterwards made such a thing. Out of all these circumstances, in the best language in the world, he will join together with such probable incidents an account that shews a person of the deepest penetration, the honestest mind, and withal something so humble when he speaks of himself, that you would admire. Dear Sir, why should this be lying! there is nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest aspect; something so very venerable and great! Another of these *historians* is a young man whom we would take in, though he extremely wants parts; as people send children (before they can learn any thing) to school to keep them out of harm's way. He tells things which have nothing at all in them, and can neither please nor displease, but merely take up your time to no manner of purpose, no manner of delight; but he is good-natured, and does it because he loves to be saying something to you, and entertain you.

'I could name you a *soldier* that hath done very great things

things without slaughter; he is prodigiously dull and slow of head, but what he can say is for ever false, so that we must have him.

'Give me leave to tell you of one more who is a *lover;* he is the most afflicted creature in the world, lest what happened between him and a great beauty should ever be known. Yet again he comforts himself. "Hang the jade her woman. If money can keep the slut trusty I will do it, though I mortgage every acre; *Anthony and Cleopatra* for that; *All for Love* and the *World well lost.*"

'Then, Sir, there is my little *merchant,* honest INDIGO of the 'Change, there is my man for loss and gain; there is tare and tret, there is lying all round the globe; he has a prodigious intelligence, he knows all the French are doing, and what we intend, or ought to intend, and has it from such hands.---But, alas, whither am I running! while I complain, while I remonstrate to you, even all this is a *lie,* and there is not one such *person of quality, lover, soldier,* or *merchant* as I have now described, in the whole world, that I know of. But I will catch myself once in my life, and in spight of nature speak one truth, to wit, that I am,

Your humble servant, &c.'

T.

N°. 137.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1711.

At hæc etiam servis semper libera fuerunt, timerent, gauderent, dolerent, suo potius quam alterius arbitrio.

TULL. EPIST.

"Even slaves were always at liberty to fear, rejoice, and grieve, at their own rather than another's pleasure."

ON SERVANTS.

IT is no small concern to me, that I find so many complaints from that part of mankind whose portion it is to live in servitude, that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their condition will admit of. There are, as these unhappy correspondents inform me, masters who are offended at a chearful countenance, and think a servant is broke loose from them, if he does not preserve the utmost awe in their presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied, his master asks him, What makes him so pert this morning? If a little sour, Hark ye, sirrah, are not you paid your wages? The poor creatures live in the most extreme misery together; the master knows not how to preserve respect, nor the servant how to give it. It seems this person is of so sullen a nature, that he knows but little satisfaction in the midst of a plentiful fortune, and secretly frets to see any appearance of content in one that lives upon the hundredth part of his income, while he is unhappy in the possession of the whole. Uneasy persons, who cannot possess their own minds, vent their spleen upon all who depend upon them; which, I think, is expressed in a lively manner in the following letters.

SIR,

August 2, 1711.

SIR,

'I HAVE read your Spectator of the third of the last month, and wish I had the happiness of being preferred to serve so good a master as Sir ROGER. The character of my master is the very reverse of that good and gentle Knight's. All his directions are given, and his mind revealed by way of contraries: as when any thing is to be remembered, with a peculiar cast of face he cries, "Be sure to forget now." If I am to make haste back, "Do not come these two hours; be sure to call by the way upon some of your companions." Then another excellent way of his is, if he sets me any thing to do which he knows must necessarily take up half a day, he calls ten times in a quarter of an hour to know whether I have done yet. This is his manner; and the same perverseness runs through all his actions, according as the circumstances vary. Besides all this, he is so suspicious, that he submits himself to the drudgery of a spy. He is as unhappy himself as he makes his servants; he is constantly watching us, and we differ no more in pleasure and liberty than as a gaoler, and as a prisoner. He lays traps for faults, and no sooner makes a discovery, but falls into such language, as I am more ashamed of for coming from him, than for being directed to me. This, Sir, is a short sketch of a master I have served upwards of nine years; and though I have never wronged him, I confess my despair of pleasing him has very much abated my endeavour to do it. If you will give me leave to steal a sentence out of my master's *Clarendon*, I shall tell you my case in a word, "Being used worse than I deserved, I cared less to deserve well than I had done."

I am,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

RALPH VALET.

DEAR MR. SPECTER,

'I AM the next thing to a lady's woman, and am under both my lady and her woman. I am so used by them both, that I should be very glad to see them in the *Specter*. My lady herself is of no mind in the world, and for that reason her woman is of twenty minds in a moment. My lady is one that never knows what to do with herself; she pu ls on and puts off every thing she wears, twenty times, before she resolves upon it for that day. I stand at one end of the room, and reach things to her woman. When my lady asks for a thing, I hear and have half brought it, when the woman meets me in the middle of the room to receive it, and at that instant she says, No she will not have it. Then I go back, and her woman comes up to her, and by this time she will have that, and two or three things more in an instant. The woman and I run to each other; I am loaded and deliver the things to her, when my lady says she wants none of all these things, and we are the dullest creatures in the world, and she the unhappiest woman living, for she shall not be dressed in any time. Thus we stand not knowing what to do, when our good lady with all the patience in the world tells us as plain as she can speak, that she will have temper because we have no manner of understanding; and begins again to dress, and see if we can find out of ourselves what we are to do. When she is dressed she goes to dinner, and after she has disliked every thing there, she calls for her coach, then commands it in again, and then she will not go out at all, and then will go too, and orders the chariot. Now, good Mr. SPECTER, I desire you would, in the behalf of all those who have froward ladies, give out in your paper, that nothing can be done without allowing time for it, and that one cannot be back again with what one was sent for, if one is called back before one can go a step for that they want. And if you please, let them know that all mistresses are as like as all servants.

I am your loving friend,

PATIENCE GIDDY.'

These

These are great calamities; but I met the other day in the Five-Fields, towards Chelsea, a pleasanter tyrant than either of the above represented. A fat fellow was puffing on in his open waistcoat; a boy of fourteen in a livery, carrying after him his cloke, upper coat, hat, wig, and sword. The poor lad was ready to sink with the weight, and could not keep up with his master, who turned back every half furlong, and wondered what made the lazy young dog lag behind.

There is something very unaccountable, that people cannot put themselves in the condition of the persons below them, when they consider the commands they give. But there is nothing more common, than to see a fellow (who if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any man living) lament that he is troubled with the most worthless dogs in nature.

It would, perhaps, be running too far out of common life to urge, that he who is not master of himself and his own passions, cannot be a proper master of another. Æquanimity in a man's own words and actions will easily diffuse itself through his whole family. PAMPHILIO has the happiest household of any man I know, and that proceeds from the humane regard he has to them in their private persons, as well as in respect that they are his servants. If there be any occasion, wherein they may in themselves be supposed to be unfit to attend their master's concerns by reason of any attention to their own, he is so good as to place himself in their condition. I thought it very becoming in him, when at dinner the other day, he made an apology for want of more attendants. He said, "One of my footmen is gone to the wedding of his sister, and the other I do not expect to wait, because his father died but two days ago.

T.

No. 138.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1711.

Utitur in re non dubiâ testibus non necessariis.

TULL.

"He uses unnecessary proofs in an indisputable point."

FOLLY OF ADDUCING PROOF TO ESTABLISH OBVIOUS TRUTHS.

ONE meets now and then with persons who are extremely learned and knotty in expounding clear cases. * TULLY tells us of an author that spent some pages to prove that Generals could not perform the great enterprises which have made them so illustrious, if they had not had men. He asserted also, it seems, that a minister at home, no more than a commander abroad, could do any thing without other men were his instruments and assistants. On this occasion he produces the example of THEMISTOCLES, PERICULES, CYRUS, and ALEXANDER himself, whom he denies to have been capable of effecting what they did, except they had been followed by others. It is pleasant enough to see such persons contend without opponents, and triumph without victory.

The author above-mentioned by the orator is placed for ever in a very ridiculous light, and we meet every day in conversation such as deserve the same kind of renown, for troubling those with whom they converse with the like certainties. The persons that I have always thought

* Frequency of illustration is a proof, that either the speaker or writer is not profoundly skilled in the subject himself, or supposes the hearer or reader to be ignorant.

thought to deserve the highest admiration in this kind are your ordinary *story-tellers*, who are most religiously careful of keeping to the truth in every particular circumstance of a narration, whether it concerns the main end or not. A gentleman whom I had the honour to be in company with the other day, upon some occasion that he was pleased to take, said, he remembered a very pretty repartee made by a very witty man in King CHARLES's time upon the like occasion. "I remember (said he, upon entering into the tale) much about the time of OATS's plot, that a cousin-german of mine and I were at the Bear in Holborn. No, I am out, it was at the Cross-Keys; but JACK THOMSON was there, for he was very great with the gentleman who made the answer. But I am sure it was spoken somewhere thereabouts, for we drank a bottle in that neighbourhood every evening: but no matter for all that, the thing is the same; but---"

He was going on to settle the geography of the jest when I left the room, wondering at this odd turn of head which can play away its words, with uttering nothing to the purpose, still observing its own impertinencies, and yet proceeding in them. I do not question but he informed the rest of his audience, who had more patience than I, of the birth and parentage, as well as the collateral alliances of his family who made the repartee, and of him who provoked him to it.

It is no small misfortune to any who have a just value for their time, when this quality of being so very circumstantial, and careful to be exact, happens to shew itself in a man whose quality obliges them to attend his proofs, that it is now day, and the like. But this is augmented when the same genius gets into authority, as it often does. Nay, I have known it more than once ascend the very pulpit. One of this sort taking it in his head to be a great admirer of Dr. TILLOTSON and Dr. BEVERIDGE, never failed of proving out of these great authors, things which no man living would have denied him upon his own single authority. One day resolving

to

to come to the point in hand, he said, "according to that excellent divine," I will enter upon the matter, or in his words, in his fifteenth sermon of the folio edition, page 160.

"I shall briefly explain the words, and then consider the matter contained in them."

This honest gentleman needed not, one would think, strain his modesty so far as to alter his design of "entering upon the matter," to that of "briefly explaining." But so it was, that he would not even be contented with that authority, but added also the other divine to strengthen his method, and told us, With the pious and learned Dr. BEVERIDGE, page 4th of his 9th volume, "I shall endeavour to make it as plain as I can from the words which I have now read, wherein for that purpose we shall consider"——This wiseacre was reckoned by the parish, who did not understand him, a most excellent preacher; but that he read too much, and was so humble that he did not trust enough to his own parts.

Next to these ingenious gentlemen, who argue for what nobody can deny them, are to be ranked a sort of people who do not indeed attempt to prove insignificant things, but are ever labouring to raise arguments with you about matters you will give up to them without the least controversy. One of these people told a gentleman who said he saw Mr. Such-a-one go this morning at nine of the clock towards the Gravel Pits; Sir, I must beg your pardon for that, for though I am very loth to have any dispute with you, yet I must take the liberty to tell you it was nine when I saw him at St. James's. When men of this genius are pretty far gone in learning they will put you to prove that snow is white, and when you are upon that topic, can say that there is really no such thing as colour in nature; in a word, they can turn what little knowledge they have into a ready capacity of raising doubts; into a capacity of being always frivolous, and always unanswerable. It was of two disputants of this impertinent and laborious kind

that

that the Cynic said, "One of these fellows is milking a ram, "and the other holds the pail."

ADVERTISEMENT.

"*The exercise of the snuff-box*, according to the most fashionable airs and motions, in opposition to *the exercise of the fan*, will be taught with the best plain or perfumed *snuff*, at CHARLES LILLIE'S, Perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings in the Strand, and attendance given for the benefit of the young merchants about the Exchange for two hours every day at noon, except Saturdays, at a toy-shop near Garraway's coffee-house. There will be likewise taught *the ceremony of the snuff-box*, or rules for offering *snuff* to a stranger, a friend, or a mistress, according to the degrees of familiarity or distance; with an explanation of the careless, the scornful, the politic, and the surly *pinch*, and the gestures proper to each of them."

N. B. "The Undertaker does not question but in a short time to have formed a body of *regular snuff-boxes* ready to meet and make head against all the *regiment of fans* which have been lately disciplined, and are now in motion." T.

No. 139.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1711.

Vera glorioa radices agit, atque etiam propagatur; ficta omnia celeriter, tanquam flosculi, decidunt, nec simulatum potest quidquam diuturnum.

TULL.

"True glory takes root, and even spreads: all false pretences, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long."

THE LOVE OF GLORY.

OF all the affections which attend human life, *the love of glory* is the most ardent. According as this is cultivated in princes, it produces the greatest good or the greatest evil. Where sovereigns have it by impressions received from education only, it creates an *ambitious* rather than a *noble* mind: where it is the natural bent of the prince's inclination, it prompts him to the pursuit of things *truly glorious*. The two greatest men now in Europe (according to the common acceptation of the word *great*) are * LEWIS, King of France, and PETER, Emperor of Russia. As it is certain that all *fame* does not arise from the practice of virtue, it is, methinks, no unpleasing amusement to examine the *glory* of these *potentates*, and distinguish that which is empty, perishing, and frivolous, from what is solid, lasting, and important.

LEWIS

* The character of LEWIS XIV. by the celebrated author of the *Vindiciae Galicae*, in justness and force has not been, we apprehend, surpassed by any character from the pen of a HUME or a TACITUS.

LEWIS of France had his infancy attended by crafty and worldly men, who made extent of territory the most *glorious* instance of power, and mistook the spreading of *fame* for the acquisition of *honour*. The young monarch's heart was by such conversation easily deluded into a fondness for *vain-glory*, and upon these unjust principles to form or fall in with suitable projects of invasion, rapine, murder, and all the guilts that attend war when it is unjust. At the same time this tyranny was laid, sciences and arts were encouraged in the most generous manner, as if men of higher faculties were to be bribed to permit the massacre of the rest of the world. Every superstructure which the court of France built upon their first designs, which were in themselves vicious, was suitable to its false foundation. The ostentation of riches, the vanity of equipage, shame of poverty, and ignorance of modesty, were the common arts of life: the generous love of one woman was changed into gallantry for all the sex, and friendships among men turned into commerces of interest, or mere professions. "While these were the rules of life, perjuries in the prince, and a general corruption of manners in the subject, were the snares in which France has intangled all her neighbours." With such false colours have the eyes of LEWIS been enchanted, from the debauchery of his early youth, to the superstition of his present old age. Hence it is, that he has the patience to have statues erected to his prowess, his valour, his fortitude, and in the softnesses and luxury of a court to be applauded for magnanimity and enterprise in military atchievements.

PETER ALEXOVITZ of Russia, when he came to years of manhood, though he found himself emperor of a vast and numerous people, master of an endless territory, absolute commander of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, in the midst of this unbounded power and greatness, turned his thoughts upon himself and people with sorrow. Sordid ignorance, and a brute manner

ner of life this generous prince beheld and contemned, from the light of his own genius. His judgment suggested this to him, and his courage prompted him to amend it. In order to this he did not send to the nation from whence the rest of the world has borrowed its politeness, but himself left his diadem to learn the true way to Glory and Honour, and application to useful arts, wherein to employ the laborious, the simple, the honest part of his people. Mechanic employments and operations were very justly the first objects of his favour and observation. With this glorious intention, he travelled into foreign nations in an obscure manner, above receiving little honours where he sojourned, but prying into what was of more consequence, their arts of peace and war. By these means has this great prince laid the foundation of a great and lasting *fame*, by *personal* Labour, *personal* Knowledge, *personal* Valour. It would be injury to any of antiquity to name them with him. Who, but himself, ever left a throne to learn to sit in it with more grace? Who ever thought himself mean in absolute power, until he had learned to use it?

If we consider this wonderful person, it is perplexity to know where to begin his encomium. Others may in a metaphorical or philosophic sense be said to command themselves, but this Emperor is also literally under his own command. How generous and how good was his entering his own name as a private man in the army he raised, that none in it might expect to outrun the steps with which he himself advanced! By such measures this godlike prince learned to conquer, learned to use his conquests. How terrible has he appeared in battle, how gentle in victory! Shall then the base arts of the FRENCHMAN be held *polite*, and the honest labours of the RUSSIAN *barbarous?* No: *barbarity* is the ignorance of true *honour*, or placing any thing instead of it. The unjust prince is ignoble and barbarous, the good prince only renowned and glorious.

Though

Though men may impose upon themselves what they please by their corrupt imaginations, truth will ever keep its station; and as glory is nothing else but the shadow of *virtue*, it will certainly disappear at the departure of *virtue*.* But how carefully ought the true notions of it to be preserved, and how industrious should we be to encourage any impulses towards it! The Westminster school-boy that said the other day he could not sleep or play for the colours in the Hall,† ought to be free from receiving a blow for ever.

But let us consider what is truly glorious according to the author I have to-day quoted in the front of my paper.

The perfection of *glory*, says TULLY, consists in these three particulars: "That the people love us; that they have confidence in us; that being affected with a certain admiration towards us, they think we deserve honour." This was spoken of greatness in the common wealth. But if one were to form a notion of consummate *glory* under our constitution, one must add to the abovementioned felicities a certain necessary inexistence, and disrelish of all the rest, without the prince's favour. He should, methinks, have riches, power, honour, command, glory; but riches, power, honour, command, and glory should have no charms, but as accompanied with the affection of his prince. He should, methinks, be popular because a favourite, and a favourite because popular. Were it not to make the character too imaginary, I would give him sovereignty over some foreign territory, and make him esteem that an empty addition without the kind regards of his own prince. One may merely have an *idea* of a man thus composed and circumstantiated, and if he were so made for power without a capacity of giving jealousy, he would be also glorious without pos-

* A most masterly discussion of this subject the reader will find in Dr. BLAIRS sermon on the *Love of Praise*.

† The colours taken at Blenheim.

sibility of receiving disgrace. This humility and this importance must make his *glory immortal.*

These thoughts are apt to draw me beyond the usual length of this paper; but if I could suppose such rhapsodies could outlive the common fate of ordinary things, I would say these sketches and faint images of *glory* were drawn in August, 1711, when JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH* made that memorable march wherein he took the Frence lines without bloodshed. T.

N°. 140.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1711.

——Animum curis nunc huc, nunc dividit illuc.
VIRG. ÆN. iv. 285.

"This way and that the anxious mind is torn."

LETTERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

WHEN I acquaint my reader, that I have many other letters not yet acknowledged, I believe he will own, what I have a mind he should believe, that I have no small charge upon me, but am a person of some consequence in this world. I shall therefore employ the present hour only in reading petitions, in the order as follows.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE lost so much time already, that I desire, upon the receipt hereof, you will sit down immediately, and give

* A few months before his dismission through the intrigues of the Tories.

give me your answer. I would know of you whether a pretender of mine really *loves* me. As well as I can I will describe his manners. When he sees me he is always talking of constancy, but vouchsafes to visit me but once a fortnight, and then is always in haste to be gone. When I am sick, I hear he says he is mightily concerned, but neither comes nor sends, because, as he tells his acquaintance with a sigh, he does not care to let me know all the power I have over him, and how impossible it is for him to live without me. When he leaves the town, he writes once in six weeks, desires to hear from me, complains of the torment of absence, speaks of flames, tortures, languishings, and ecstacies. He has the cant of an impatient *lover*, but keeps the pace of a lukewarm one. You know I must not go faster than he does, and to move at this rate is as tedious as counting a great clock. But you are to know he is rich, and my mother says, as he is slow he is sure; he will *love* me long if he *love* me little; but I appeal to you whether he *loves* at all

Your neglected humble servant,

LYDIA NOVEL.'

'All these fellows who have money are extremely saucy and cold; pray, Sir, tell them of it.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE been delighted with nothing more through the whole course of your writings than the substantial account you lately gave of Wit, and I could wish you would take some other opportunity to express further the corrupt taste the age is run into; which I am chiefly apt to attribute to the prevalency of a few popular authors, whose merit in some respects has given a sanction to their faults in others. Thus the imitators of MIL-

TON* seem to place all the excellency of that sort of writing either in the uncouth and antique words, or something else which was highly vicious, though pardonable in that great man. The admirers of what we call point or turn, look upon it as the particular happiness to which COWLEY, OVID, and others, owe their reputation, and therefore endeavour to imitate them only in such instances. What is just, proper, and natural, does not seem to be the question with them, but by what means a quaint *antithesis* may be brought about, how one word may be made to look two ways, and what will be the consequence of a forced allusion. Now though such authors appear to me to resemble those who make themselves fine, instead of being well dressed, or graceful; yet the mischief is, that these beauties in them, which I call blemishes, are thought to proceed from luxuriance of fancy, and overflowing of good sense. In one word, they have the character of being too *witty*: but if you would acquaint the world they are not *witty* at all, you would, among many others, oblige,

SIR,

Your most benevolent reader,

R. D.'

SIR,

'I AM a young woman, and reckoned pretty; therefore you will pardon me that I trouble you to decide a a wager between me and a cousin of mine, who is always contradicting one because he understands Latin: pray, Sir, is *dimple* spelt with a single or double *p*?

I am,

SIR,

Your very humble servant,

BETTY SAUNTER.'

---

* The imitation of JOHNSON, whose style required the force of his thoughts, to prevent it from being cumbersome, has misled many of the present age, whose thoughts are not sufficiently strong to bear such a dress.

'Pray, Sir, direct thus, "To the kind Querist," and leave it at Mr. LILLIE's, for I do not care to be known in the thing at all. I am, Sir, again your humble servant.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I MUST needs tell you there are several of your papers I do not much like. You are often so nice there is no enduring you, and so learned there is no understanding you. What have you to do with our petticoats?

Your humble servant,

PARTHENOPE.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'LAST night as I was walking in the park, I met a couple of friends. "Pr'ythee, Jack (says one of them) let us go drink a glass of wine, for I am fit for nothing else." This put me upon reflecting on the many miscarriages which happen in conversations over wine, when men go to the bottle to remove such humours as it only stirs up and awakens. This I could not attribute more to any thing than to the humour of putting company upon others which men do not like themselves. Pray, Sir, declare in your Papers, that he who is a troublesome companion to himself, will not be an agreeable one to others. Let people reason themselves into good humour, before they impose themselves upon their friends. Pray, Sir, be as eloquent as you can upon this subject, and do human life so much good, as to argue powerfully, that it is not every one that can swallow who is fit to drink a glass of wine.

Your most humble servant.'

SIR,

'I THIS morning cast my eye upon your paper concerning the expence of *time*. You are very obliging to the women, especially those who are not young and

past gallantry, by touching so gently upon *gaming:* therefore I hope you do not think it wrong to employ a little leisure time in that diversion; but I should be glad to hear you say something upon the behaviour of some of the female *gamesters.*

'I have observed ladies, who in all other respects are gentle, good-humoured, and the very pink of good-breeding: who as soon as the Ombre-table is called for, and set down to their business, are immediately transmigrated into the veriest wasps in nature.

'You must know I keep my temper, and win their money; but am out of countenance to take it, it makes them so very uneasy. Be pleased, dear Sir, to instruct them to lose with a better grace, and you will oblige

Yours,

RACHEL BASTO.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR kindness to LEONORA, in one of your papers, has given me encouragement to do myself the honour of writing to you. The great regard you have so often expressed for the instruction and improvement of our sex, will, I hope, in your own opinion, sufficiently excuse me from making any apology for the impertinence of this letter. The great desire I have to embellish my mind with some of those graces which you say are so becoming, and which you assert reading helps us to, has made me uneasy until I am put in a capacity of attaining them. This, Sir, I shall never think myself in, until you shall be pleased to recommend some author or authors to my perusal.

'I thought, indeed, when I first cast my eye on LEONORA's letter, that I should have had no occasion for requesting it of you; but to my very great concern, I found on the perusal of that Spectator, I was intirely disappointed, and am as much at a loss how to make use

use of my time for that end as ever. Pray, Sir, oblige me at least with one scene, as you were pleased to entertain LEONORA with your prologue. I write to you not only my own sentiments, but also those of several others of my acquaintance, who are as little pleased with the ordinary manner of spending one's time as myself. If a fervent desire after knowledge, and a great sense of our present ignorance, may be thought a good presage and earnest of improvement, you may look upon your time you shall bestow in answering this request not thrown away to no purpose. And I cannot but add, that unless you have a particular and more than ordinary regard for LEONORA, I have a better title to your favour than she: since I do not content myself with tea-table reading of your papers, but it is my entertainment very often when alone in my closet. To shew you I am capable of improvement, and hate flattery, I acknowledge I do not like some of your papers; but even there I am readier to call in question my own shallow understanding than Mr. SPECTATOR's profound judgment.

I am, Sir, your already (and in hopes of being more your) obliged servant,

PARTHENIA.

This last letter is written with so urgent and serious an air, that I cannot but think it incumbent upon me to comply with her commands, which I shall do very suddenly. T.

N°. 141.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1711.

——Migravit ab aure voluptа
Omnis——

HOR. 1 EP. ii. 187.

"Taste, that eternal wanderer, that flies
"From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes."

POPE.

ABSURDITIES IN THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIONS.

IN the present emptiness of the town, I have several applications from the lower part of the players, to admit suffering to pass for acting. They in very obliging terms desire me to let a fall on the ground, a stumble, or a good slap on the back, be reckoned a jest.* These gambols I shall tolerate for a season, because I hope the evil cannot continue longer than until the people of condition and taste return to town. The method some time ago, was to entertain that part of the audience, who have no faculty above eye sight, with rope-dancers and tumblers; which was a way discreet enough, because it prevented confusion, and distinguished such as could shew all the postures which the body is capable of, from those who were to represent all the passions to which the mind is subject. But though this was prudently settled, corporeal and intel-

* Much of this mechanical wit prevails in our modern pantomimes, to the great delight of children of all ages. CONGREVE or FIELDING never produced wit that gave more general pleasure, than a crab last winter, by taking hold of the clown's nose in *Mother Shipton triumphant*. Were a stranger to judge of the English from some of their amusements, he would not conclude them to be what they really are, the most sensible and intelligent people in the world.

intellectual actors ought to be kept at a still wider distance than to appear on the same stage at all: for which reason I must propose some methods for the improvement of the bear-garden, by dismissing all bodily actors to that quarter.

In cases of greater moment, where men appear in public, the consequence and importance of the thing can bear them out. And though a pleader or preacher is hoarse or aukward, the weight of their matter commands respect and attention: but in theatrical *speaking* if the performer is not exactly proper and graceful, he is utterly ridiculous. In cases where there is little else expected, but the pleasure of the ears and eyes, the least diminution of that pleasure is the highest offence. In acting, barely to perform the part is not commendable, but to be the least out is contemptible. To avoid these difficulties and delicacies, I am informed, that while I was out of town, the actors have flown in the air, and played such pranks, and run such hazards, that none but the servants of the fire-office, tilers, and masons, could have been able to perform the like. The author of the following letter, it seems, has been of the audience at one of these entertainments, and has accordingly complained to me upon it; but I think he has been to the utmost degree severe against what is exceptionable in the play he mentions, without dwelling so much as he might have done on the author's most excellent talent of humour. The pleasant pictures he has drawn of life should have been more kindly mentioned, at the same time that he banishes his witches, who are too dull devils to be attacked with so much warmth.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'UPON a report that MOLL WHITE had followed you to town, and was to act a part in the *Lancashire Witches*,

Witches,* I went last week to see that play. It was my fortune to sit next to a country justice of the peace, a neighbour (as he said) of Sir ROGER'S, who pretended to shew her to us in one of the dances. There was witchcraft enough in the entertainment almost to incline me to believe him; BEN JONSON was almost lamed; young BULLOCK narrowly saved his neck; the audience was astonished, and an old acquaintance of mine, a person of worth, whom I would have bowed to in the pit, at two yards distance did not know me.

'If you were what the country people reported you, a *white* witch, I could have wished you had been there to have exorcised that rabble of broomsticks, with which we were haunted for above three hours. I could have allowed them to set *Clod* in the tree, to have scared the sportsmen, plagued the justice, and employed honest Teague with his holy water. This was the proper use of them in comedy, if the author had stopped here; but I cannot conceive what relation the sacrifice of the black lamb, and the ceremonies of their worship to the devil, have to the business of mirth and humour.

'The gentleman who wrote this play, and has drawn some characters in it very justly, appears to have been misled in his witchcraft by an unwary following the inimitable SHAKESPEAR'. The inctanations in MACBETH have a solemnity admirably adapted to the occasion of that tragedy, and fill the mind with a suitable horror; besides that the witches are a part of the story itself, as we find it very particularly related in HECTOR BOETIUS, from whom he seems to have taken it. This therefore is a proper machine where the business is dark, horrid, and bloody; but is extremely foreign from the affair of comedy. Subjects of this kind, which are in them-

* The Lancashire women are esteemed the handsomest even of English women, which may account for this witchraft.

themselves disagreeable, can at no time become entertaining, but by passing through an imagination like SHAKESPEAR's to form them; for which reason Mr. DRYDEN would not allow even BEAUMONT and FLETCHER capable of imitating him.

"But SHAKESPEAR's magic cou'd not copied be:
Within that circle none durst walk but he."

'I should not, however, have troubled you with these remarks, if there were not something else in this comedy, which wants to be exorcised more than the Witches: I mean the freedom of some passages, which I should have overlooked, if I had not observed that those jests can raise the loudest mirth, though they are painful to right sense, and an outrage upon modesty.

'We must attribute such liberties to the taste of that age: but indeed by such representations a poet sacrifices the best part of his audience to the worst; and, as one would think, neglects the boxes, to write to the orange-wenches.

'I must not conclude till I have taken notice of the moral with which this comedy ends. The two young ladies having given a notable example of outwitting those who had a right in the disposal of them, and marrying without consent of parents, one of the injured parties, who is easily reconciled, winds up all with this remark,

"————Design whate'er we will,
There is a fate which over-rules us still."

'We are to suppose that the gallants are men of merit, but if they had been rakes, the excuse might have served as well. HANS CARVEL's wife was of the same principle, but has expressed it with a delicacy which shews she is not serious in her excuse, but in

in a sort of humorous philosophy turns off the thought of her guilt, and says,

> " That if weak women go astray,
> Their stars are more in fault than they."

' This no doubt is a full reparation, and dismisses the audience with very edifying impressions.

' These things fall under a province you have partly pursued already, and therefore demands your animadversion, for the regulating so noble an entertainment as that of the Stage. It were to be wished, that all who write for it hereafter would raise their genius, by the ambition of pleasing people of the best understanding; and leave others who shew nothing of the human species but risibility, to seek their diversion at the bear-garden, or some other privileged place, where reason and good-manners have no right to disturb them.

I am, &c.

August 8, 1711.

T.

No. 142.

MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1711.

"Irrupta tenet copula ———

HOR. I OD. xiii. 18.

"Whom love's unbroken bond unites."

LETTERS FROM A HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

THE following letters being genuine, and the images of a worthy passion, I am willing to give the old lady's admonition to myself, and the representation of her own happiness, a place in my writings.

August 9, 1711.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM now in the sixty-seventh year of my age, and read you with approbation; but methinks you do not strike at the root of the greatest evil in life, which is the false notion of *gallantry in love*. It is, and has long been, upon a very ill foot; but I who have been a wife forty years, and was bred in a way that has made me ever since very happy, see through the folly of it. In a word, Sir, when I was a young woman, all who avoided the vices of the age, were very carefully educated, and all fantastical objects were turned out of our sight. The tapestry-hangings, with the great and venerable simplicity of the scripture tories, had better effects than now the loves of VENUS and ADONIS, or BACCHUS and ARIADNE, in your fine present prints. The gentleman I am married to, made love to me in rapture, but it was the rapture of a Christian and a man of honour, not a romantic hero or a whining coxcomb. This

put our life upon a right *basis*. To give you an idea of our regard one to another, I enclose to you several of his letters, written forty years ago, when my lover; and one writ the other day, after so many years cohabitation.

Your servant,

ANDROMACHE.'

August 7, 1671.

MADAM,

"If my vigilance, and ten thousand wishes for your welfare and repose, could have any force, you last night slept in security, and had every good angel in your attendance. To have my thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant fear of every accident to which human life is liable, and to send up my hourly prayers to avert them from you; I say, Madam, thus to think, and thus to suffer, is what I do for her who is in pain at my approach, and calls all my tender sorrow impertinence.—You are now before my eyes, my eyes that are ready to flow with tenderness, but cannot give relief to my gushing heart, that dictates what I am now saying, and yearns to tell you all its achings. How art thou, oh my soul, stolen from thyself! how is all my attention broken! my books are blank paper, and my friends intruders. I have no hope of quiet but from your pity. To grant it, would make more for your triumph. To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire of beauty. If you would consider aright, you would find an agreeable change in dismissing the attendance of a slave, to receive the complaisance of a companion. I bear the former in hopes of the latter condition. As I live in chains without murmuring at the power which inflicts them, so I could enjoy freedom without forgetting the mercy that gave it.

Madam, I am

Your most devoted,

Most obedient servant."

'Though

'Though I made him no declarations in his favour, you see he had hopes of me when he wrote this in the month following.

September 3, 1671.

MADAM,

"BEFORE the light this morning dawn'd upon the earth I awak'd, and lay in expectation of its return, not that it could give any new sense of joy to me, but as I hop'd it would bless you with its chearful face, after a quiet which I wish'd you last night. If my prayers are heard, the day appeared with all the influence of a merciful Creator upon your person and actions. Let others, my lovely charmer, talk of a blind being that disposes their hearts, I contemn their low images of *love*. I have not a thought which relates to you, that I cannot with confidence beseech the All-seeing Power to bless me in. May He direct you in all your steps, and reward your innocence, your sanctity of manners, your prudent youth, and becoming piety, with the continuance of his grace and protection. This is an unusual language to ladies; but you have a mind elevated above the giddy notions of a sex insnared by flattery, and misled by a false and short adoration into a solid and long contempt. Beauty, my fairest creature, palls in the possession, but I love also your mind: your soul is as dear to me as my own; and if the advantages of a liberal education, some knowledge and as much contempt of the world, joined with the endeavours towards a life of strict virtue and religion, can qualify me to raise new ideas in a breast so well dispos'd as yours is, our days will pass away with joy; and old age, instead of introducing melancholy prospects of decay, give us hope of eternal youth in a better life. I have but few minutes from the duty of my employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have written, therefore beseech you to pardon the

first hints of my mind, which I have express'd in so little order.

I am, dearest creature,
Your most obedient,
Most devoted servant."

'The two next were written after the day of our marriage was fixed.'

September 25, 1671.

MADAM,

"It is the hardest thing in the world to be in *love*, and yet attend business. As for me, all that speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me. A gentleman asked me this morning, what news from Holland, and I answered, she is exquisitely handsome. Another desired to know when I had been last at Windsor, I replied, She designs to go with me. Pr'ythee, allow me at least to kiss your hand before the appointed day, that my mind may be in some composure. Methinks I could write a volume to you, but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion,

I am ever yours."

September 30, 1671.
Seven in the morning.

DEAR CREATURE,

"Next to the influence of heaven, I am to thank you that I see the returning day with pleasure. To pass my evenings in so sweet a conversation, and have the esteem of a woman of your merit, has in it a particularity of happiness no more to be expressed than returned.—But I am, my lovely creature, contented to be on the obliged side, and to employ all my days in new endeavours to convince you and all the world of the sense I have of your condescension in choosing,

Madam, your most faithful,
Most obedient humble servant."

'He

'He was, when he wrote the following letter, as agreeable and pleasant a man as any in England.

October 20, 1671.

MADAM,

"I BEG pardon that my paper is not finer, but I am forced to write from a coffee-house where I am attending about business. There is a dirty croud of busy faces all around me talking of money, while all my ambition, all my wealth, is *love*: *love*, which animates my heart, sweetens my humour, enlarges my soul, and affects every action of my life. It is to my lovely charmer I owe that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions: it is the natural effect of that generous passion to create in the admirers some similitude of the object admired; thus my dear, am I every day to improve from so sweet a companion. Look up, my fair one, to that Heaven which made thee such, and join with me to implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beseech the *Author of Love* to bless the rites he has ordained, and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient condition, and resignation to his will, which only can regulate our minds to a steady endeavour to please him and each other.

I am for ever your faithful servant."

"I will not trouble you with more letters at this time, but if you saw the poor withered hand which sends you these minutes, I am sure you will smile to think that there is one who is so gallant as to speak of it still as so welcome a present, after forty years possession of the woman whom he writes to.

June 23, 1711.

MADAM,

"I HEARTILY beg your pardon for my omission to write yesterday. It was no failure of my tender regard for you; but having been very much perplexed in my

thoughts on the subject of my last, made me determine to suspend speaking of it until I came myself. But, my lovely creature, know it is not in the power of age, or misfortune, or any other accident which hangs over human life, to take from me the pleasing esteem I have for you, or the memory of the bright figure you appeared in, when you gave your hand and heart to,

MADAM,

Your most grateful husband,

T. And obedient servant."

No. 143.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1711.

Non est vivere sed valere vita.

MARTIAL, EPIG. lxx. 6.

"For life is only life, when blest with health."

ON HEALTH OF BODY, AND TRANQUILITY OF MIND.

IT is an unreasonable thing some men expect of their acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of order, or displeased, or they know not how, and are so far from letting that be a reason for retiring to their own homes, that they make it their argument for coming into company. What has any body to do with accounts of a man's being indisposed but his physician? If a man laments in company, where the rest are in humour enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill if a servant is ordered to present him with a porringer of caudle or posset-drink, by way of admonition that he go home to bed. That part of life which we ordinarily understand by the word conversation, is an indulgence to the sociable part of our make; and

should

should incline us to bring our proportion of good-will or good-humour among the friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feigned affliction. Cares, distresses, diseases, uneasiness, and dislikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our friends. If we would consider how little of this vicissitude of motion and rest, which we call life, is spent with satisfaction, we should be more tender of our friends, than to bring them little sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real life but chearful life; therefore valetudinarians should be sworn before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselves until the meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we should be always sitting with chaplets of flowers round our heads, or be crowned with roses in order to make our entertainment agreeable to us; but if (as it is usually observed) they who resolve to be merry, seldom are so; it will be much more unlikely for us to be well-pleased, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are sad. Whatever we do, we should keep up the chearfulness of our spirits, and never let them sink below an inclination at least to be well-pleased. The way to this, is to keep our bodies in exercise, our minds at ease. That insipid state wherein neither are in vigour, is not to be accounted any part of our portion of Being. When we are in the satisfaction of some innocent pleasure, or pursuit of some laudable design, we are in the possession of *life*, of *human life*. Fortune will give us disappointments *enough*, and nature is attended with infirmities *enough*, without our adding to the unhappy side of our account by our spleen or ill-humour. Poor COTTILUS,* among so many real evils, a chronical distemper and a narrow fortune, is never heard to complain. That equal spirit of his, which any man may have, that, like him, will conquer pride, vanity, and af-

* Mr. HENRY MARTYN, one of the authors of the *Spectator*. Vide Preface to the Biography.

fectation, and follow nature, is not to be broken, because it has no points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what nature demands as necessary, if it is not the way to an estate, is the way to what men aim at by getting an estate. This temper will preserve health in the body, as well as tranquillity in the mind.—COTTILUS sees the world in a hurry, with the same scorn that a sober person sees a man drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, says he, such a one have met with such a disappointment? If another had valued his mistress for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her power. If her virtue had had a part of his passion, her levity had been his cure; she could not then have been false and amiable at the same time.

Since we cannot promise ourselves constant health, let us endeavour at such a temper as may be our best support in the decay of it. URANIUS has arrived at that composure of soul, and wrought himself up to such a neglect of every thing with which the generality of mankind is enchanted, that nothing but acute pains can give him disturbance, and against those too he will tell his intimate friends he has a secret which gives him present ease. URANIUS is so thoroughly persuaded of another life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an interest in it, that he looks upon pain but as a quickening of his pace to a home, where he shall be better provided for than in his present apartment. Instead of the melancholy views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks at the time of his birth he entered into an eternal being; and the short article of death he will not allow an interruption of life; since that moment is not of half the duration as is his ordinary sleep. Thus is his Being one uniform and consistent series of chearful diversions and moderate cares, without fear or hope of futurity. Health to him is more than

than pleasure to another man, and sickness less affecting to him than indisposition is to others.

I must confess, if one does not regatd life after this manner, none but idiots can pass it away with any tolerable patience. Take a fine lady who is of a delicate frame, and you may observe, from the hour she rises, a certain weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are sick of such strange frightful people that they meet; one is so awkward, and another so disagreeable, that it looks like a penance to breathe the same air with them. You see this so very true, that a great part of ceremony and good-breeding among the ladies turns upon their uneasiness; and I will undertake, if the how-do-ye-servants of our women were to make a weekly bill of sickness, as the parish-clerks do of mortality, you would not find, in an account of seven days, one in thirty that was not downright sick or indisposed, or but a very little better than she was, and so forth.

It is certain that to enjoy life and health as a constant feast, we should not think pleasure necessary, but if possible, to arrive at an equality of mind. It is as mean to be overjoyed upon occasions of good fortune, as to be dejected in circumstances of distress. Laughter in one condition, is as unmanly as weeping in the other. We should not form our minds to expect transport on every occasion, but know how to make it enjoyment to be out of pain. Ambition, envy, vagrant desire, or impertinent mirth, will take up our minds, without we can possess ourselves in that sobriety of heart which is above all pleasures, and can be felt much better than described. But the ready way, I believe, to the right enjoyment of life, is by a prospect towards another, to have but a very mean opinion of it. A great author of our time has set this in an excellent light, when with a philosophic pity of human life, he spoke of it in his *Theory of the Earth* in the following manner:

"For what is this life but a circulation of little mean

actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the circle returns. We spend the day in trifles, and when the night comes we throw ourselves into the bed of folly, amongst dreams, and broken thoughts, and wild imaginations.--- Our reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the time as arrant brutes as those that sleep in the stalls, or in the field. Are not the capacities of man higher than these? And ought not his ambition and expectations to be greater? Let us be adventurers for another world. It is at least a fair and noble chance; and there is nothing in this worth our thoughts or our passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our fellow-mortals; and if we succeed in our expectations, we are eternally happy."

T.

N^O. 144.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1711.

——— Nôris quàm elegans formarum SPECTATOR siem.

TER. EUN. ACT. iii. SC. 5.

"You shall see how nice a judge of beauty I am."

ON BEAUTY, WITH EXAMPLES.

BEAUTY has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began. The philosophers have felt its influence so sensibly, that almost every one of them has left us some saying or other, which intimated that he too well knew the power of it. One * has told us, that a graceful person is a more powerful recommendation than the best letter that can be written in your favour. Another † desires the possessor of it to consider it as a mere gift of nature, and not any perfection of his own. A third calls it a *short-lived tyranny*, a fourth, a *silent fraud*, because it imposes upon us without the help of language; but I think CARNEADES spoke as much like a philosopher as any of them, though more like a lover, when he calls it *royalty without force*. ‡ It is not indeed to be denied, that there is something irresistible in a *beauteous* form; || the most severe will not pretend, that they do not feel an immediate prepossession in favour of the *handsome*. No one denies them the privilege of being first heard, and being regarded before others in matters of ordinary consideration. At the same time, the *handsome* should consider that it is a possession, as it

* ARISTOTLE. † PLATO. ‡ SOCRATES.

|| The learned reader will here recollect the second ode of ANACREON.

were, foreign to them. No one can give it himself, or preserve it when they have it. Yet so it is, that people can bear any quality in the world better than *beauty*.--- It is the consolation of all who are naturally too much affected with the force of it, that a little attention, if a man can attend with judgment, will cure them. *Handsome* people usually are so fantastically pleased with themselves, that if they do not kill at first sight, as the phrase is, a second interview disarms them of all their power. But I shall make this paper rather a warning-piece to give notice where the danger is, than to propose instructions how to avoid it when you have fallen in the way of it. *Handsome men* shall be the subject of another chapter, the *women* shall take up the present discourse.

AMARYLLIS, who has been in town but one winter, is extremely improved with the arts of good-breeding, without leaving nature. She has not lost the native simplicity of her aspect, to substitute that patience of being stared at, which is the usual triumph and distinction of a town lady. In public assemblies you meet her careless eye diverting itself with the objects around her, insensible that she herself is one of the brightest in the place.

DULCISSA is of quite another make, she is almost a *beauty* by nature, but more than one by art. If it were possible for her to let her fan or any limb about her rest, she would do some part of the execution she meditates; but though she designs herself a prey, she will not stay to be taken. No painter can give you words for the different aspects of DULCISSA in half a moment, wherever she appears: so little does she accomplish what she takes so much pains for, to be gay and careless.

MERAB is attended with all the charms of woman and accomplishments of man. It is not to be doubted but she has a great deal of wit, if she were not such a *beauty*; and she would have more *beauty* had she not so much wit. Affectation prevents her excellences from walk-

ing

ing together. If she has a mind to speak such a thing, it must be done with such an air of her body; and if she has an inclination to look very careless, there is such a smart thing to be said at the same time, that the design of being admired destroys itself. Thus the unhappy MERAB, though a *wit* and *beauty*, is allowed to be neither, because she will always be both.

ALBACINDA has the skill as well as power of pleasing. Her form is majestic, but her aspect humble. All good men should beware of the destroyer. She will speak to you like your sister, until she has you sure; but is the most vexatious of tyrants when you are so. Her familiarity of behaviour, her indifferent questions, and general conversation, make the silly part of her votaries full of hopes, while the wise fly from her power. She well knows she is too *beautiful* and too *witty* to be indifferent to any who converse with her, and therefore knows she does not lessen herself by familiarity, but gain occasions of admiration by seeming ignorance of her perfections.

EUDOSIA adds to the height of her stature a nobility of spirit which still distinguishes her above the rest of her sex. *Beauty* in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in EUDOSIA it is commanding. Love towards EUDOSIA is a sentiment like the *love of glory*. The lovers of other women are softened into fondness, the admirers of EUDOSIA exalted into ambition.

EUCRATIA presents herself to the imagination with a more kindly pleasure, and as she is woman, her praise is wholly feminine. If we were to form an image of dignity in a man, we should give him wisdom and valour, as being essential to the character of manhood. In like manner, if you describe a right woman in a laudable sense, she should have gentle softness, tender fear, and all those parts of life, which distinguish her from the other sex; with some subordination to it, but such an inferiority that makes her still more lovely. EUCRATIA

is that creature, she is all over woman, *kindness* is all her art, and *beauty* all her arms. Her look, her voice, her gesture, and whole behaviour is truly feminine. A goodness mixed with fear, gives a tincture to all her behaviour. It would be savage to offend her, and cruelty to use art to gain her. Others are *beautiful*, but EUCRATIA, thou art *beauty!*

OMNIAMANTE is made for deceit, she has an aspect as innocent as the famed LUCRECE, but a mind as wild as the more famed CLEOPATRA. Her face speaks a vestal, but her heart a MESSALINA. Who that beheld OMNIAMANTE's negligent unobserving air, would believe that she hid under that regardless manner the witty prostitute, the rapacious wench, the prodigal courtesan? She can, when she pleases, adorn those eyes with tears like an infant that is chid; she can cast down that pretty face in confusion, while you rage with jealousy, and storm at her perfidiousness; she can wipe her eyes, tremble and look frighted, until you think yourself a brute for your rage, own yourself an offender, beg pardon, and make her new presents.

But I go too far in reporting only the dangers in beholding the *beauteous*, which I design for the instruction of the fair as well as their beholders; and shall end this rhapsody with mentioning what I thought was well enough said of an ancient sage * to a beautiful youth, whom he saw admiring his own figure in brass. "What (said the philosopher) could that image of yours say for itself if it could speak?" "It might say (answered the youth) that it is very *beautiful.*" "And are not you ashamed, (replied the cynic) to value yourself upon that only of which a piece of brass is capable?"

T.

---

* ANTISTHENES.

No. 145.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1711.

Stultitiam partiuntur opes———— HOR. I EP. XVIII. 29.

"Their folly pleads the privilege of wealth."

ON WAGERING DISPUTANTS.

IF the following enormities are not amended upon the first mention, I desire farther notice from my correspondents.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM obliged to you for your discourse the other day upon *frivolous disputants*, who with great warmth and enumeration of many circumstances and authorities, undertake to prove matters which nobody living denies. You cannot employ yourself more usefully than in adjusting the laws of *disputation* in coffee-houses and accidental companies, as well as in more formal debates. Among many other things which your own experience must suggest to you, it will be very obliging if you please to take notice of *Wagerers*. I will not here repeat what HUDIBRAS* says of such *disputants*, which is so true, that it is almost proverbial;* but shall only acquaint you with a set of young fellows of the inns of court, whose fathers have provided for them so plentifully, that they need not be very anxious to get law in their heads for the

* "———I have heard old cunning stagers
"Say, Fools for argument lay wagers."
HUD. P. 2. C. 1. V. 297.

the service of their country at the bar; but are of those who are sent (as the phrase of parents is) to the Temple to know how *to keep their own.* One of these gentlemen is very loud and captious at a coffee-house which I frequent, and being in his nature troubled with a humour of contradiction, though withal excessive ignorant, he has found a way to indulge this temper, go on in idleness and ignorance, and yet still give himself the air of a very learned and knowing man, by the strength of his pocket. The misfortune of the thing is, I have, as it happens sometimes, a greater stock of learning than of money. The gentleman I am speaking of, takes advantage of the narrowness of my circumstances in such a manner, that he has read all that I can pretend to, and runs me down with such a positive air, and with such powerful arguments, that from a very learned person I am thought a mere pretender. Not long ago I was relating that I had read such a passage in TACITUS, up starts my young gentleman in a full company, and pulling out his purse, offered to lay me ten guineas, to be staked immediately in that gentleman's hands (pointing to one smoking at another table) that I was utterly mistaken. I was dumb for want of ten guineas; he went on unmercifully to triumph over my ignorance how to take him up, and told the whole room he had read TACITUS twenty times over, and such a remarkable incident as that could not escape him. He has at this time three considerable *wagers* depending between him and some of his companions, who are rich enough to hold an argument with him. He has five guineas upon questions in geography, two that the Isle of Wight is a peninsula, and three guineas to one that the world is round. We have a gentleman comes to our coffee-house, who deals mightily in antique scandal; my *disputant* has laid him twenty pieces upon a point of history, to wit, that CÆSAR never lay with CATO's sister, as is scandalously reported by some people.

'There

'There are several of this sort of fellows in town, who *wager* themselves into statesmen, historians, geographers, mathematicians, and every other art, when the persons with whom they talk have not wealth equal to their learning. I beg of you to prevent in these youngsters, this compendious way to wisdom, which costs other people so much time and pains; and you will oblige

Your humble servant.'

Coffee-house near the Temple,

MR. SPECTATOR, Aug. 12, 1711.

'HERE's a young gentleman that sings Opera-tunes or whistles in a full house. Pray let him know that he has no right to act here as if he were in an empty room. Be pleased to divide the spaces of a public room, and certify whistlers, singers, and common orators that are heard further than their portion of the room comes to, that the law is open, and that there is an equity which will relieve us from such as interrupt us in our lawful discourse, as much as against such who stop us on the road. I take these persons, Mr. SPECTATOR, to be such trespassers as the officer in your stage-coach, and am of the same sentiment with counsellor EPHRAIM. It is true the young man is rich, and, as the vulgar say, needs not care for any body; but sure that is no authority for him to go *whistle* where he pleases.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant.'

P. S. 'I have chambers in the Temple, and here are students that learn upon the hautboy; pray desire the *Benchers,*

Benchers, that all lawyers who are proficients in wind-music may lodge to the Thames.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'WE are a company of young women who pass our time very much together, and obliged by the mercenary humour of the men to be as mercenarily inclined as they are. There visits among us an old bachelor whom each of us has a mind to. The fellow is rich, and knows he may have any of us, therefore is particular to none, but excessively ill-bred. His pleasantry consists in romping, he snatches kisses by surprise, puts his hands in our necks, tears our fans, robs us of ribbands, forces letters out of our hands, looks into any of our papers, and a thousand other rudenesses. Now what I will desire of you is, to acquaint him, by printing this, that if he does not marry one of us very suddenly, we have all agreed, the next time he pretends to be merry, to affront him, and use him like a clown as he is. In the name of the sisterhood I take my leave of you, and am, as they all are,

Your constant reader and well-wisher.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AND several others of your female readers have conformed ourselves to your rules, even to our very dress. There is not one of us but has reduced our outward petticoat to its ancient sizeable circumference, though indeed we retain still a quilted one underneath; which makes us not altogether unconformable to the fashion; but it is on condition, Mr. SPECTATOR extends not his censure so far. But we find you men secretly approve our practice, by imitating our pyramidical form. The skirt of your fashionable coats forms as large a circumference as our petticoats; as these are set out with whalebone, so are those with wire, to increase

and

and sustain the bunch of fold that hangs down on each side; and the hat, I perceive, is decreased in just proportion to our head-dresses. We make a regular figure, but I defy your mathematics to give name to the form you appear in. Your architecture is mere gothic, and betrays a worse genius than ours; therefore if you are partial to your own sex, I shall be less than I am now

Your humble servant.'

T.

N°. 146.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1711.

Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.

TULL.

"No man was ever great without some degree of Inspiration."

ON GENIUS.

WE know the highest pleasure our minds are capable of enjoying with composure, when we read sublime thoughts communicated to us by men of great genius and eloquence. Such is the entertainment we meet with in the philosophic parts of CICERO's writings. Truth and good sense have there so charming a dress, that they could hardly be more agreeably represented with the addition of poetical fiction, and the power of numbers. This ancient author, and a modern one, have fallen into my hands within these few days; and the impressions they have left upon me, have at the present quite spoiled me for a merry fellow. The modern is that admirable writer the author of *the Theory of the Earth*. The subjects with which I have lately been entertained

tertained in them both bear a near affinity; they are upon inquiries into *hereafter*, and the thoughts of the latter seem to me to be raised above those of the former, in proportion to his advantages of scripture and revelation. If I had a mind to it, I could not at present talk of any thing else; therefore I shall translate a passage in the one, and transcribe a paragraph out of the other, for the speculation of this day. CICERO tells us,* that PLATO reports SOCRATES, upon receiving his sentence, to have spoken to his judges in the following manner.

"I HAVE great hopes, O my *Judges*, that it is infinitely to my advantage that I am sent to death: for it must of necessity be, that one of these two things must be the consequence. Death must take away all these senses, or convey me to another life. If all sense is to be taken away, and death is no more than that profound sleep without dreams, in which we are sometimes buried, oh heavens! how desirable it is to die! How many days do we know in life preferable to such a state? But if it be true that death is but a passage to places which they who lived before us do now inhabit, how much still happier is it to go from those who call themselves *Judges*, to appear before those that really are such; before MINOS, RHADAMANTHUS ÆACUS, and TRIPTOLEMUS, and to meet men who have lived with justice and truth? Is this, do you think, no happy journey? Do you think it nothing to speak with ORPHEUS, MUSÆUS, HOMER, and HESIOD? I would, indeed, suffer many deaths to enjoy these things. With what particular delight should I talk to PALAMEDES, AJAX, and others, who like me have suffered by the iniquity of their *Judges*. I should examine the wisdom of that great prince, who carried such mighty forces against Troy; and argue with ULYSSES and SISYPHUS, upon difficult points, as I have in conversation here, without being in danger of being *condemned*. But let not those among you who have pro-

* *Tusculan. Quaestion.* Lib 1.

pronounced me an innocent man be afraid of death. No harm can arrive at a good man, whether dead or living; his affairs are always under the direction of the gods; nor will I believe the fate which is allotted to me myself this day to have arrived by chance; nor have I aught to say either against my *judges* or *accusers*, but that they thought they did me an injury. But I detain you too long, it is time that I retire to death, and you to your affairs of life; which of us has the better is known to the gods, but to no mortal man.'

The divine SOCRATES is here represented in a figure worthy his great wisdom and philosophy, worthy the greatest mere man that ever breathed. But the modern discourse is written upon a subject no less than the dissolution of nature itself. Oh how glorious is the old age of that great man, who has spent his time in such contemplations as has made this being, what only it should be, an education for heaven! He has, according to the lights of reason and revelation, which seemed to him clearest, traced the steps of Omnipotence. He has, with a celestial ambition, as far as it is consistent with humility and devotion, examined the ways of Providence, from the creation to the dissolution of the visible world. How pleasing must have been the speculation, to observe Nature and Providence move together, the physical and moral world march the same pace: to observe paradise and eternal spring the seat of innocence, troubled seasons and angry skies the portion of wickedness and vice. When this admirable author has reviewed all that has past, or is to come, which relates to the habitable world, and run through the whole fate of it, how could a guardian angel, that had attended it through all its courses or changes, speak more emphatically at the end of his charge, than does our author when he makes, as it were, a funeral oration over this *globe*, looking to the point where it once stood?

'Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect upon this occasion on the vanity and

transient glory of this habitable world. How by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men are reduced to nothing. All that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Shew me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name. What remains, what impressions, what difference, or distinction, do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now?--- She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous; "She glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow:" but her hour is come, she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in everlasting oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of *men's* hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth are melted as wax before the sun, and "their place is no where found." Here stood the Alps, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds; there was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia; and yonder, towards the north, stood the Riphean hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropt away as the snow upon their heads. "Great and marvellous are thy works, just and true are thy ways, thou *King of Saints!* HALLELUJAH."

T.

Nº. 147.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1711.

Pronunciatio est vocis, et vultûs et gestûs moderatio cum venustate.
TULL.

"Good delivery is a graceful management of the voice, counte-
"nance, and gesture."

ON THE COMMON PRAYER.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE well reading of the *Common Prayer* is of great importance, and so much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration some particulars on that subject. And what more worthy your observation than this? A thing so public, and of so high consequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the performers of that duty more expert in it. This inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little care that is taken of their reading, while boys, and at school, where, when they are got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due observations made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading; by these means they have acquired such ill habits as will not easily be removed. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propose some person of great ability that way as a pattern for them; example being most effectual to convince the learned, as well as instruct the ignorant.

'You must know, Sir, I have been a constant frequenter of the service of the Church of England for above these four years last past, and until Sunday was

seven-night never discovered, to so great a degree, the excellency of the Common-Prayer. When, being at St. James's Garlick-Hill church, I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be unattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers. I then considered I addressed myself to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful face. And when I reflected on my former performances of that duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of form, in comparison to the manner in which I then discharged it. My mind was really affected, and fervent wishes accompanied my words. The confession was read with such resigned humility, the absolution with such a comfortable authority, the thanksgivings with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner I never did before. To remedy, therefore, the grievance above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent reader, upon the next and every annual assembly of the clergy of Sion-College, and all other conventions, should read prayers before them. For then those that are afraid of stretching their mouths, and spoiling their soft voices, will learn to read with clearness, loudness, and strength. Others that affect a rakish negligent air, by folding their arms and lolling on their books, will be taught a decent behaviour, and comely erection of body. Those that read so fast as if impatient of their work, may learn to speak deliberately. There is another sort of persons whom I call Pindaric readers, as being confined to no set measure; these pronounce five or six words with great deliberation, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great celerity: the first part of a sentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter part with a submissive one: sometimes again, with one sort of a tone, and immediately after with a very different one. These gentlemen will learn of my admired reader an evenness of voice and delivery, and all who are innocent of these affectations

but

but read with such an indifferency as if they did not understand the language, may then be informed of the art of reading movingly and fervently, how to place the emphasis, and give the proper accent to each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the sentence. There is certainly a very great difference between the reading a Prayer and a Gazette, which I beg of you to inform a set of readers, who affect, forsooth, a certain gentleman-like familiarity of tone, and mend the language as they go on, crying instead of "pardoneth and absolveth," "pardons and absolves." These are often pretty classical scholars, and would think it an unpardonable sin to read VIRGIL or MARTIAL with so little taste as they do divine service.

'This indifferency seems to me to arise from the endeavour of avoiding the imputation of *cant*, and the false notion of it. It will be proper therefore to trace the original and signification of this word. *Cant* is, by some people, derived from one ANDREW CANT, who, they say, was a presbyterian minister in some illiterate part of Scotland, who by exercise and use had obtained the faculty, *alias* gift of talking in the pulpit in such a dialect, that it is said he was understood by none but his own congregation, and not by all of them. Since Master CANT's time, it has been understood in a larger sense, and signifies all sudden exclamations, whinings, unusual tones, and in fine all praying and preaching like the unlearned of the presbyterians. But I hope a proper elevation of voice, a due emphasis and accent are not to come within this description. So that our readers may still be as unlike the presbyterians as they please. The dissenters (I mean such as I have heard) do indeed elevate their voices, but it is with sudden jumps from the lower to the higher part of them; and that with so little sense or skill, that their elevation and cadence is bawling and muttering. They make use of an emphasis, but so improperly, that it is often placed on some very insignificant particle, as upon *if* or *and*. Now

if these improprieties have so great an effect on the people, as we see they have, how great an influence would the service of our church, containing the best prayers that ever were composed, and that in terms most affecting, most humble, and most expressive of our wants, and dependence on the *object* of our worship, disposed in most proper order, and void of all confusion; what influence, I say, would these prayers have, were they delivered with a due emphasis, and apposite rising and variation of voice, the sentence concluded with a gentle cadence, and in a word, with such an accent and turn of speech as is peculiar to prayer.

'As the matter of worship is now managed, in dissenting congregations, you find insignificant words and phrases raised by a lively vehemence; in our own churches, the most exalted sense depreciated, by a dispassionate indolence. I remember to have heard Dr. S——E say in his pulpit, of the Common Prayer, that, at least, it was as perfect as any thing of human institution. If the gentlemen who err in this kind would please to recollect the many pleasantries they have read upon those who recite good things with an ill grace, they would go on to think that what in that case is only ridiculous, in themselves is impious. But leaving this to their own reflections, I shall conclude this trouble with what CÆSAR said upon the irregularity of tone in one who read before him, "Do you read or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill."

'Your most humble servant.'

T.

No. 148.

MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 1711.

——— Exempta juvat spinis è pluribus una.

HOR. 2 EP. ii 212.

"Better one thorn pluck'd out, than all remain."

IMPROPRIETIES AND ABSURDITIES IN COMPANY.

MY correspondents assure me that the enormities which they lately complained of, and I published an account of, are so far from being amended, that new evils arise every day to interrupt their conversation, in contempt of my reproofs. My friend who writes from the coffee-house near the Temple, informs me that the gentleman who constantly sings a voluntary in spite of the whole company, was more musical than ordinary after reading my paper; and has not been contented with that, but has danced up to the glass in the middle of the room, and practised minuet-steps to his own humming. The incorrigible creature has gone still farther, and in the open coffee-house, with one hand extended as leading a lady in it, he has danced both French and country-dances, and admonished his supposed partner by smiles and nods to hold up her head and fall back, according to the respective facings and evolutions of the dance. Before this gentleman began this his exercise, he was pleased to clear his throat by coughing and spitting a full half hour; and as soon as he struck up, he appealed to an attorney's clerk in the room, whether he hit as he ought, "Since you from death have saved me?" and then asked the young fellow (pointing to a chancery-bill under his arm) whether that was an opera-score he carried or not? Without staying for an answer, he fell into

the exercise above-mentioned, and practised his airs to the full house who were turned upon him, without the least shame or repentance for his former transgressions.

I am to the last degree at a loss what to do with this young fellow, except I declare him an outlaw, and pronounce it penal for any one to speak to him in the said house which he frequents, and direct that he be obliged to drink his tea and coffee without sugar, and not receive from any person whatsoever any thing above mere necessaries.

As we in England are a sober people, and generally inclined rather to a certain bashfulness of behaviour in public, it is amazing whence some fellows come whom one meets with in this town; they do not at all seem to be the growth of our island; the pert, the talkative, all such as have no sense of the observation of others, are certainly of foreign extraction. As for my part I am as much surprised when I see a talkative Englishman, as I should be to see the Indian pine growing on one of our quick-set hedges. Where these creatures get sun enough, to make them such lively animals and dull men, is above my philosophy.

There are another kind of impertinents which a man is perplexed with in mixed company, and those are your loud speakers. These treat mankind as if we were all deaf; they do not express but declare themselves. Many of these are guilty of this outrage out of vanity, because they think all they say is well; or that they have their own persons in such veneration, that they believe nothing which concerns them can be insignificant to any body else. For these people's sake, I have often lamented that we cannot close our ears with as much ease as we can our eyes. It is very uneasy that we must necessarily be under persecution. Next to these bawlers, is a troublesome creature who comes with the air of your friend and your intimate, and that is your Whisperer. There is one of them at a coffee-house which I myself frequent, who observing me to be a man pretty well

well made for secrets, gets by me, and with a whisper tells me things which all the town knows. It is no very hard matter to guess at the source of this impertinence, which is nothing else but a method or mechanic art of being wise. You never see any frequent in it, whom you can suppose to have any thing in the world to do. These persons are worse than bawlers, as much as a secret enemy is more dangerous than a declared one. I wish this my coffee-house friend would take this for an intimation, that I have not heard one word he has told me for these several years; whereas he now thinks me the most trusty repository of his secrets. The Whisperers have a pleasant way of ending the close conversation, with saying aloud, "Do not you think so?" Then whisper again, and then aloud, "but you know that person:" then whisper again. The thing would be well enough, if they *wispered* to keep the folly of what they say among friends; but alas, they do it to preserve the importance of their thoughts: I am sure I could name you more than one person whom no man living ever heard talk upon any subject in nature, or ever saw in his whole life with a book in his hand, that I know not how can *whisper* something like knowledge of what has and does pass in the world; which you would think he learned from some familiar spirit that did not think him worthy to receive the whole story. But in truth Whisperers deal only in half accounts of what they entertain you with. A great help to their discourse is, 'that the town says, and people begin to talk very freely, and they had it from persons too considerable to be named what they will tell you when things are riper.'— My friend has winked upon me any day since I came to town last, and has communicated to me as a secret, that he designed in a very short time to tell me a secret; but I shall know what he means, he now assures me, in less than a fortnight's time.

But I must not omit the dearer part of mankind, I mean the ladies, to take up a whole paper upon grievances

ances which concern the men only; but shall humbly propose, that we change fools for an experiment only. A certain set of ladies complain they are frequently perplexed with a visitant, who affects to be wiser than they are; which character he hopes to preserve by an obstinate gravity, and great guard against discovering his opinion upon any occasion whatsoever. A painful silence has hitherto gained him no farther advantage, than that as he might, if he had behaved himself with freedom, been excepted against, but as to this and that particular, he now offends in the whole. To relieve these ladies, my good friend and correspondents, I shall exchange my dancing outlaw for their dumb visitant, and assign the silent gentleman all the haunts of the dancer; in order to which, I have sent them by the penny-post the following letters for their conduct in their new conversations.*

SIR,

'I HAVE, you may be sure, heard of your irregularities without regard to my observations upon you; but shall not treat you with so much rigour as you deserve. If you will give yourself the trouble to repair to the place mentioned in the postscript to this letter, at seven this evening, you will be conducted into a spacious room well-lighted, where there are ladies and music. You will see a young lady laughing next the window to the street; you may take her out, for she loves you as well as she does any man, though she never saw you before. She never thought in her life, any more than yourself. She will not be surprized when you accost her,

---

* One great advantage of such performances as the *Spectator*, is the exhibition of the manners of the times, and thus enabling posterity to ascertain the improvement or decay that has taken place, from the composition of those performances to their time. Manners have certainly undergone a great and favourable change in point of propriety, ease, and elegance, from the time of Queen ANNE.

her, nor concerned when you leave her. Hasten from a place where you are laughed at, to one where you will be admired. You are of no consequence, therefore go where you will be welcome for being so.

Your humble servant.'

SIR,

'THE ladies whom you visit, think a wise man the most impertinent creature living, therefore you cannot be offended that they are displeased with you. Why will you take pains to appear wise, where you would not be the more esteemed for being really so? Come to us; forget the *gigglers*; let your inclination go along with you whether you speak or are silent; and let all such women as are in a clan or sisterhood go their own way; there is no room for you in that company who are of the common taste of the sex.

" For women born to be controul'd
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud."

T.

N°. 149.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1711.

Cui in manu sit quem esse dementem velit,
Quem sapere, quem sanari, quem in morbum injici,
Quem contrà amari, quem accersiri, quem expeti.

CÆCIL. APUD TULL.

" Who has it in her pow'r to make men mad
" Or wise, or sick, or well: and who can chuse
" The object of her appetite at pleasure."

A LETTER ON MARRIAGE, WITH THE SPECTATOR'S ANSWER.

THE following letter, and my answer, shall take up the present speculation.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM the young widow of a country gentleman who has left me entire mistress of a large fortune, which he agreed to as an equivalent for the difference in our years. In these circumstances it is not extraordinary to have a crowd of admirers; which I have abridged in my own thoughts, and reduced to a couple of candidates only, both young, and neither of them disagreeable in their persons: according to the common way of computing, in one the estate more than deserves my fortune, in the other my fortune more than deserves the estate. When I consider the first, I own I am so far a woman I cannot avoid being delighted with the thoughts of living great; but then he seems to receive such a degree of courage from the knowledge of what he has, he looks as if he was going to confer an obligation on me; and the readiness he accosts me with, makes me jealous I am only hearing a repetition of the same things he

he has said to a hundred women before. When I consider the other, I see myself approached with so much modesty and respect, and such a doubt of himself, as betrays, methinks, an affection within, and a belief at the same time that he himself would be the only gainer by my consent. What an unexceptionable husband could I make out of both! but since that is impossible, I beg to be concluded by your opinion. It is absolutely in your power to dispose of

Your most obedient servant,

SYLVIA.

MADAM,

You do me great honour in your application to me on this important occasion; I shall therefore talk to you with the tenderness of a father, in gratitude for your giving me the authority of one. You do not seem to make any great distinction between these gentlemen as to their persons; the whole question lies upon their circumstances and behaviour. If the one is less respectful because he is rich, and the other more obsequious because he is not so, they are in that point moved by the same principle, the consideration of fortune, and you must place them in each other's circumstances before you can judge of their inclination. To avoid confusion in discussing this point, I will call the richer man STREPHON, and the other FLORIO. If you believe FLORIO with STREPHON'S estate would behave himself as he does now, FLORIO is certainly your man; but if you think STREPHON, were he in FLORIO'S condition, would be as obsequious as FLORIO is now, you ought for your own sake to choose STREPHON; for where the men are equal, there is no doubt riches ought to be a reason for preference. After this manner, my dear child, I would have you abstract them from their circumstances; for you are to take it for granted, that he who is very humble only because he is poor, is the

the very same man in nature with him who is haughty because he is rich.

When you have gone thus far, as to consider the figure they make towards you, you will please, my dear, next to consider the appearance you make towards them. If they are men of discerning, they can observe the motives of your heart; and FLORIO can see when he is disregarded only upon account of fortune, which makes you to him a mercenary creature; and you are still the same thing to STREPHON, in taking him for his wealth only: you are therefore to consider whether you had rather oblige, than receive an obligation.

The marriage-life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or a happy condition. The first is, when two people of no genius or taste for themselves meet together, upon such a settlement as has been thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers from an exact valuation of the land and cash of both parties. In this case the young lady's person is no more regarded, than the house and improvements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. These make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich, and fill up the lumber of human race, without beneficence towards those below them, or respect towards those above them; and lead a despicable, independent, and useless life, without sense of the laws of kindness, good-nature, mutual offices, and the elegant satisfactions which flow from Reason and Virtue.

The vexatious life arises from a conjunction of two people of quick taste and resentment, put together for reasons well known to their friends, in which especial care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils) poverty, and insure to them riches, with every evil besides. These good people live in a constant constraint before company, and too great familiarity alone. When they are within observation they fret at each other's carriage and behaviour; when alone they

they revile each other's person and conduct. In company they are in a *purgatory*, when only together in a *hell*.

The happy marriage is, where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may still love in spite of adversity or sickness: the former we may in some measure defend ourselves from, the other is the portion of our very make. When you have a true notion of this sort of passion, your humour of living great will vanish out of your imagination, and you will find *love* had nothing to do with state. Solitude, with the person beloved, has a pleasure, even in a woman's mind, beyond show or pomp. You are therefore to consider which of your lovers will like you best undressed, which will bear with you most when out of humour; and your way to this is to ask of yourself, which of them you value most for his own sake? And by that judge which gives the greater instances of his valuing you for yourself only.

After you have expressed some sense of the humble approach of FLORIO, and a little disdain at STREPHON'S assurance in his address, you cry out, "What an unexceptionable husband could I make out of both!" It would therefore, methinks, be a good way to determine yourself. Take him in whom what you like is not transferable to another; for if you choose otherwise, there is no hopes your husband will ever have what you liked in his rival: but intrinsic qualities in one man may very probably purchase every thing that is adventitious in another. In plainer terms: he whom you take for his personal perfections will sooner arrive at the gifts of fortune, than he whom you take for the sake of his fortune attain to personal perfections. If STREPHON is not as accomplished and agreeable as FLORIO, marriage to you will never make him so; but marriage to you may make FLORIO as rich as STREPHON.

PHON. Therefore to make a sure purchase, employ fortune upon certainties, but do not sacrifice certainties to fortune.

I am

Your most obedient,

Humble servant.'

T.

N°. 150.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1711.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quàm quòd ridiculos homines facit——

JUV. SAT. iii. 152.

"Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
"And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule."

DRYDEN.

ON POVERTY.

AS I was walking in my chamber, the morning before I went last into the country, I heard the hawkers with great vehemence crying about a paper, intitled, *The Ninety-Nine Plagues of an Empty Purse.* I had indeed some time before observed, that the orators of Grub-street had dealt very much in *plagues.* They have already published in the same month, the *Plagues of Matrimony, the Plagues of a Single Life, the Nineteen Plagues of a Chambermaid, the Plagues of a Coachman, the Plagues of a Footman,* and *the Plague of Plagues.* The success these several *plagues* met with, probably gave occasion to the above mentioned poem on an *empty purse.* However that be, the same noise so frequently repeated under my window, drew me insensibly to think

on some of those inconveniences and mortifications which usually attend on *poverty*, and in short, gave birth to the present speculation: for after my fancy had run over the most obvious and common calamities which *mean fortunes* are liable to, it descended to those little insults and contempts, which, though they may seem to dwindle into nothing when a man offers to describe them, are perhaps in themselves more cutting and insupportable than the former. JUVENAL with a great deal of humour and reason tells us, that nothing bore harder upon a poor man in his time, than the continual ridicule which his habit and dress afforded to the beaux of Rome.

Quid, quòd materiam præbet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem; si fœda et scissa lacerna,
Si toga sordidula est, et ruptâ calceus alter
Pelle patet, vel si consuto vulnere crassum
Atque recens linum ostendit non una cicatrix.

JUV. SAT. iii 147.

"Add that the rich have still a gibe in store,
"And will be monstrous witty on the poor;
"For the torn surtout and the tatter'd vest,
"The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest;
"The greasy gown sully'd with often turning,
"Gives a good hint to say the man's in mourning;
"Or if the shoe be ript, or patch is put,
"He's wounded, see the plaister on his foot."

DRYDEN.

It is on this occasion that he afterwards adds the reflection which I have chosen for my motto.

"Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule."

DRYDEN.

It must be confessed that few things make a man appear more despicable, or more prejudice his hearers against what he is going to offer, than an aukward or pitiful dress; insomuch that I fancy, had TULLY himself

self pronounced one of his orations with a blanket about his shoulders, more people would have laughed at his dress than have admired his eloquence. This last reflection made me wonder at a set of men, who, without being subjected to it by the unkindness of their fortunes, are contented to draw upon themselves the ridicule of the world in this particular. I mean such as take it into their heads, that the first regular step to be a wit is to commence a sloven. It is certain nothing has so much debased that, which must have been otherwise so great a character; and I know not how to account for it, unless it may possibly be in complaisance to those narrow minds who can have no notion of the same person's possessing different accomplishments; or that it is a sort of sacrifice which some men are contented to make to calumny, by allowing it to fasten on one part of their character, while they are endeavouring to establish another. Yet however unaccountable this foolish custom is, I am afraid it could plead a long prescription; and probably gave too much occasion for the vulgar definition still remaining among us of an heathen philosopher.

I have seen the speech of a *terræ-filius*, spoke in King CHARLES the second's reign; in which he describes two very eminent men, who were perhaps the greatest scholars of their age; and after having mentioned the entire friendship between them, concludes, that "they had but one mind, one purse, one chamber, and one hat." The men of business were also infected with a sort of singularity little better than this. I have heard my father say, that a broad-brimmed hat, short hair, and unfolded handkerchief, were in his time absolutely necessary to denote a *notable man;* and that he had known two or three, who aspired to the character of *very notable*, wear *shoe-strings* with great success.

To the honour of our present age it must be allowed, that some of our greatest geniuses for *wit* and *business* have

have almost entirely broke the neck of these absurdities.

VICTOR,* after having dispatched the most important affairs of the commonwealth, has appeared at an assembly, where all the ladies have declared him the genteelest man in the company; and in ATTICUS, † though every way one of the greatest geniuses the age has produced, one sees nothing particular in his dress or carriage to denote his pretensions to wit and learning: so that at present a man may venture to cock up his hat, and wear a fashionable wig, without being taken for a rake or a fool.

The medium between a fop and a sloven is what a man of sense should endeavour to keep; yet I remember Mr. OSBORN advises his son to appear in his habit rather above than below his fortune; and tells him that he will find an handsome suit of clothes always procures some additional respect. I have indeed myself observed that my banker ever bows lowest to me when I wear my full-bottomed wig; and writes me *Mr.* or *Esq.* accordingly as he sees me dressed.

I shall conclude this paper with an adventure which I was myself an eye-witness of very lately.

I happened the other day to call in at a celebrated coffee-house near the Temple. I had not been there long when there came in an elderly man very meanly dressed, and sat down by me; he had a thread-bare loose coat on, which it was plain he wore to keep himself warm, and not to favour his under suit, which seemed to have been at least its contemporary: his short wig and hat were both answerable to the rest of his apparel. He was no sooner seated than he called for a dish of tea; but as several gentlemen in the room wanted other things, the boys of the house did not think themselves at leisure to mind him. I could observe the old fellow was very uneasy at the affront, and at his being obliged

* The Duke of MARLBOROUGH. † Mr. ADDISON.

to repeat his commands several times to no purpose; until at last one of the lads presented him with some stale tea in a broken dish, accompanied with a plate of brown sugar; which so raised his indignation, that after several obliging appellations of dog and rascal, he asked him aloud before the whole company, "why he must be used with less respect than that fop there?" pointing to a well-dressed young gentleman who was drinking tea at the opposite table. The boy of the house replied with a good deal of pertness, that his master had two sorts of customers, and that the gentleman at the other table had given him many a sixpence for wiping his shoes. By this time the young Templar, who found his honour concerned in the dispute, and that the eyes of the whole coffee-house were upon him, had thrown aside a paper he had in his hand, and was coming towards us, while we at the table made what haste we could to get away from the impending quarrel, but were all of us surprised to see him as he approached nearer put on an air of deference and respect. To whom the old man said, "Hark you, sirrah, I will pay off your extravagant bills once more, but will take effectual care for the future, that your prodigality shall not spirit up a parcel of rascals to insult your father."

Though I by no means approve either the impudence of the servants or the extravagance of the son, I cannot but think the old gentleman was in some measure justly served for walking in masquerade, I mean appearing in a dress so much beneath his quality and estate.

X.

No. 151.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1711.

Maximas virtutes jacere omnes necesse est voluptate dominante.

TULL. DE FIN.

"Where pleasure prevails, all the greatest virtues will lose their "power."

ON MEN OF WIT AND PLEASURE.*

I KNOW no one character that gives reason a greater shock, at the same time that it presents a good ridiculous image to the imagination, than that of a man of wit and pleasure about the town. This description of *a man of fashion*, spoken by some with a mixture of scorn and ridicule, by others with great gravity as a laudable distinction, is in every body's mouth that spends any time in conversation. My friend WILL HONEYCOMB has this expression very frequently; and I never could understand by the story which follows, upon his mention of such a one, but that his man of wit and pleasure was either a drunkard, too old for wenching, or a young lewd fellow with some liveliness, who would converse with you, receive kind offices of you, and at the same time debauch your sister or lie with your wife. According to his description, a man of wit, when he could have wenches for crowns a piece which he liked quite as well, would be so extravagant as to bribe servants, make false friendships, fight relations: I say, according to him, plain and simple vice was too little for

* That association of terms originated in the corrupt age of CHARLES II.

a man of wit and pleasure; but he would leave an easy and accessible wickedness, to come at the same thing with only the addition of certain falsehood and possible murder. WILL thinks the town grown very dull, in that we do not hear so much as we used to do of those coxcombs, whom (without observing it) he describes as the most infamous rogues in nature, with relation to friendship, love, or conversation.

When pleasure is made the chief pursuit of life, it will necessarily follow that such monsters as these will arise from a constant application to such blandishments as naturally root out the force of reason and reflection, and substitute in their place a general impatience of thought, and constant pruriency, of inordinate desire.

Pleasure, when it is a man's chief purpose, disappoints itself; and the constant application to it palls the faculty of enjoying it, though it leaves the sense of our inability for that we wish, with a disrelish of every thing else. Thus the intermediate seasons of the man of pleasure are more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest criminal. Take him when he is awaked too soon after a debauch, or disappointed in following a worthless woman without truth, and there is no man living whose being is such a weight or vexation as his is. He is an utter stranger to the pleasing reflections in the evening of a well-spent day, or the gladness of heart or quickness of spirit in the morning after profound sleep or indolent slumbers. He is not to be at ease any longer than he can keep reason and good sense without his curtains; otherwise he will be haunted with the reflection, that he could not believe such a one, the woman that upon trial he found her. What has he got by his conquest, but to think meanly of her for whom a day or two before he had the highest honour? And of himself, for perhaps wronging the man whom of all men living he himself would least willingly have injured?

Pleasure seizes the whole man who addicts himself to it, and will not give him leisure for any good office in life

which

which contradicts the gaiety of the present hour. You may indeed observe in people of pleasure a certain complacency and absence of all severity, which the habit of a loose unconcerned life gives them; but tell the man of pleasure your secret wants, cares, or sorrows, and you will find he has given up the delicacy of his passions to the cravings of his appetites. He little knows the perfect joy he loses, for the disappointing gratifications which he pursues. He looks at pleasure as she approaches, and comes to him with the recommendation of warm wishes, gay looks, and graceful motion; but he does not observe how she leaves his presence with disorder, impotence, down-cast shame, and conscious imperfection. She makes our youth inglorious, our age shameful.

WILL HONEYCOMB gives us twenty intimations in an evening of several hags whose bloom was given up to his arms; and would raise a value to himself for having had, as the phrase is, very good women. WILL's *good women* are the comfort of his heart, and support him, I warrant, by the memory of past interviews with persons of their condition. No, there is not in the world an occasion wherein vice makes so phantastical a figure, as at the meeting of two old people who have been partners in unwarrantable pleasure. To tell a toothless old lady that she once had a good set, or a defunct wencher that he once was the admired thing of the town, are satires instead of applauses; but on the other side, consider the old age of those who have passed their days in labour, industry, and virtue, their decays make them but appear the more venerable, and the imperfections of their bodies are beheld as a misfortune to human society that their make is so little durable.

But to return more directly to my man of wit and pleasure. In all orders of men, wherever this is the chief character, the person who wears it is a negligent friend, father, and husband, and entails poverty on his unhapy descendants. Mortgages, diseases, and settle-

ments, are the legacies a man of wit and pleasure leaves to his family. All the poor rogues that make such lamentable speeches after every sessions at Tyburn, were, in their way, men of wit and pleasure before they fell into the adventures which brought them thither.

Irresolution and procrastination in all a man's affairs, are the natural effects of being addicted to pleasure.—Dishonour to the gentleman and bankruptcy to the trader, are the portion of either whose chief purpose of life is delight. The chief cause that this pursuit has been in all ages received with so much quarter from the soberer part of mankind, has been that some men of great talents have sacrificed themselves to it. The shining qualities of such people have given a beauty to whatever they were engaged in, and a mixture of wit has recommended madness. For let any man who knows what it is to have passed much time in a series of jollity, mirth, wit, or humorous entertainments, look back at what he was all that while a doing, and he will find that he has been at one instant sharp to some man he is sorry to have offended, impertinent to some one it was cruelty to treat with such freedom, ungracefully noisy at such a time, unskilfully open at such a time unmercifully calumnious at such a time; and from the whole course of his applauded satisfactions, unable in the end to recollect any circumstance which can add to the enjoyment of his own mind alone, or which he would put his character upon, with other men. Thus it is with those who are best made for becoming pleasures; but how monstrous is it in the generality of mankind who pretend this way, without genius or inclination towards it! The scene then is wild to an extravagance: this is, as if fools shou.d mimic madmen.—Pleasure of this kind is the intemperate meals and loud jollities of the common rate of country gentlemen, whose practice and way of enjoyment is to put an end as fast as they can to that little particle of reason they have when they are sober. These men of wit and plea-

sure

sure dispatch their senses as fast as possible by drinking until they cannot taste, smoking until they cannot see, and roaring until they cannot hear.

T.

N°. 152.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1711.

Οἵη περ φύλλων γενεὴ, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

HOM. IL. vi. 146.

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found."

POPE.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

THERE is no sort of people whose conversation is so pleasant as that of military men, who derive their courage and magnanimity from thought and reflection. The many adventures which attend their way of life makes their conversation so full of incidents, and gives them so frank an air in speaking of what they have been witnesses of, that no company can be more amiable than that of men of sense who are Soldiers. There is a certain irregular way in their narrations or discourse, which has something more warm and pleasing than we meet with among men, who are used to adjust and methodize their thoughts.

I was this evening walking in the fields with my friend Captain SENTRY, and I could not, from the many relations which I drew him into of what passed when he was in the service, forbear expressing my wonder, that the *fear of death*, which we, the rest of mankind, arm ourselves against with so much contemplation, reason and philosophy, should appear so little in camps, that common

common men march into open breaches, meet opposite battalions, not only without reluctance but with alacrity. My friend answered what I said in the following manner. 'What you wonder at may very naturally be the subject of admiration to all who are not conversant in camps; but when a man has spent some time in that way of life, he observes a certain mechanic courage which the ordinary race of men become masters of from acting always in a crowd. They see indeed many drop, but then they see many more alive; they observe themselves escape very narrowly, and they do not know why they should not again. Besides such general way of loose thinking, they usually spend the other part of their time in pleasures upon which their minds are so entirely bent, that short labours or dangers are but a cheap purchase of jollity, triumph, victory, fresh quarters, new scenes, and uncommon adventures. Such are the thoughts of the executive part of an army, and indeed of the gross of mankind in general; but none of these men of mechanical courage have ever made any great figure in the profession of arms. Those who are formed for command, are such as have reasoned themselves, out of a consideration of greater good than length of days, into such a negligence of their being, as to make it their first position, That it is one day to be resigned; and since it is, in the prosecution of worthy actions and service of mankind, they can put it to habitual hazard. The event of our designs, say they, as it relates to others, is uncertain; but as it relates to ourselves it must be prosperous, while we are in the pursuit of our duty, and within the terms upon which Providence has insured our happiness, whether we die or live. All that nature has prescribed must be good; and as *death* is natural to us, it is absurdity to *fear* it. Fear loses its purpose when we are sure it cannot preserve us, and we should draw resolution to meet it from the impossibility to escape it. Without a resignation to the necessity of *dying*, there can be no capacity in man to attempt any thing that is

glorious: but when they have once attained to that perfection, the pleasures of a life spent in martial adventures, are as great as any of which the human mind is capable. The force of reason gives a certain beauty, mixed with the conscience of well-doing and thirst of glory, to all which before was terrible and ghastly to the imagination. Add to this, that the fellowship of danger, the common good of mankind, the general cause, and the manifest virtue you may observe in so many men, who made no figure until that day, are so many incentives to destroy the little consideration of their own persons. Such are the heroic part of Soldiers who are qualified for Leaders. As to the rest whom I before spoke of, I know not how it is, but they arrive at a certain habit of being void of thought, insomuch that on occasions of the most imminent danger they are still in the same indifference. Nay, I remember an instance of a gay Frenchman, who was led on in battle by a superior officer, (whose conduct it was his custom to speak of always with contempt and raillery) and in the beginning of the action received a wound he was sensible was mortal; his reflection on this occasion was, "I wish I could live another hour, to see how this blundering coxcomb will get clear of this business."

'I remember two young fellows who rode in the same squadron of a troop of horse, who were ever together: they eat, they drank, they intrigued; in a word, all their passions and affections seemed to tend the same way, and they appeared serviceable to each other in them. We were in the dusk of the evening to march over a river, and the troop these gentlemen belonged to were to be transported in a ferry-boat, as fast as they could. One of the friends was now in the boat, while the other was drawn up with others by the water-side, waiting the return of the boat. A disorder happened in the passage by an unruly horse; and a gentleman who had the rein of his horse negligently under his arm, was forced into the water by his horse's jumping

ing over. The friend on the shore cried out, Who is that is drowned, trow? He was immediately answered, Your friend, HARRY THOMPSON. He very gravely replied, "Ay, he had a mad horse." This short epitaph from such a familiar, without more words, gave me, at that time under twenty, a very moderate opinion of the friendship of companions. Thus is affection and every other motive of life in the generality rooted out by the present busy scene about them: they lament no man whose capacity can be supplied by another; and where men converse without delicacy, the next man you meet will serve as well as he whom you have lived with half your life. To such the devastation of countries, the misery of inhabitants, the cries of the pillaged, and the silent sorrow of the great unfortunate, are ordinary objects; their minds are bent upon the little gratifications of their own senses and appetites, forgetful of compassion, insensible of glory, avoiding only shame; their whole hearts taken up with the trivial hope of meeting and being merry. These are the people who make up the gross of the Soldiery. But the fine Gentleman in that band of men is such a one as I have now in my eye, who is foremost in all danger to which he is ordered. His officers are his friends and companions, as they are men of honour and gentlemen; the private men his brethren, as they are of his species. He is beloved of all that behold him. They wish him in danger as he views their ranks, that they may have occasions to save him at their own hazard. Mutual love is the order of the files where he commands; every man afraid for himself and his neighbour, not lest their commander should punish them, but lest he should be offended. Such is his regiment who knows mankind, and feels their distresses so far as to prevent them. Just in distributing what is their due, he would think himself below their taylor, to wear a snip of their clothes in lace upon his own; and below the most rapacious agent, should he enjoy a farthing above his own pay. Go on,

brave man, immortal glory is thy fortune, and immortal happiness thy reward.'

T.

N°. 153.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1711.

Habet natura ut aliarum omnium rerum sic vivendi modum senectus autem peractio ætatis est tanquam fabulæ. Cujus defatigationem fugere debemus præsertim adjunctâ satietate.

TULL. DE SENECT.

"Life, as well as all other things, hath its bounds assigned by nature; and its conclusion, like the last act of a play, is old age, the fatigue of which we ought to shun, especially when our appetites are fully satisfied."

ON OLD AGE.

OF all the impertinent wishes which we hear expressed in conversation, there is not one more unworthy a gentleman or a man of liberal education, than that of wishing one's self younger. I have observed this wish is usually made upon sight of some object which gives the idea of a past action, that it is no dishonour to us that we cannot now repeat; or else on what was in itself shameful when we performed it. It is a certain sign of a foolish or dissolute mind, if we want our youth again only for the strength of bones and sinews which we once were masters of. It is (as my author has it) as absurd in an old man to wish for the strength of a youth, as it would be in a young man to wish for the strength of a bull or a horse. These wishes are both equally out of nature, which should direct in all things that are not contradictory to justice, law, and reason.

But

But though every old man has been young, and every young one hopes to be old, there seems to be a most unnatural misunderstanding between those two stages of life. The unhappy want of commerce arises from the insolent arrogance or exultation in youth, and the irrational despondence or self-pity in age. A young man whose passion and ambition is to be good and wise, and an old one who has no inclination to be lewd or debauched, are quite unconcerned in this speculation; but the cocking young fellow who treads upon the toes of his elders, and the old fool who envies the saucy pride he sees him in, are the objects of our present contempt and derision. Contempt and derision are harsh words; but in what manner can one give advice to a youth in the pursuit and possession of sensual pleasures, or afford pity to an old man in the impotence and desire of enjoying them? When young men in public places betray in their deportment an abandoned resignation to their appetites, they give to sober minds a prospect of a despicable age, which, if not interrupted by death in the midst of their follies, must certainly come. When an old man bewails the loss of such gratifications which are passed, he discovers a monstrous inclination to that which it is not in the course of Providence to recall. The state of an old man, who is dissatisfied merely for his being such, is the most out of all measures of reason and good sense of any being we have any account of from the highest angel to the lowest worm. How miserable is the contemplation to consider a libidinous old man (while all created things besides himself and devils, are following the order of Providence) fretting at the course of things, and being almost the sole malecontent in the creation. But let us a little reflect upon what he has lost by the number of years. The passions which he had in youth are not to be obeyed as they were then, but reason is more powerful now without the disturbance of them. An old gentleman the other day in discourse with a friend

of

of his (reflecting upon some adventures they had in youth together) cried out, "Oh JACK, these were happy days!" "That is true, replied his friend, but methinks we go about our business more quietly than we did then." One would think it should be no small satisfaction to have gone so far in our journey that the heat of the day is over with us. When life itself is a fever, as it is in licentious youth, the pleasures of it are no other than the dreams of a man in that distemper, and it is as absurd to wish the return of that season of life, as for a man in health to be sorry for the loss of gilded palaces, fairy walks, and flowery pastures, with which he remembers he was entertained in the troubled slumbers of a fit of sickness.

As to all the rational and worthy pleasures of our being, the conscience of a good fame, the contemplation of another life, the respect and commerce of honest men, our capacities of our enjoyments are enlarged by years. While health endures, the latter part of life, in the eye of reason, is certainly the more eligible. The memory of a well-spent youth gives a peaceable, unmixed, and elegant pleasure to the mind: and to such who are so unfortunate as not to be able to look back on youth with satisfaction, they may give themselves no little consolation that they are under no temptation to repeat their follies, and that they at present despise them. It was prettily said, 'He that would be long an old man, must begin early to be one.' It is too late to resign a thing after a man is robbed of it; therefore it is necessary that before the arrival of age we bid adieu to the pursuits of youth, otherwise sensual habits will live in our imaginations when our limbs cannot be subservient to them. The poor fellow who lost his arm last siege, will tell you, he feels the fingers that are buried in Flanders ach every cold morning at Chelsea.

The fond humour of appearing in the gay and fashionable world, and being applauded for trivial excellencies,

cellencies, is what makes youth have age in contempt, and makes age resign with so ill a grace the qualifications of youth: but this in both sexes is inverting all things, and turning the natural course of our minds, which should build their approbations and dislikes upon what nature and reason dictate, into chimera and confusion.

Age in a virtuous person * of either sex, carries in it an authority which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth. If to be saluted, attended, and consulted with deference, are instances of pleasure, they are such as never fail a virtuous old age. In the enumeration of the imperfections and advantages of the younger and later years of man, they are so near in their condition, that, methinks, it should be incredible we see so little commerce of kindness between them. If we consider youth and age with TULLY, regarding the affinity to death, youth has many more chances to be near it than age; what youth can say more than an old man, 'He shall live until night?' Youth catches distempers more easily, its sickness is more violent, and its recovery more doubtful. The Youth indeed hopes for many more days, so cannot the old man. The youth's hopes are ill-grounded; for what is more foolish than to place any confidence upon an uncertainty? But the old man has not room so much as to hope; he is still happier than the youth, he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for. One wishes to live long, the other has lived long. But alas! is there any thing in human life, the duration of which can be called long? There is nothing which must end, to be valued for its continuance. If hours, days, months, and years pass away, it is no matter what hour, what day, what month, or what year we die. The applause of a good actor is due to him at whatever scene of the play he makes his *exit*. It is thus in

* The reader who would wish to see wisdom united, and elegance employed, in fully discussing this important subject, may peruse the sermon of Dr. BLAIR on *the Consolation of the Aged*.

in the life of a man of sense, a short life is sufficient to manifest himself a man of honour and virtue; when he ceases to be such he has lived too long, and while he is such, it is of no consequence to him how long he shall be so, provided he is so to his life's end.

T.

N°. 154.

MONDAY, AUGUST 27, 1711.

Nemo repentè fuit turpissimus———

JUV. SAT. ii. 33.

"No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at first."

TATE.

THE PROGRESS OF A RAKE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOU are frequent in the mention of matters which concern the feminine world, and take upon you to be very severe against men upon all those occasions: but all this while I am afraid you have been very little conversant with women, or you would know the generality of them are not so angry as you imagine at the general vices among us. I am apt to believe (begging your pardon) that you are still what I myself was once, a queer modest fellow; and therefore, for your information, shall give you a short account of myself, and the reasons why I was forced to wench, drink, play, and do every thing which are necessary to the character of a man of wit and pleasure,* to be well with the ladies.

* See No. 151.

'You are to know then that I was bred a gentleman, and had the finishing part of my education under a man of great probity, wit, and learning, in one of our universities. I will not deny but this made my behaviour and mien bear in it a figure of thought rather than action; and a man of a quite contrary character, who never thought in his life, rallied me one day upon it, and said, He believed I was still a virgin. There was a young lady of virtue present, and I was not displeased to favour the insinuation; but it had a quite contrary effect from what I expected. I was ever after treated with great coldness both by that lady and all the rest of my acquaintance. In a very little time I never came into a room but I could hear a whisper, Here comes the maid. A girl of humour would on some occasion say, Why, how do you know more than any of us? An expression of that kind was generally followed by a loud laugh. In a word, for no other fault in the world than that they really thought me as innocent as themselves, I became of no consequence among them, and was received always upon the foot of a jest. This made so strong an impression upon me, that I resolved to be as agreeable as the best of the men who laughed at me; but I observed it was nonsense for me to be impudent at first among those who knew me. My character for modesty was so notorious wherever I had hitherto appeared, that I resolved to shew my new face in new quarters of the world. My first step I chose with judgment; for I went to Astrop, * and came down among a crowd of Academics, at one dash, the impudentest fellow they had ever seen in their lives. Flushed with this success, I made love and was happy. Upon this conquest, I thought it would be unlike a gentleman to stay long with my mistress, and crossed the country to Bury. I could give you a very good account of myself at that place also. At these two ended my first summer

* Astrop Wells in Oxfordshire.

summer of gallantry. The winter following, you would wonder at it, but I relapsed into modesty upon coming among people of figure in London, yet not so much but that the ladies who had formerly laughed at me, said, Bless us, how wonderfully that gentleman is improved! Some familiarities about the play-houses, towards the end of the ensuing winter, made me conceive new hopes of adventures. And instead of returning the next summer to Astrop or Bury, I thought myself qualified to go to Epsom, and followed a young woman, whose relations were jealous of my place in her favour, to Scarborough. I carried my point, and in my third year aspired to go to Tunbridge, and in the autumn of the same year made my appearance at Bath. I was now got into the way of talk proper for ladies, and was run into a vast acquaintance among them, which I always improved to the *best advantage*. In all this course of time, and some years following, I found a sober modest man was always looked upon by both sexes as a precise unfashioned fellow of no life nor spirit. It was ordinary for a man who had been drunk in good company, or passed a night with a wench, to speak of it next day before women for whom he had the greatest respect. He was reproved, perhaps with a blow of the fan, or with an *ob fy!* * but the angry lady still preserved an apparent approbation in her countenance. He was called a strange wicked fellow, a sad wretch; he shrugs his shoulders, swears, receives another blow, swears again he did not know he swore, and all was well. You might often see men game in the presence of women, and throw at once for more than they were worth, to recommend themselves as men of spirit. I found by long experience, that the loosest principles and most abandoned behaviour, carried all before them, in pretensions to women of fortune. The encouragement

* Such narrations now would exclude their author from the company of all women of decency.

given to people of this stamp, made me soon throw off the remaing impressions of a sober education. In the above-mentioned places, as well as in town, I always kept company with those who lived most at large; and in due process of time I was a very pretty rake among the men, and a very pretty fellow among the women. I must confess, I had some melancholy hours upon the account of the narrowness of my fortune, but my conscience at the same time gave me the comfort that I had qualified myself for marrying a fortune.

'When I had lived in this manner for some time, and became thus accomplished, I was now in the twenty-seventh year of my age, and about the forty seventh of my constitution, my health and estate wasting very fast; when I happened to fall into the company of a very pretty young lady in her own disposal. I entertained the company, as we men of gallantry generally do, with the many haps and disasters, watchings under windows, escapes from jealous husbands, and several other perils. The young thing was wonderfully charmed with one who knew the world so well, and talked so fine; with DESDEMONA, all her lover said affected her: "it was strange, it was wondrous strange." In a word, I saw the impression I had made upon her, and with a very little application the pretty thing has married me. There is so much charm in her innocence and beauty, that I do now as much detest the course I have been in for many years, as I ever did before I entered into it.

'What I intend, Mr. SPECTATOR, by writing all this to you, is, that you would, before you go any further with your panegyrics on the fair sex, give them some lectures upon their silly approbations. It is that I am weary of vice, and that it was not my natural way, that I am now so far recovered as not to bring this believing dear creature to contempt and poverty for her generosity to me. At the same time tell the youth of good education of our sex, that they take too little care of improving themselves in little things. A good air at entering into a room, a proper audacity in expressing himself

self with gaiety and gracefulness, would make a young gentleman of virtue and sense capable of discountenancing the shallow impudent rogues that shine among the women.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, I do not doubt but you are a very sagacious person, but you are so great with TULLY of late, that I fear you will contemn these things as matters of no consequence: but believe me, Sir, they are of the highest importance to human life; and if you can do any thing towards opening fair eyes, you will lay an obligation upon all your contemporaries who are fathers, husbands, or brothers to females.

Your most affectionate humble servant,

SIMON HONEYCOMB.'

T.

N°. 155.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1711.

——— Hæ nugæ seria ducunt
In mala ———

HOR. ARS. POET. V. 451.

"These things which seem frivolous and slight,
"Will prove of serious consequence."

ROSCOMMON.

ON FRIVOLOUS IMPROPER JESTS BEFORE WOMEN.

I HAVE more than once taken notice of an indecent licence taken in discourse, wherein the conversation on one part is involuntary, and the effect of some necessary circumstance. This happens in travelling together in the same hired coach, sitting near each other in any public assembly, or the like. I have, upon making ob-

servations of this sort, received innumerable messages from that part of the fair sex whose lot in life it is to be of any trade or public way of life. They are all, to a woman, urgent with me to lay before the world the unhappy circumstances they are under, from the unreasonable liberty which is taken in their presence, to talk on what subject it is thought fit by every coxcomb who wants understanding or breeding. One or two of these complaints I shall set down.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I KEEP a coffee-house, and am one of those whom you have thought fit to mention as an Idol some time ago. I suffered a good deal of raillery upon that occasion; but shall heartily forgive you, who are the cause of it, if you will do me justice in another point. What I ask of you, is, to acquaint my customers (who are otherwise very good ones) that I am unavoidably hasped in my bar, and cannot help hearing the improper discourses they are pleased to entertain me with. They strive who shall say the most immodest things in my hearing. At the same time half a dozen of them loll at the bar staring just in my face, ready to interpret my looks and gestures according to their own imaginations. In this passive condition, I know not where to cast my eyes, place my hands, or what to employ myself in. But this confusion is to be a jest, and I hear them say in the end, with an insipid air of mirth and subtlety, Let her alone, she knows as well as we, for all she looks so. Good Mr. SPECTATOR, persuade gentlemen that it is out of all decency. Say it is possible a woman may be modest and yet keep a public-house. Be pleased to argue, that in truth the affront is the more unpardonable because I am obliged to suffer it, and cannot fly from it. I do assure you, Sir, the cheerfulness of life which would arise from the honest gain I have is utterly lost to me, from the endless, flat, impertinent pleasantries which I hear

hear from morning to night. In a word, it is too much for me to bear; and I desire you to acquaint them, that I will keep pen and ink at the bar, and write down all they say to me, and send it to you for the press. It is possible when they see how empty what they speak, without the advantage of an impudent countenance and gesture, will appear, they may come to some sense of themselves, and the insults they are guilty of towards me.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

THE IDOL.'

This representation is so just, that it is hard to speak of it without an indignation which perhaps would appear too elevated to such as can be guilty of this inhuman treatment, where they see they affront a modest, plain, and ingenuous behaviour. This correspondent is not the only sufferer in this kind, for I have long letters both from the Royal and New-Exchange on the same subject. They tell me that a young fop cannot buy a pair of gloves, but he is at the same time straining for some ingenious ribaldry to say to the young woman who helps them on. It is no small addition to the calamity, that the rogues buy as hard as the plainest and modestest customers they have; besides which, they loll upon their counters half an hour longer than they need, to drive away other customers, who are to share their impertinencies with the milliner, or go to another shop. Letters from Change-Alley are full of the same evil; and the girls tell me, except I can chase some eminent merchants from their shops they shall in a short time fail. It is very unaccountable, that men can have so little deference to all mankind who pass by them, as to bear being seen toying by twos and threes at a time, with no other purpose but to appear gay enough to keep

up a light conversation of common-place jests, to the injury of her whose credit is certainly hurt by it, though their own may be strong enough to bear it. When we come to have exact accounts of these conversations, it is not to be doubted but that their discourses will raise the usual stile of buying and selling. Instead of the plain downright lying, and asking and bidding so unequally to what they will really give and take, we may hope to have from these fine folks an exchange of compliments. There must certainly be a great deal of pleasant difference between the commerce of lovers, and that of all other dealers, who are, in a kind, adversaries. A sealed bond, or a banknote, would be a pretty gallantry to convey unseen into the hands of one whom a director is charmed with; otherwise the City-Loiterers are still more unreasonable than those at the other end of the town. At the New-Exchange they are eloquent for want of cash, but in the city they ought with cash to supply their want of eloquence.

If one might be serious on this prevailing folly, one might observe, that it is a melancholy thing, when the world is mercenary even to the buying and selling our very persons; that young women, though they have *never so great* attractions from nature, are never the nearer being happily disposed of in marriage; I say, it is very hard under this necessity, it shall not be possible for them to go into a way of trade for their maintenance, but their very excellencies and personal perfections shall be a disadvantage to them, and subject them to be treated as if they stood there to sell their persons to prostitution. There cannot be a more melancholy circumstance to one who has made any observation in the world, than one of those erring creatures exposed to bankruptcy. When that happens, none of these toying fools will do any more than any other man they meet, to preserve her from infamy, insult, and distemper. A woman is naturally more helpless than the other sex; and a man of honour and sense should have this in his view

view in all manner of commerce with her. Were this well weighed, inconsideration, ribaldry, and nonsense, would not be more natural to entertain women with than men; and it would be as much impertinence to go into a shop of one of these young women without buying, as into that of any other trader. I shall end this speculation with a letter I have received from a pretty milliner in the city.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE read your account of beauties, and was not a little surprised to find no character of myself in it. I do assure you I have little else to do but to give audiences as I am such. Here are merchants of no small consideration, who call in as certainly as they go to 'Change, to say something of my roguish eye. And here is one who makes me once or twice a week tumble over all my goods, and then owns it was only a gallantry to see me act with these pretty hands; then lays out three-pence in a little ribband for his wristbands, and thinks he is a man of great vivacity. There is an ugly thing not far off me, whose shop is frequented only by people of business, that is all day long as busy as possible. Must I that am a beauty be treated with for nothing but my beauty? Be pleased to assign rates to my kind glances, or make all pay who come to see me, or I shall be undone by my admirers for want of customers. ALBACINDA, EUDOSIA, and all the rest would be used just as we are, if they were in our condition; therefore pray consider the distress of us the lower order of beauties, and I shall be

Your obliged humble servant.'

T.

N°. 156.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1711.

———Sed tu simul obligâsti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo———

HOR. 2 OD. viii. 5.

——————————— "But thou,
"When once thou hast broke some tender vow,
"All perjur'd, doest more charming grow?"

ON WOMEN'S MEN.

I DO not think any thing could make a pleasanter entertainment, than the history of the reigning *favourites* among the *women* from time to time about this town. In such an account we ought to have a faithful confession of each lady for what she liked such and such a man, and he ought to tell us by what particular action or dress he believed he would be most successful. As for my part, I have always made as easy a judgment when a man dresses for the ladies, as when he is equipped for hunting or coursing. The *woman's man* is a person in his air and behaviour quite different from the rest of our species. His garb is more loose and negligent, his manner more soft and indolent; that is to say, in both these cases there is an apparent endeavour to appear unconcerned and careless. In catching birds the fowlers have a method of imitating their voices, to bring them to the snare; and your *women's men* have always a similitude of the creature they hope to betray, in their own conversation. A *woman's man* is very knowing in all that passes from one family to another,* has little pretty

* Women now are too enlightened to approve of so contemptible a character as a male-gossip.

pretty officiousnesses, is not at a loss what is good for a cold, and it is not amiss if he has a bottle of spirits in his pocket in case of any sudden indisposition.

Curiosity having been my prevailing passion, and indeed the sole entertainment of my life, I have sometimes made it my business to examine the course of intrigues, as well as the manners and accomplishments of such as have been most successful that way. In all my observation, I never knew a man of good understanding a *general favourite;* some singularity in his behaviour, some whim in his way of life, and what would have made him ridiculous among the men, has recommended him to the other sex. I should be very sorry to offend a people so fortunate as these of whom I am speaking; but let any one look over the old beaux, and he will find the man of success was remarkable for quarrelling impertinently for their sakes, for dressing unlike the rest of the world, or passing his days in an insipid assiduity about the fair sex, to gain the figure he made amongst them. Add to this, that he must have the reputation of being well with other women, to please any one woman of gallantry; for you are to know, that there is a mighty ambition among the light part of the sex to gain slaves from the dominion of others. My friend WILL HONEYCOMB says it was a common bite with him, to lay suspicions that he was favoured by a lady's enemy, that is, some rival beauty, to be well with herself. A little spite is natural to a great beauty: and it is ordinary to snap up a disagreeable fellow lest another should have him. That impudent toad BAREFACE fares well among all the ladies he converses with, for no other reason in the world but that he has the skill to keep them from explanation with one another. Did they know there is not one who likes him in her heart, each would declare her scorn of him the next moment; but he is well received by them because it is the fashion, and opposition to each other brings them insensibly into an imitation of each other. What adds to him the greatest

grace

grace is, that the pleasant thief, as they call him, is the most inconstant creature living, has a wonderful deal of wit and humour, and never wants something to say; besides all which, he has a most spiteful dangerous tongue if you should provoke him.

To make a *woman's man*, he must not be a man of sense, or a fool; the business is to entertain, and it is much better to have a faculty of arguing, than a capacity of judging right. But the pleasantest of all the women's equipage are your regular visitants; these are volunteers in their service, without hopes of pay or preferment. It is enough that they can lead out from a public place, that they are admitted on a public day, and can be allowed to pass away part of that heavy load, their time, in the company of the fair. But commend me above all others to those who are known for your *ruiners of ladies:* * these are the choicest spirits which our age produces. We have several of these irresistible gentlemen among us when the company is in town. These fellows are accomplished with the knowledge of the ordinary occurrences about court and town, have that sort of good breeding which is exclusive of all morality, and consists only in being publicly decent, privately dissolute.

It is wonderful how far a fond opinion of herself can carry a woman, to make her have the least regard to a professed known *woman's man;* but as scarce one of all the women who are in the tour of gallantries ever hears any thing of what is the common sense of sober minds, but are entertained with a continual round of flatteries, they cannot be mistresses of themselves enough to make arguments for their own conduct from the behaviour of these men to others. It is so far otherwise, that a general fame for falsehood in this kind, is a recommendation;

* FIELDING tells us, that in his time attorney's clerks were the most eminent for seduction. Thus the business of ruining women was in the same hands as that of ruining men. Such persons, did not, probably, succeed with any deserving the name of ladies.

tion; and the coxcomb, loaded with the favours of many others, is received like a victor that disdains his trophies, to be a victim to the present charmer.

If you see a man more full of gesture than ordinary in a public assembly, if loud upon no occasion, if negligent of the company round him, and yet laying wait for destroying by that negligence, you may take it for granted that he has *ruined* many a *fair one*. The *woman's man* expresses himself wholly in that motion which we call strutting. An elevated chest, a pinched hat, a measurable step, and a sly surveying eye, are the marks of him. Now and then you see a gentleman with all these accomplishments; but alas, any one of them is enough to undo thousands: when a gentleman with such perfections adds to it suitable learning, there should be public warning of his residence in town, that we may remove our wives and daughters. It happens sometimes that such a fine man has read all the miscellany poems, a few of our comedies, and has the translation of OVID's Epistles by heart. 'Oh if it were possible that such a one could be as true as he is charming! but that is too much, the women will share such a dear false man: a little gallantry to hear him talk one would indulge one's self in, let him reckon the sticks of one's fan, say something of the Cupids in it; and then call one so many soft names, which a man of his learning has at his fingers-ends. There sure is some excuse for frailty, when attacked by force against a weak woman.' Such is the soliloquy of many a lady one might name, at the sight of one of these who makes it no iniquity to go on from day to day in the sin of woman-slaughter.

It is certain that people are got into a way of affectation, with a manner of overlooking the most solid virtues, and admiring the most trivial excellencies. The woman is so far from expecting to be contemned for being a very injudicious silly animal, that while she can preserve her features and heir mien, she knows she is still the object of desire; and there is a sort of secret ambition,

bition, from reading frivolous books, and keeping as frivolous company, each side to be amiable in imperfection, and arrive at the characters of the dear deceiver and the perjured fair. T.

N^O. 157.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1711.

——— Genius, natale comes qui temperet astrum,
Naturæ Deus humanæ, mortalis in unum-
quodque caput———

HOR. 2 EP. ii. 187.

IMITATED.

———" That directing pow'r,
" Who forms the genius in the natal hour:
" That God of nature, who, within us still,
" Inclines our action, not constrains our will."

POPE.

ON NATURAL DISPOSITION.

I AM very much at a loss to express by any word that occurs to me in our language that which is understood by *indoles* in Latin. The natural disposition to any particular art, science, profession, or trade, is very much to be consulted in the care of youth, and studied by men for their own conduct when they form to themselves any scheme of life. It is wonderfully hard indeed for a man to judge of his own capacity impartially. That may look great to me which may appear little to another; and I may be carried by fondness towards myself so far, as to attempt things too high for my talents and accomplishments. But it is not, methinks, so very difficult a matter to make a judgment of the abilities of others, especially of those who are in their

their infancy. My common-place book directs me on this occasion to mention the dawning of greatness in ALEXANDER, who being asked in his youth to contend for a prize in the Olympic games, answered he would, if he had kings to run against him. CASSIUS, who was one of the conspirators against CÆSAR, gave as great a proof of his temper, when in his childhood he struck a play-fellow, the son of SYLLA, for saying his father was master of the Roman people. SCIPIO is reported to have answered, (when some flatterers at supper were asking him what the Romans should do for a general after his death) Take MARIUS. MARIUS was then a very boy, and had given no instances of his valour; but it was visible to SCIPIO from the manners of the youth, that he had a soul formed for the attempt and execution of great undertakings. I must confess I have very often with much sorrow bewailed the misfortune of the children of Great Britain, when I consider the ignorance and *undiscerning* of the generality of schoolmasters. The boasted liberty we talk of is but a mean reward for the long servitude, the many heart-aches and terrors, to which our childhood is exposed in going through a grammar-school. Many of these stupid tyrants exercise their cruelty without any manner of distinction of the capacities of children, or the intention of parents in their behalf. There are many excellent tempers which are worthy to be nourished and cultivated with all possible diligence and care, that were never designed to be acquainted with ARISTOTLE, TULLY, or VIRGIL; and there are as many who have capacities for understanding every word those great persons have written, and yet were not born to have any relish of their writings. For want of this common and obvious discernment in those who have the care of youth, we have so many hundred unaccountable creatures every age whipped up into great scholars, that are for ever near a right understanding, and will never arrive at it. These are the scandal of letters, and these are generally the men who are to

teach

teach others. The sense of shame and honour is enough to keep the world itself in order without corporal punishment, much more to train the minds of uncorrupted and innocent children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a year, that a lad is chastised for a blockhead, when it is good apprehension that makes him incapable of knowing what his teacher means. A brisk imagination very often may suggest an error, which a lad could not have fallen into, if he had been as heavy in conjecturing as his master in explaining. But there is no mercy even towards a wrong interpretation of his meaning, the sufferings of the scholar's body are to rectify the mistakes of his mind.

I am confident that no boy who will not be allured to letters without blows, will ever be brought to any thing with them. A great or good mind must necessarily be the worse for such indignities; and it is a sad change, to lose of its virtue for the improvement of its knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great school, but must remember to have seen children of excellent and ingenuous natures (as has afterwards appeared in their manhood); I say no man has passed through this way of education, but must have seen an ingenuous creature expiring with shame, with pale looks, beseeching sorrow and silent tears, throw up its honest eyes, and kneel on its tender knees to an inexorable blockhead to be forgiven the false quantity of a word in making a Latin verse. The child is punished, and the next day he commits a like crime, and so a third with the same consequence. I would fain ask any reasonable man whether this lad, in the simplicity of his native innocence, full of shame, and capable of any impression from that grace of soul, was not fitter for any purpose in this life, than after that spark of virtue is extinguished in him, though he is able to write twenty verses in an evening?

SENECA says, after his exalted way of talking, "As the immortal gods never learned any virtue, though they

are

are endued with all that is good; so there are some men who have so natural a propensity to what they should follow, that they learn it almost as soon as they hear it." Plants and vegetables are cultivated into the production of finer fruits than they would yield without that care; and yet we cannot entertain hopes of producing a tender conscious spirit into acts of virtue, without the same methods as are used to cut timber, or give new shape to a piece of stone.

It is wholly to this dreadful practice that we may attribute a certain hardiness and ferocity which some men, though liberally educated, carry about them in all their behaviour. To be bred like a gentleman, and punished like a malefactor, must, as we see it does, produce that illiberal sauciness which we see sometimes in men of letters.

The Spartan boy who suffered the fox (which he had stolen and hid under his coat) to eat into his bowels, I dare say had not half the wit or petulance which we learn at great schools among us; but the glorious sense of honour, or rather fear of shame, which he demonstrated in that action, was worth all the learning in the world without it.

It is, methinks, a very melancholy consideration, that a little negligence can spoil us, but great industry is necessary to improve us; the most excellent natures are soon depreciated, but evil tempers are long before they are exalted into good habits. To help this by punishments, is the same thing as killing a man to cure him of a distemper; when he comes to suffer punishment in that one circumstance, he is brought below the existence of a rational creature, and is in the state of a brute that moves only by the admonition of stripes. But since this custom of educating by the lash is suffered by the gentry of Great Britain, I would prevail only that honest heavy lads may be dismissed from slavery sooner than they are at present, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth year, whether they expect any

progress from them or not. Let the child's capacity be forthwith examined, and he sent to some mechanic way of life, without respect to his birth, if nature designed him for nothing higher: let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is debased into a dereliction of mind for being what it is no guilt to be, a plain man. I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned men of either robe who have been whipped at school, are not still men of noble and liberal minds; but I am sure they had been much more so than they are, had they never suffered that infamy.

But though there is so little care, as I have observed, taken, or observation made of the natural strain of men, it is no small comfort to me, as a SPECTATOR, that there is any right value set upon the *bona indoles* of other animals; as appears by the following advertisement handed about the county of Lincoln, and subscribed by ENOS THOMAS, a person whom I have not the honour to know, but suppose to be profoundly learned in horse-flesh.

"A chesnut horse called Cæsar, bred by JAMES DARCY, Esquire, at Sedbury, near Richmond in the county of York; his grandam was his old Royal Mare, and got by Blunderbuss, which was got by Hemsly-Turk, and he got Mr. COURANT's Arabian, which got Mr. MINSHUL's Jews-Trump. Mr. CÆSAR sold him to a nobleman (coming five years old, when he had but one sweat) for three hundred guineas. A guinea a leap and trial, and a shilling the man.

ENOS THOMAS.'

T.

No. 158.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1711.

——————Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

MARTIAL.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

LETTERS.

OUT of a firm regard to impartiality, I print these letters, let them make for me or not.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE observed through the whole course of your rhapsodies (as you once very well called them) you are very industrious to overthrow all that many your superiors, who have gone before you, have made their rule of writing. I am now between fifty and sixty, and had the honour to be well with the first men of taste and gallantry in the joyous reign of CHARLES II. We then had, I humbly presume, as good understandings among us as any now can pretend to. As for yourself, Mr. SPECTATOR, you seem with the utmost arrogance to undermine the very fundamentals upon which we conducted ourselves. It is monstrous to set up for a man of wit, and yet deny that honour in a woman is any thing else but peevishness, that inclination is not the best rule of life, or virtue and vice any thing else but health and disease. We had no more to do but to put a lady in good-humour, and all we could wish followed of course. Then again, your TULLY, and your discourses of another life, are the very bane of mirth and good-humour. Pr'ythee do not value thyself on

thy reason at that exorbitant rate, and the dignity of human nature; take my word for it, a setting-dog has as good reason as any man in England. Had you (as by your diurnals one would think you do) set up for being in vogue in town, you should have fallen in with the bent of passion and appetite; your songs had then been in every pretty mouth in England, and your little distichs had been the maxims of the fair and the witty to walk by: but alas, Sir, what can you hope for, from entertaining people with what must needs make them like themselves worse than they did before they read you? Had you made it your business to describe CORINNA charming, though inconstant, to find something in human nature itself to make ZOILUS excuse himself for being fond of her; and to make every man in good commerce with his own reflections, you had done something worthy our applause; but indeed, Sir, we shall not commend you for disapproving us. I have a great deal more to say to you, but I shall sum it up all in this one remark. In short, Sir, you do not write *like a gentleman.*

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE other day we were several of us at a tea-table, and according to custom and your own advice had the *Spectator* read among us. It was that paper wherein you are pleased to treat with great freedom that character which you call a woman's man. We gave up all the kinds you have mentioned, except those who, you say, are our constant visitants. I was upon the occasion commissioned bythe company to write to you and tell you, That we shall not part with the men we have at present, until the men of sense think fit to relieve them, and give us their company in their stead. You cannot

imagine

imagine but that we love to hear reason and good sense better than the ribaldry we are at present entertained with, but we must have company, and among us very inconsiderable is better than none at all. We are made for the cements of society, and came into the world to create relations among mankind; and solitude is an unnatural being to us. If the men of good understanding would forget a little of their severity, they would find their account in it; and their wisdom would have a pleasure in it, to which they are now strangers. It is natural among us, when men have a true relish of our company and our value, to say every thing with a better grace: and there is, without designing it, something ornamental in what men utter before women, which is lost or neglected in conversations of men only. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, it would do you no great harm if you yourself came a little more to our company: it would certainly cure you of a certain positive and determining manner in which you talk sometimes. In hopes of your amendment,

I am,

SIR,

Your gentle reader.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR professed regard to the fair sex may, perhaps, make them value your admonitions when they will not those of other men. I desire you, Sir, to repeat some lectures upon subjects which you have now and then in a cursory manner only just touched. I would have a Spectator wholly writ upon good-breeding; and after you have asserted that time and place are to be very much considered in all our actions, it will be proper to dwell upon behaviour at church. On Sunday last a grave and reverend man preached at our church. There was something particular in his accent, but without any manner of affectation. This particularity a set of gig-

glers thought the most necessary thing to be taken notice of in his whole discourse, and made it an occasion of mirth during the whole time of sermon. You should see one of them ready to burst behind a fan, another pointing to a companion in another seat, and a fourth with an arch composure, as if she would, if possible, stifle her laughter. There were many gentlemen who looked at them stedfastly, but this they took for ogling and admiring them. There was one of the merry ones in particular, that found out but just then that she had but five fingers, for she fell a reckoning the pretty pieces of ivory over and over again, to find herself employment and not laugh out. Would it not be expedient, Mr. SPECTATOR, that the churchwarden should hold up his wand upon these occasions, and keep the decency of the place as a magistrate does the peace in a tumult elsewhere?

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a woman's man, and read with a very fine lady your paper, wherein you fall upon us whom you envy: what do you think I did? You must know she was dressing, I read the *Spectator* to her, and she laughed at the places where she thought I was touched; I threw away your moral, and taking up her girdle, cried out,

Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

'She smiled, Sir, and said you were a pedant; so say of me what you please, read SENECA, and quote him again if you think fit.

I am,
SIR,
Your humble servant.'

T.

N°. 159.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1711.

——— Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circùm
Caligat, nubem eripiam———

VIRG. ÆN. ii. 604.

"The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,
"Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
"I will remove" ———

THE VISION OF MIRZA, AN ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF HUMAN LIFE.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one intitled *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows.

'On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life: and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied

it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

'I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, MIRZA, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me.

'He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the *vale of misery*, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great *tide of eternity*. What is the reason, said I, that the *tide* I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of *eternity* which is called *time*, measured out by the *sun*, and reaching

reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this *sea* that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a *bridge*, said I, standing in the midst of the *tide*. The *bridge* thou seest, said he, is human life, consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this *bridge* consisted at first of a thousand arches: but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great *tide* that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable *trap-doors* that lay concealed in the *bridge*, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the *tide*, and immediately disappeared. These hidden *pit-falls* were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them.—They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

'There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

'I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that

that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of *bubbles* that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on *trap-doors* which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

'The Genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. Take thine eyes off the *bridge*, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little *winged boys*, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.--- These, said the Genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest *human life*.

'I here fetched a deep sigh. Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The Genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on *man* in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for *eternity;* but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye

to

to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense *ocean*, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast *ocean* planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand litle shining *seas* that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of sing ng birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the *bridge*. The *islands*, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the *ocean* appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea shore; there are myriads of *islands* behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suit ble to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island in a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not *man* was made in vain, who has such an *eternity* reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible

pressible pleasure on these happy *islands*. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the *ocean* on the other side of the rock of adamant. The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the *vision* which I had been so long contemplating: but instead of the rolling *tide*, the arched *bridge*, and the happy *islands*, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.'

C.

END OF THE FIRST VISION OF MIRZA.

N°. 160.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1711.

——— Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.

HOR. I SAT. iv. 43.

"On him confer the poet's sacred name,
"Whose lofty voice declares the heavenly flame."

ON GENIUS.

THERE is no character more frequently given to a writer, than that of being a genius. I have heard many a little sonneteer called a *fine genius*. There is not a heroic scribbler in the nation, that has not his admirers who think him a *great genius*; and as for your smatterers in tragedy, there is scarce a man among them who is not cried up by one or other for a *prodigious genius*.

My design in this paper is to consider what is properly a *great genius*, and to throw some thoughts together on so uncommon a subject.

Among *great geniuses*, those few draw the admiration of all the world upon them, and stand up as the prodigies of mankind, who by the mere strength of natural parts, and without any assistance of art or learning, have produced works that were the delight of their own times, and the wonder of posterity. There appears something nobly wild and extravagant in these great natural *geniuses*, that is infinitely more beautiful than all the turn and polishing of what the French call a *bel esprit*, by which they would express a *genius* refined by conversation, reflection, and the reading of the most polite authors. The *greatest genius* which runs through the

the arts and sciences, takes a kind of tincture from them, and falls unavoidably into imitation.

Many of these *great natural geniuses* that were never disciplined and broken by rules of art, are to be found among the ancients, and in particular among those of the more eastern parts of the world. HOMER has innumerable flights that VIRGIL was not able to reach, and in the Old Testament we find several passages more elevated and sublime than any in HOMER. At the same time that we allow a *greater* and more *daring genius* to the ancients, we must own that the *greatest* of them very much failed in, or, if you will, that they were much above the nicety and correctness of the moderns. In their similitudes and allusions, provided there was a likeness, they did not much trouble themselves about the decency of the comparison: thus SOLOMON resembles the nose of his beloved to the Tower of Lebanon which looketh towards Damascus; as the coming of a thief in the night, is a similitude of the same kind in the New Testament. It would be endless to make collections of this nature; HOMER illustrates one of his heroes encompassed with the enemy, by an ass in a field of corn that has his sides belaboured by all the boys of the village without stirring a foot for it: and another of them tossing to and fro in his bed and burning with resentment, to a piece of flesh broiled on the coals. This particular failure in the ancients, opens a large field of raillery to the little wits, who can laugh at an indecency but not relish the sublime in these sort of writings. The present Emperor of Persia, conformable to this eastern way of thinking, amidst a great many pompous titles, denominates himself *the Sun of Glory*, and *the Nutmeg of Delight*. In short, to cut off all cavilling against the ancients, and particularly those of the warmer climates, who had most heat and life in their imaginations, we are to consider that the rule of observing what the French call the *bienseance* in an allusion, has been found out of later years, and in the colder regions of the world; where

where we would make some amends for our want of force and spirit, by a scrupulous nicety and exactness in our compositions. Our countryman SHAKESPEAR was a remarkable instance of this first kind of great *geniuses*.

I cannot quit this head without observing that PINDAR was a great *genius* of the first class, who was hurried on by a natural fire and impetuosity to vast conceptions of things and noble sallies of imagination. At the same time, can any thing be more ridiculous than for men of a sober and moderate fancy to imitate this poet's way of writing in those monstrous compositions which go among us under the name of Pindarics? When I see people copying works, which HORACE has represented them, are singular in their kind, and inimitable; when I see men following irregularities by rule, and by the little tricks of art straining after the most unbounded flights of Nature, I cannot but apply to them that passage in TERENCE:

——————Incerta hæc si tu postules
Ratione certâ facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quam si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias.

EUN. ACT. 1. SC. 1.

"You may as well pretend to be mad and in your senses "at the same time, as to think of reducing these uncertain "things to any certainty by reason."

In short, a modern Pindaric writer, compared with PINDAR, is like a sister among the Camisars* compared with VIRGIL's *Sibyl:* There is the distortion, grimace, and outward figure, but nothing of that divine impulse which raises the mind above itself, and makes the sounds more than human.

There is another kind of great *geniuses* which I shall place

* A set of enthusiasts originally of the Cevennes in France, who came into England in the reign of Queen ANNE, and obtained credit among the weak and enthusiastic.

place in a second class, not as I think them inferior to the first, but only for distinction's sake, as they are of a different kind. This second class of great *geniuses* are those that have formed themselves by rules, and submitted the greatness of their natural talents to the corrections and restraints of *art*. Such among the Greeks were PLATO and ARISTOTLE; among the Romans, VIRGIL and TULLY; among the English, MILTON and Sir FRANCIS BACON.

The genius in both these classes of authors may be equally great, but shews itself after a different manner. In the first it is like a rich soil in a happy climate, that produces a whole wilderness of noble plants rising in a thousand beautiful landscapes, without any certain order or regularity. In the other it is the same rich soil under the same happy climate, that has been laid out in walks and parterres, and cut into shape and beauty by the skill of the gardener.

The great danger in these latter kind of geniuses, is lest they cramp their own abilities too much by imitation, and form themselves altogether upon models, without giving the full play to their own natural parts. An imitation of the best authors is not to compare with a good original; and I believe we may observe that very few writers make an extraordinary figure in the world, who have not something in their way of thinking or expressing themselves, that is peculiar to them, and entirely their own.

It is odd to consider what great geniuses are sometimes thrown away upon trifles.

I once saw a shepherd, says a famous Italian author, who used to divert himself in his solitudes with tossing up eggs, and catching them again without breaking them: in which he had arrived to so great a degree of perfection, that he would keep up four at a time for several minutes together playing in the air, and falling into his hand by turns. I think, says the author, I

never saw a greater severity than in this man's face; for by his wonderful perseverance and application, he had contracted the seriousness and gravity of a privy-counsellor; and I could not but reflect with myself, that the same assiduity and attention, had they been rightly applied, *might* have made him a greater mathematician than ARCHIMEDES.

C.

No. 161.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1711.

Ipse dies agitat festos: Fususque per herbam,
Ignis ubi in medio et Socii cratera coronant,
Te libans, LENÆE, vocat: pecorisque magistris
Velocis jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo,
Corporaque agresti nudat prædura palæstra.
Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
Hanc REMUS et frater. Sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

VIRG. GEORG. ii. 527.

"Himself, in rustic pomp, on holy days,
"To rural powers a just oblation pays;
"And on the green his careless limbs displays:
"The hearth is in the midst; the herdsmen round,
"The chearful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
"He calls on BACCHUS, and propounds the prize,
"The groom his fellow-groom at but defies,
"And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes:
"Or Stript for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
"And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
"Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
"So REMUS and his brother king were bred:
"From whom th' austere Etrurian virtue rose;
"And this rude life our homely fathers chose;
"Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,
"The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth."

DRYDEN.

A DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY WAKE.

I AM glad that my late going into the country has increased the number of my correspondents, one of whom sends me the following letter.

SIR,

'THOUGH you are pleased to retire from us so soon into the city, I hope you will not think the affairs of the

the country altogether unworthy of your inspection for the future. I had the honour of seeing your short face at Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY'S, and have ever since thought your person and writings both extraordinary. Had you staid there a few days longer you would have seen a country wake, which you know in most parts of England is the Eve-Feast of the Dedication of our Churches. I was last week at one of these assemblies which was held in a neighbouring parish; where I found their green covered with a promiscuous multitude of all ages and both sexes, who esteem one another more or less the following part of the year according as they distinguish themselves at this time. The whole company were in their holiday clothes, and divided into several parties, all of them endeavouring to shew themselves in those exercises wherein they excelled, and to gain the approbation of the lookers on.

'I found a ring of cudgel-players, who were breaking one another's heads, in order to make some impression on their mistresses hearts. I observed a lusty young fellow, who had the misfortune of a broken pate; but what considerably added to the anguish of the wound, was the overhearing an old man, who shook his head and said, "that he questioned now if black KATE would marry him these three years." I was diverted from a farther observation of these combatants, by a foot-ball match, which was on the other side of the green; where TOM SHORT behaved himself so well that most people seemed to agree, "it was impossible that he should remain a bachelor until the next wake."—Having played many a match myself, I could have looked longer on this sport, had I not observed a country girl, who was posted on an eminence at some distance from me, and was making so many odd grimaces, and writhing and distorting her whole body in so strange a manner, as made me very desirous to know the meaning of it. Upon my coming up to her, I found that she was overlooking a ring of wrestlers, and that her sweet-

heart, a person of small stature, was contending with a huge brawny fellow, who twirled him about, and shook the little man so violently, that by a secret sympathy of hearts it produced all those agitations in the person of his mistress, who I dare say, like CÆLIA in SHAKESPEAR on the same occasion, could have "wished herself invisible to catch the strong fellow by the leg." The Squire of the parish treats the whole company every year with a hogshead of ale; and proposes a *beaver hat* as a recompence to him who gives most *falls*. This has raised such a spirit of emulation in the youth of the place, that some of them have rendered themselves very expert at this exercise; and I was often surprised to see a fellow's heels fly up, by a trip which was given him so smartly that I could scarce discern it. I found that the old wrestlers seldom entered the ring until some one was grown formidable by having thrown two or three of his opponents; but kept themselves in a reserved body to defend the *hat*, which is always hung up by the person who gets it, in one of the most conspicuous parts of the house, and looked upon by the whole family as something redounding much more to their honour than a coat of arms. There was a fellow who was so busy in regulating all the ceremonies, and seemed to carry such an air of importance in his looks, that I could not help inquiring who he was, and was immediately answered, "that he did not value himself upon nothing, for that he and his ancestors had won so many hats, that his parlour looked like a haberdasher's shop." However this thirst of glory in them all, was the reason that no one man stood *lord of the ring* for above three *falls* while I was among them.

'The young maids, who were not lookers on at these exercises, were themselves engaged in some diversion; and upon my asking a farmer's son of my own parish what he was gazing at with so much attention, he told me, that he was seeing BETTY WELCH, whom I knew to be his sweetheart, pitch a bar.

'In

'Inshort, I found the men endeavoured to shew the women they were no cowards, and that the whole company strived to recommend themselves to each other, by making it appear that they were all in a perfect state of health, and fit to undergo any fatigues of bodily labour.

'Your judgment upon this method of *love* and *gallantry*, as it is at present practised among us in the country, will very much oblige,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

If I would here put on the scholar and politician, I might inform my readers how these bodily exercises or games were formerly encouraged in all the commonwealths of Greece; from whence the Romans afterwards borrowed their *pentathlum*, which was composed of running, wrestling, leaping, throwing, and boxing, though the prizes were generally nothing but a crown of cypress or parsley, hats not being in fashion in those days: that there is an old statute, which obliges every man in England, having such an estate, to keep and exercise the long-bow; by which means our ancestors excelled all other nations in the use of that weapon, and we had all the real advantages, without the inconvenience of a standing army: and that I once met with a book of projects, in which the author considering to what noble ends that spirit of emulation, which so remarkably shews itself among our common people in these wakes, might be directed, proposes that for the improvement of all our handicraft trades there should be annual prizes set up for such persons as were most excellent in their several arts.* But laying aside all these political considerations, which might tempt me to pass

---

* This mode of encouraging exertion, has been of late adopted by Scotch noblemen and gentlemen, for the improvement of agriculture, with great success, especially in the production of flax.

the limits of my paper, I confess the greatest benefit and convenience that I can observe in these country festivals, is the bringing young people together, and giving them an opportunity of shewing themselves in the most advantageous light. A country fellow that throws his rival upon his back, has generally as good success with their common mistress; as nothing is more usual than for a nimble-footed wench to get a husband at the same time she wins a smock. Love and marriages are the natural effects of these anniversary assemblies. I must therefore very much approve the method by which my correspondent tells me each sex endeavours to recommend itself to the other, since nothing seems more likely to promise a healthy offspring or a happy cohabitation. And I believe I may assure my country friend, that there has been many a court lady who would be contented to exchange her crazy young husband for TOM SHORT, and several men of quality who would have parted with a tender yoke-fellow for black KATE.

I am the more pleased with having love made the principal end and design of these meetings, as it seems to be most agreeable to the intent for which they were at first instituted, as we are informed by the learned Dr. KENNET, with whose words I shall conclude my present paper.

'These wakes, says he, were in imitation of the ancient ἀγάπαι, or *love feasts*; and were first established in England by Pope GREGORY the Great, who in an epistle to MELITUS the abbot, gave order that they should be kept in sheds or arbories made up with branches or boughs of trees round the church.'

He adds. "That this laudable custom of wakes prevailed for many ages, until the nice Puritans began to exclaim against it as a remnant of popery; and by degrees the precise humour grew so popular, that at an Exeter assizes the Lord Chief Baron WALTER made an order for the suppression of all wakes; but on BISHOP LAUD's complaining of this innovating humour, the King commanded the order to be reversed." X.

No. 162.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1711.

——————— Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incœpto processerit, et sibi constet.
HOR. ARS POET. V. 126.

"Keep one consistent plan from end to end."

INCONSISTENCY IN RELIGION AND POLITICS.

NOTHING that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as *Inconsistency*, especially when it regards *religion* or *party*.* In either of these cases, though a man perhaps does but his duty in his changing his side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

In these great articles of life, therefore, a man's conviction ought to be very strong, and if possible so well timed, that worldly advantages may seem to have no share in it, or mankind will be ill-natured enough to think he does not change sides out of principle, but either out of levity of temper, or prospects of interest. Converts and renegadoes of all kinds should take particular care to let the world see they act upon honourable motives: or whatever approbations they may receive from themselves, and applauses from those they converse with, they may be very well assured that they are the scorn of all good men, and the public marks of infamy and derision.

* An abandonment of a party is not always a dereliction of principle. Cases may exist, in which both wisdom and virtue concur in directing and persuading a man to leave those with whom he once acted.

Irresolution on the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal causes of all our disquiet and unhappiness. When ambition pulls one way, interest another, inclination a third, and perhaps reason contrary to all, a man is likely to pass his time but ill who has so many different parties to please. When the mind hovers among such a variety of allurements, one had better settle on a way of life that is not the very best we might have chosen, than grow old without determining our choice, and go out of the world as the greatest part of mankind do, before we have resolved how to live in it. There is but one method of setting ourselves at rest in this particular, and that is by adhering stedfastly to one great end, as the chief and ultimate aim of all our pursuits. If we are firmly resolved to live up to the dictates of reason, without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal design, we may go through life with steadiness and pleasure; but if we act by several broken views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a value set upon it by the world, we shall live and die in misery and repentance.

One would take more than ordinary care to guard one's self against this particular imperfection, because it is that which our nature very strongly inclines us to; for if we examine ourselves thoroughly, we shall find that we are the most changeable beings in the universe. In respect of our understanding, we often embrace and reject the very same opinions; whereas beings above and beneath us have probably no opinions at all, or at least no wavering and uncertainties in those they have. Our superiors are guided by intuition, and our inferiors by instinct. In respect of our wills, we fall into crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the eyes of our great Judge, and pass our whole life in offending and asking pardon. On the contrary, the beings

underneath us are not capable of sinning, nor those above us of repenting. The one is out of the possibilities of duty, and the other fixed *in an eternal course of sin*, or an eternal course of virtue.

There is scarce a state of life, or stage in it, which does not produce changes and revolutions in the mind of man. Our schemes of thought in infancy are lost in those of youth; these too take a different turn in manhood, until old age often leads us back into our former infancy. A new title or an unexpected success throws us out of ourselves, and in a manner destroys our identity. A cloudy day, or a little sunshine, have as great an influence on many constitutions, as the most real blessings or misfortunes. A dream varies our being, and changes our condition while it lasts; and every passion, not to mention health and sickness, and the greater alterations in body and mind, makes us appear almost different creatures. If a man is so distinguished among other beings by this infirmity, what can we think of such as make themselves remarkable for it even among their own species? It is a very trifling character to be one of the most variable beings of the most variable kind, especially if we consider that *he* who is the great standard of perfection has in him no shadow of change, but "is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

As this *mutability of temper*, and *inconsistency* with ourselves, is the greatest weakness of human nature, so it makes the person who is remarkable for it in a very particular manner more ridiculous than any other infirmity whatsoever, as it sets him in a greater variety of foolish lights, and distinguishes him from himself by an opposition of party-coloured characters. The most humorous character in HORACE is founded upon this unevenness of temper and irregularity of conduct.

——————— Sardus habebat
Ille TIGELLIUS hoc: CÆSAR, qui cogere posset,
Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non
Quidquam proficeret: Si collibuisset, ab ovo

Usque

Usque ad mala citaret, Iö BACCHE, modò summâ
Voce, modò hâc, resonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.
Nil æquale homini fuit illi: Sæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hostem: Persæpe velut qui
JUNONIS sacra ferret: Habebat sæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem servos: Modò reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens: Modò sit mihi mensa tripes, et
Concha salis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, quæat. Decies centena dedisses
Huic parco paucis contento, quinquè diebus
Nil erat in loculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum
Manè: Diem totum stertebat. Nil fut unquam
Sic impar sibi ———

HOR. 1 SAT. iii.

Instead of translating this passage in HORACE, I shall entertain my English reader with the description of a parallel character, that is wonderfully well finished by Mr. DRYDEN, and raised upon the same foundation.

"In the first rank of these did ZIMRI stand:
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's *epitome*.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhiming, drinking:
Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!" *

C. †

---

* DRYDEN'S ABSOLEM and ACHITOPHEL, meant for the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

† It is probable Mr. ADDISON intended many of the observations, serious and humorous, against inconsistency respecting party, to apply to SWIFT, PRIOR, and PARNELL, whom the Whigs regarded as apostates.

N°. 163.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1711.

———Si quid-ego adjuero, curamve levasso,
Quæ nunc te coquit, et versat sub pectore fixa,
Ecquid erit pretii ?

ENN. APUD TULLIUM.

" Say, will you thank me if I bring you rest,
" And ease the torture of your labouring breast ?"

ON DISAPPOINTMENTS IN LOVE.

ENQUIRIES after Happiness, and rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to mankind as the arts of consolation, and supporting one's self under affliction. The utmost we can hope for in this world is contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappointment. A man should direct all his studies and endeavours at making himself easy now, and happy hereafter.

The truth of it is, if all the happiness that is dispersed through the whole race of mankind in this world were drawn together, and put into the possession of any single man, it would not make a very happy being. Though, on the contrary, if the miseries of the whole species were fixed in a single person, they would make a very miserable one.

I am engaged in this subject by the following letter, which, though subscribed by a fictitious name, I have reason to believe is not imaginary.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of your disciples, and endeavour to live up to your rules, which I hope will incline you to pity my condition. I shall open it to you in a very few words. About

About three years since, a gentleman, whom, I am sure, you yourself would have approved, made his addresses to me. He had every thing to recommend him but an estate, so that my friends, who all of them applauded his person, would not for the sake of both of us favour his passion. For my own part, I resigned myself up entirely to the direction of those who knew the world much better than myself, but still lived in hopes that some juncture or other would make me happy in the man, whom in my heart I preferred to all the world; being determined, if I could not have him, to have nobody else. About three months ago I received a letter from him, acquainting me, that by the death of an uncle he had a considerable estate left him, which he said was welcome to him upon no other account, but as he hoped it would remove all difficulties that lay in the way to our mutual happiness. You may well suppose, Sir, with how much joy I received this letter, which was followed by several others filled with those expressions of love and joy, which I verily believe nobody felt more sincerely, nor knew better how to describe, than the gentleman I am speaking of. But, Sir, how shall I be able to tell it you! by the last week's post I received a letter from an intimate friend of this unhappy gentleman, acquainting me, that as he had just settled his affairs, and was preparing for his journey, he fell sick of a fever, and died. It is impossible to express to you the distress I am in upon this occasion. I can only have recourse to my devotions; and to the reading of good *books* for my consolation; and as I always take a particular delight in those frequent advices and admonitions which you give the public, it would be a very great piece of charity in you to lend me your assistance in this conjuncture. If after the reading of this letter you find yourself in a humour, rather to rally and ridicule, than to comfort me, I desire you would throw it into the fire, and think no more of it; but if you are touched with my misfortune, which is greater than I know how to bear,

bear, your counsels may very much support, and will infinitely oblige the afflicted

LEONORA.

A disappointment in love is more hard to get over than any other; the passion itself so softens and subdues the heart, that it disables it from struggling or bearing up against the woes and distresses which befal it. The mind meets with other misfortunes in her whole strength; she stands collected within herself, and sustains the shock with all the force which is natural to her; but a heart in love has its foundation sapped, and immediately sinks under the weight of accidents that are disagreeable to its favourite passion.

In afflictions men generally draw their consolations out of books of morality, which indeed are of great use to fortify and strengthen the mind against the impressions of sorrow. Monsieur St. Evremont, who does not approve of this method, recommends authors who are apt to stir up mirth in the mind of the readers, and fancies *Don Quixote* can give more relief to a heavy heart than *Plutarch* or *Seneca*, as it is much easier to divert grief than to conquer it. This doubtless may have its effects on some tempers. I should rather have recourse to authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us instances of calamities and misfortunes, and shew human nature in its greatest distresses.

If the afflictions we groan under be very heavy, we shall find some consolation in the society of as great sufferers as ourselves, especially when we find our companions men of virtue and merit. If our afflictions are light, we shall be comforted by the comparison we make between ourselves and our fellow-sufferers. A loss at sea, a fit of sickness, or the death of a friend, are such trifles when we consider whole kingdoms laid in ashes, families put to the sword, wretches shut up in dungeons, and the like calamities of mankind, that we are out of coun-

countenance for our own weakness, if we sink under such little strokes of fortune.

Let the disconsolate LEONORA consider, that at the very time in which she languishes for the loss of her deceased lover, there are persons in several parts of the world just perishing in shipwreck; others crying out for mercy in the terrors of a death-bed repentance; others lying under the tortures of an infamous execution, or the like dreadful calamities; and she will find her sorrows vanish at the appearance of those which are so much greater and more astonishing.

I would further propose to the consideration of my afflicted disciple, that possibly what she now looks upon as the greatest misfortune, is not really such in itself. For my own part, I question not but our souls in a separate state will look back on their lives in quite another view, than what they had of them in the body; and that what they now consider as misfortunes and disappointments, will very often appear to have been escapes and blessings.

The mind that hath any cast towards devotion, naturally flies to it in its afflictions.

When I was in France I heard a very remarkable story of two lovers, which I shall relate at length in my tomorrow's paper, not only because the circumstances of it are extraordinary, but because it may serve as an illustration to all that can be said on this last head, and shew the power of *religion* in abating that particular anguish which seems to lie so heavy on LEONORA. The story was told me by a priest, as I travelled with him in a stage-coach. I shall give it my reader as well as I can remember, in his own words, after having premised, that if consolations may be drawn from a wrong religion and a misguided devotion, they cannot but flow much more naturally from those which are founded upon reason, and established in good sense.

L.

N°. 164.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1711.

Illa, quis et me, inquit, miseram, et te perdidit, ORPHEUS?
Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.

VIRG. iv. GEORG. 494.

"Then thus the bride: What fury seiz'd on thee,
"Unhappy man! to lose thyself and me?
"And now farewel! involv'd in shades of night,
"For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight:
"In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
"In sweet embraces, ah! no longer thine."

DRYDEN.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE DOCTRINE OF THE PRECEDING PAPER, IN THE STORY OF CONSTANTIA AND THEODISIUS.

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. THEODOSIUS * was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age he became acquainted with CONSTANTIA, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression upon her heart as it was impossible for time to efface. He was himself no less smitten with CONSTANTIA. A long acquaint-

* The *Theodosius and Constantia* of Dr. LANGHORNE takes its rise from this paper.

acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between THEODOSIUS and CONSTANTIA, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of CONSTANTIA was so incensed at the father of THEODOSIUS, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbade him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told CONSTANTIA it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. CONSTANTIA, who was overawed by the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached THEODOSIUS, who after a long tumult of passions, which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, wrote the following letter to CONSTANTIA.

'THE thought of my CONSTANTIA, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's? The streams, the fields and meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow

grow painful to me; life itself is become a burden.---- May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as

THEODOSIUS.'

This letter was conveyed to CONSTANTIA that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father's house one after another, to inquire if they had heard any thing of THEODOSIUS, who it seems had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy, which had hung upon his mind some time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befal him. CONSTANTIA, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted. She now accused herself of having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of THEODOSIUS. In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of THEODOSIUS, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended-son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. CONSTANTIA had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquility, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution, which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his

daughter's intentions. Accordingly, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a Father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is usual in the Romish church for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated Father.

We must now return to THEODOSIUS, who, the very morning that the above-mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city, where now CONSTANTIA resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the Fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to inquire after CONSTANTIA; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom CONSTANTIA had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she nor any other, besides the Prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable THEODOSIUS had now taken upon him the name of FATHER FRANCIS, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, CONSTANTIA kneeling by him opened the state of her soul

soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story in which he himself had so great a share. "My behaviour, says she, has I fear been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death."—She here paused, and lifted up her eyes that streamed with tears towards the Father; who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The Father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. CONSTANTIA, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of THEODOSIUS. The Father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in tears upon hearing that name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this instance of an unparalleled fidelity from one who he thought had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted—to tell her that her sins were forgiven her—that her guilt was not so great as she apprehended—that she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations

for her behaviour in it. CONSTANTIA retired, and the next morning renewed her application. THEODOSIUS having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears aud apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding with a promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. "The rules of our respective orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, which it is not in the power of the world to give."

CONSTANTIA's heart was so elevated with the discourse of Father FRANCIS, that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the Abbess into her own apartment.

The Abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her noviciate and Father FRANCIS: from whom she now delivered to her the following letter.

'As the first fruits of those joys and consolations which you may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that THEODOSIUS, whose death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, is still alive; and that the Father to whom you have confessed yourself, was once that THEODOSIUS whom you so much lament. The love which we have had for one another will make us more happy in its disappointment than it could have done in its success. Providence has disposed of us for our advantage, though not according

to our wishes. Consider your THEODOSIUS still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray for you in Father

FRANCIS.'

CONSTANTIA saw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter; and upon reflecting on the voice of the person, the behaviour, and above all the extreme sorrow of the Father during her confession, she discovered THEODOSIUS in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, "It is enough, says she, THEODOSIUS is still in being: I shall live with comfort and die in peace."

The letters which the Father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue.---It so happened, that after CONSTANTIA had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others THEODOSIUS. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to CONSTANTIA, who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the Abbess, finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that THEODOSIUS was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. CONSTANTIA received it with pleasure. "And now, says she, if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by THEODOSIUS. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it."——She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin inscription over them to the following purpose.

"Here lie the bodies of Father FRANCIS and Sister CONSTANCE. *They* were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

N°. 165.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1711.

——————— Si fortè necesse est,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget: dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter. *

HOR. ARS. POET. V. 48.

—— "If you would unheard-of things express,
"Invent new words; we can indulge a muse,
"Until the license rise to an abuse."

CREECH.

ON THE INTRODUCTION OF FOREIGN WORDS INTO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I HAVE often wished, that as in our Constitution there are several persons whose business is to watch over our laws, our liberties and commerce, certain men might be set apart as Superintendants of our Language, to hinder any words of a foreign coin from passing among us; and in particular to prohibit any French phrases from becoming current in this kingdom, when those of our own stamp are altogether as valuable. The present war has so adulterated our tongue with strange words, that it would be impossible for one of our great grandfathers to know what his posterity have been doing, were he to read their exploits in a modern newspaper. Our warriors are very industrious in propagating the French language, at the same time that they are so gloriously successful in beating down their power. Our soldiers are men of strong heads for action, and perform such feats as they are not able to express. They want words in their own tongue to tell us what it is they atchieve, and therefore send

* Semivirumque bovem, semibovemque virum. OVID.

send us over accounts of their performances in a jargon of phrases, which they learn among their conquered enemies. They ought however to be provided with secretaries, and assisted by our foreign ministers, to tell their story for them in plain English, and to let us know in our mother tongue what it is our brave countrymen are about. The French would indeed be in the right to publish the news of the present war in English phrases, and make their campaigns unintelligible. Their people might flatter themselves that things are not so bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with foreign terms, and thrown into shades and obscurity; but the English cannot be too clear in their narrative of those actions, which have raised their country to a higher pitch of glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be still the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a siege is carried on two or three days, I am altogether lost and bewildered in it, and meet with so many inexplicable difficulties, that I scarce know what side has the better of it, until I am informed by the tower guns that the place is surrendered. I do indeed make some allowances for this part of the war, fortifications having been foreign inventions, and upon that account abound in foreign terms. But when we have won battles which may be described in our own language, why are our papers filled with so many unintelligible exploits, and the French obliged to lend us a part of their tongue before we can know how they are conquered? They must be made accessary to their own disgrace, as the Britons were formerly so artificially wrought in the curtain of the Roman theatre, that they seemed to draw it up in order to give the spectators an opportunity of seeing their own defeat celebrated upon the stage: for so Mr. DRYDEN has translated that verse in VIRGIL.

Purpurea intexti tollunt aulæa Britanni.

GEORG. iii. 25.

" Which interwoven Britons seem'd to raise,
" And shew the triumph that their shame displays."

The histories of all our former wars are transmitted to us in our vernacular idiom, to use the phrase of a great modern critic. * I do not find in any of our chronicles, that EDWARD the Third ever *reconnoitered* the enemy, though he often discovered the posture of the French, and as often vanquished them in battle. The BLACK PRINCE passed many a river without the help of *pontoons*, and filled a ditch with faggots as successfully as the Generals of our times do it with *fascines*. Our Commanders lose half their praise, and our people half their joy, by means of those hard words and dark expressions in which our news-papers do so much abound. I have seen many a prudent citizen, after having read every article, inquire of his next neighbour what news the mail had brought.

I remember, in that remarkable year when our country was delivered from the greatest fears and apprehensions, and raised to the greatest height of gladness it had ever felt since it was a nation, I mean the year of *Blenheim*, † I had the copy of a letter sent me out of the country which was written from a young gentleman in the army to his father, a man of good estate and plain sense. As the letter was very modishly chequered with this modern military eloquence, I shall present my reader with a copy of it.

SIR,

'UPON the junction of the French and Bavarian armies they took post behind a great morass which they thought impracticable. Our General the next day sent a party of horse to *reconnoitre* them from a little *hauteur*, at about a quarter of an hour's distance from the army, who

* Dr. RICHARD BENTLEY.
† The battle of Blenheim was fought Aug. 2, 1704.

who returned again to the camp unobserved through several *defiles*, in one of which they met with a party of French that had been *marauding*, and made them all prisoners at discretion. The day after a drum arrived at our camp, with a message which he would communicate to none but the General; he was followed by a trumpet, who they say behaved himself very saucily, with a message from the Duke of BAVARIA. The next morning our army being divided into two *corps*, made a movement towards the enemy. You will hear in the public prints how we treated them, with the other circumstances of that glorious day. I had the good fortune to be in that regiment that pushed the *gens d'armes*. Several French battalions, which some say were a *corps de reserve*, made a shew of resistance; but it only proved a *gasconade*, for upon our preparing to fill up a little *fossé*, in order to attack them, they beat the *Chamade*, and sent us a *carte blanche*. Their *Commandant*, with a great many other general officers, and troops without number, are made prisoners of war, and will I believe give you a visit in England, the *cartel* not being yet settled. Not questioning but these particulars will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon them, and am your most dutiful son, &c.'*

The father of the young gentleman, upon the perusal of the letter, found it contained great news, but could not guess what it was. He immediately communicated it to the curate of the parish, who, upon the reading of it, being vexed to see any thing he could not understand, fell into a kind of a passion, and told him, that his son had sent him a letter that was neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herring. "I wish, says he, the Captain may be *compos mentis*, he talks of a saucy trumpet, and a drum that carries messages; then who is this *carte blanche?* He must either

* Many of the words here represented as French, are now English.

either banter us, or he is out of his senses." The father, who always looked upon the curate as a learned man, began to fret inwardly at his son's usage, and producing a letter which he had written to him about three posts afore, "You see here, says he, when he writes for money he knows how to speak intelligibly enough; there is no man in England can express himself clearer, when he wants a new furniture for his horse." In short, the old man was so puzzled upon the point, that it might have fared ill with his son, had he not seen all the prints about three days after filled with the same terms of art, and that CHARLES only wrote like other men.

L.

No. 166.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1711.

——————Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.
OVID. MET. XV. 871.

——————" Which nor dreads the rage
" Of tempests, fire, or war, or wasting age."
WELSTED.

ON THE DURABILITY OF WRITING.

ARISTOTLE tells us that the world is a copy or transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of the first *Being*, and that those ideas which are in the mind of *man*, are a transcript of the world. To this we may add, that words are the transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of *man*, and that writing or printing are the transcript of words.

As the Supreme Being has expressed, and as it were printed his ideas in the creation, men express their ideas in books, which by this great invention of these latter ages may last as long as the sun and moon, and perish only in the general wreck of nature. Thus COWLEY, in his poem on the Resurrection, mentioning the destruction of the Universe, has those admirable lines;

" Now all the wide extended sky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And VIRGIL's sacred work shall die."

There is no other method of fixing those thoughts which arise and disappear in the mind of man, and transmitting them to the last periods of time; no other method

thod of giving a permanency to our ideas, and preserving the knowledge of any particular person, when his body is mixed with the common mass of matter, and his soul retired into the world of spirits. Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.

All other arts of perpetuating our ideas continue but a short time. Statues can last but a few thousands of years, edifices fewer, and colours still fewer than edifices. MICHAEL ANGELO, FONTANA, and RAPHAEL, will hereafter be what PHIDIAS, VITRUVIUS, and APELLES are at present; the names of great statuaries, architects, and painters, whose works are lost. The several arts are expressed in mouldering materials. Nature sinks under them, and is not able to support the ideas which are impressed upon it.

The circumstance which gives authors an advantage above all these great masters, is this, that they can multiply their originals; or rather can make copies of their works, to what number they please, which shall be as valuable as the originals themselves. This gives a great author something like a prospect of eternity, but at the same time deprives him of those other advantages which artists meet with. The artist finds greater returns in profit, as the author in fame. What an inestimable price would a VIRGIL or a HOMER, a CICERO or an ARISTOTLE bear, were their works, like a statue, a building, or a picture, to be confined only in one place, and made the property of a single person!

If writings are thus durable, and may pass from age to age throughout the whole course of time, how careful should an author be of committing any thing to print that may corrupt posterity, and poison the minds of men with vice and error! Writers of great talents, who employ their parts in propagating immorality, and seasoning vicious sentiments with wit and humour, are to be looked upon as the pests of society, and the enemies

of

of mankind. They leave books behind them (as it is said of those who die in distempers which breed an ill-will towards their own species) to scatter infection and destroy their posterity. They act the counterparts of a CONFUCIUS or a SOCRATES; and seem to have been sent into the world to deprave human nature, and sink it into the condition of brutality.

I have seen some Roman-Catholic authors who tell us that vicious writers continue in Purgatory so long as the influence of their writings continue upon posterity: for Purgatory, say they, is nothing else but a cleansing us of our sins, which cannot be said to be done away, so long as they continue to operate, and corrupt mankind. The vicious author, say they, sins after death, and so long as he continues to sin, so long must he expect to be punished. Though the Roman-Catholic notion of Purgatory be indeed very ridiculous, one cannot but think that if the soul after death has any knowledge of what passes in this world, that of an immoral writer would receive much more regret from the sense of corrupting, than satisfaction from the thought of pleasing his surviving admirers.

To take off from the severity of this speculation, I shall conclude this paper with a story of an atheistical author, who at a time he lay dangerously sick, and had desired the assistance of a neighbouring curate, confessed to him with great contrition, that nothing sat more heavy at his heart than the sense of his having seduced the age by his writings, and that their evil influence was likely to continue even after his death. The curate, upon further examination, finding the penitent in the utmost agonies of despair, and being himself a man of learning, told him, that he hoped his case was not so desperate as he apprehended, since he found that he was so very sensible of his fault, and so sincerely repented of it. The penitent still urged the evil tendency of his book to subvert all religion, and the little ground of hope there could be for one whose writings would

continue to do mischief when his body was laid in ashes. The curate, finding no other way to comfort him, told him that he did well in being afflicted for the evil design with which he published his book; but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no danger of its doing any hurt: that his cause was so very bad, and his arguments so weak, that he did not apprehend any ill effects of it: in short, that he might rest satisfied his book could do no more mischief after his death, than it had done whilst he was living. To which he added, for his farther satisfaction, that he did not believe any besides his particular friends and acquaintance had ever been at the pains of reading it, or that any body after his death would ever inquire after it. The dying man had still so much the frailty of an author in him, as to be cut to the heart with these consolations; and without answering the good man, asked his friends about him (with a peevishness that is natural to a sick person) where they had picked up such a blockhead? And whether they thought him a proper person to attend one in his condition? The curate finding that the author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and sincere penitent, but as a penitent of importance, after a short admonition withdrew; not questioning but he should be again sent for if the sickness grew desperate. The author however recovered, and has since written two or three other tracts with the same spirit, and very luckily for his poor soul, with the same success.*

C.

---

* This story, as narrated, is a very striking instance of the union of smoothness and keenness which ADDISON's satire often exhibits.

No. 167.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1711.

———Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro;
Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
More; bonus sanè vicinus, amabilis hospes,
Comis in uxorem: posset qui ignoscere servis,
Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ;
Posset qui rupem et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic, ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servâstis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.*

HOR. 2 EP. ii. 128.

IMITATED.

" There lived in Primo Georgii (they record)
" A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;
" Who, tho' the house was up, delighted sate,
" Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
" In all but this, a man of sober life,
" Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
" Not quite a madman, tho' a pasty fell,
" And much too wise to walk into a well.
" Him the damn'd doctor and his friends immur'd;
" They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd, in short they cur'd:
" Whereat the gentleman began to stare———
" My friends? he cry'd: Pox take ye for your care!
" That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
" Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote." POPE.

BUILDING CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE unhappy force of an *imagination* unguided by the check of reason and judgment, was the subject of a former

* An English officer, who served with great reputation in Germany about thirty years ago, when he was elevated with liquor, used to fancy himself Julius Cæsar, giving orders at Pharsalia to spare the Romans and kill the foreigners.

former speculation. My reader may remember that he has seen in one of my papers a complaint of an unfortunate gentleman, who was unable to contain himself (when any ordinary matter was laid before him) from adding a few circumstances to enliven plain narrative. That correspondent was a person of too warm a complexion to be satisfied with things merely as they stood in Nature, and therefore formed incidents which should have happened to have pleased him in the story. The same ungoverned fancy which pushed that correspondent on, in spite of himself, to relate public and notorious falsehoods, makes the author of the following letter do the same in private; one is a prating, the other a silent liar.

There is little pursued in the errors of either of these worthies, but mere present amusement: but the folly of him who lets his fancy place him in distant scenes untroubled and uninterrupted, is very much preferable to that of him who is ever forcing a belief, and defending his untruths with new inventions. But I shall hasten to let this liar in soliloquy, who calls himself a *castle-builder*, describe himself with the same unreservedness as formerly appeared in my correspondent above-mentioned. If a man were to be serious on this subject, he might give very grave admonitions to those who are following any thing in this life, on which they think to place their hearts, and tell them that they are really *castle-builders*. Fame, glory, wealth, honour, have in the prospect pleasing illusions; but they who come to possess any of them will find they are ingredients towards happiness, to be regarded only in the second place; and that when they were valued in the first degree they are as disappointing as any of the phantoms in the following letter.

September 6, 1711.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a fellow of a very odd frame of mind, as you will find by the sequel; and think myself fool enough

to deserve a place in your paper. I am unhappily far gone in building, and am one of that species of men who are properly denominated Castle-builders, who scorn to be beholden to the earth for a foundation, or dig in the bowels of it for materials; but erect their structures in the most unstable of elements, the air; *fancy* alone laying the line, marking the extent, and shaping the model. It would be difficult to enumerate what august palaces and stately porticos have grown under my forming imagination, or what verdant meadows and shady groves have started into being by the powerful feat of a warm fancy. A castle-builder is even just what he pleases, and as such I have grasped imaginary sceptres, and delivered uncontroulable edicts, from a throne to which conquered nations yielded obeisance. I have made I know not how many inroads into France, and ravaged the very heart of that kingdom; I have dined in the Louvre, and drank Champaign at Versailles; and I would have you take notice, I am not only able to vanquish a people already cowed and accustomed to flight, but I could, ALMANZOR like,* drive the British General from the field were I less a Protestant, or had ever been affronted by the Confederates. There is no art or profession, whose most celebrated masters I have not eclipsed. Wherever I have afforded my salutary presence, fevers have ceased to burn, and agues to shake the human fabric. When an eloquent fit has been upon me, an apt gesture and proper cadence has animated each sentence, and gazing crowds have found their passions worked up into rage, or soothed into a calm. I am short, and not very well made; yet upon sight of a fine woman, I have stretched into proper stature, and killed with a good air and mien. These are the gay phantoms that dance before my waking eyes, and

* Alluding to a furious character in DRYDEN's *Conquest of Granada*, the archetype of DRAWCANSIR in the *Rehearsal*.

compose my day *dreams*. I should be the most contented happy man alive, were the chimerical happiness which springs from the paintings of fancy less fleeting and transitory. But alas! it is with grief of mind I tell you, the least breath of wind has often demolished my magnificent edifices, swept away my groves, and left no more trace of them than if they had never been. My exchequer has sunk and vanished by a rap on my door, the salutation of a friend has cost me a whole continent, and in the same moment I have been pulled by the sleeve, my crown has fallen from my head. The ill consequence of these reveries is inconceivably great, seeing the loss of imaginary possessions makes impressions of real woe. Besides, bad economy is visible and apparent in builders of invisible mansions. My *tenants'* advertisements of ruins and dilapidations often cast a damp on my spirits, even in the instant when the sun, in all his splendour, gilds my eastern palaces. Add to this the pensive drudgery in building, and constant grasping aerial *trowels*, distracts and shatters the mind, and the fond builder of Babels is often cursed with an incoherent diversity and confusion of thoughts. I do not know to whom I can more properly apply myself for relief from this fantastical evil, than to yourself; whom I earnestly implore to accommodate me with a method how to settle my head and cool my brain-pan. A dissertation on Castle-Building may not only be serviceable to myself, but all architects, who display their skill in the thin element. Such a favour would oblige me to make my next soliloquy not contain the praises of my dear self, but of the SPECTATOR, who shall, by complying with this, make me

his obliged humble servant,

VITRUVIUS.

T.

No. 168.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1711.

——— Pectus præceptis format amicis.

HOR. 2 EP. i. 128.

"Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art."

POPE.

LETTERS ON SCHOOL-MASTERS.

IT would be arrogance to neglect the application of my correspondents so far, as not sometimes to insert their animadversions upon my paper; that of this day shall be therefore wholly composed of the hints which they have sent me.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I SEND you this to congratulate your late choice of a subject, for treating on which you deserve public thanks; I mean that on those licenced tyrants the school-masters. If you can disarm them of their rods, you will certainly have your old age reverenced by all the young gentlemen of Great Britain, who are now between seven and seventeen years. You may boast that the incomparably wise QUINTILIAN and you are of one mind in this particular. *Si cui est* (says he) *mens tam illiberalis ut objurgatione non corrigatur, is etiam ad plagas, ut pessima quæque mancipia, durabitur; i. e.* "If any child be of so disingenuous a nature, as not to "stand corrected by reproof, he, like the very worst of "slaves, will be hardened even against blows them-"selves." And afterwards, *Pudet dicere in quæ probra nefandi homines isto cædendi jure abutantur; i. e.* "I blush

"to say how shamefully those wicked men abuse the "power of correction."

'I was bred myself, Sir, in a very great school,* of which the master was a Welshman, but certainly descended from a *Spanish* family, as plainly appeared from his temper as well as his name.† I leave you to judge what a sort of a school-master a Welshman ingrafted on a *Spaniard* would make. So very dreadful had he made himself to me, that although it is above twenty years since I felt his heavy hand, yet still once a month at least I dream of him, so strong an impression did he make on my mind. It is a sign he has fully terrified me waking, who still continues to haunt me sleeping.

'And yet I may say without vanity, that the business of the school was what I did without great difficulty; and I was not remarkably unlucky; and yet such was the master's severity, that once a month, or oftener, I suffered as much as would have satisfied the law of the land for a *petty larceny*.

'Many a white and tender hand, which the fond mother had passionately kissed a thousand and a thousand times, have I seen whipped until it was covered with blood; perhaps for smiling, or for going a yard and a half out of a gate, or for writing an O for an A, or an A for an O. ‡ These were our great faults! Many a brave and noble spirit has been there broken; others have run from thence, and were never heard of afterwards. It is a worthy attempt to undertake the cause of distressed youth; and it is a noble piece of knight-errantry to enter the lists against so many armed pedagogues. It is pity but we had a set of men, polite in their behaviour and method of teaching, who should be put

---

* Eton. † Dr. CHARLES RODERICK.

‡ Dr. THOMSON, and other masters of schools, who to classical knowledge add general literature, liberal sentiments and manners, so temper severity with lenity, as to secure the respect and affection of their scholars to produce rapid improvement, and a complete proficiency.

put into a condition of being above flattering or fearing the parents of those they instruct. We might then possibly see learning become a pleasure, and children delighting themselves in that which now they abhor for coming upon such hard terms to them. What would be still a greater happiness arising from the care of such instructors, would be, that we should have no more pedants, nor any bred to learning who had not genius for it. I am with the utmost sincerity,

SIR,

Your most affectionate humble servant.'

Richmond, Sept. 5, 1711.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a boy of fourteen years of age, and have for this last year been under the tuition of a Doctor of Divinity, who has taken the school of this place under his care. From the gentleman's great tenderness to me, and friendship to my father, I am very happy in learning my book with pleasure. We never leave off our diversions any farther than to salute him at hours of play when he pleases to look on. It is impossible for any of us to love our own parents better than we do him. He never gives any of us a harsh word, and we think it the greatest punishment in the world when he will not speak to any of us. My brother and I are both together inditing this letter. He is a year older than I am, but is now ready to break his heart that the Doctor has not taken any notice of him these three days. If you please to print this he will see it, and, we hope, taking it for my brother's earnest desire to be restored to his favour, he will again smile upon him.

Your most obedient servant,

T. S.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have represented several sorts of *impertinents* singly, I wish you would now proceed, and describe

some of them in sets. It often happens in public assemblies, that a party who came thither together, or whose impertinencies are of an equal pitch, act in concert, and are so full of themselves as to give disturbance to all that are about them. Sometimes we have a set of whisperers, who lay their heads together in order to sacrifice every body within their observation; sometimes a set of laughers, that keep up an insipid mirth in their own corner, and by their noise and gestures shew they have no respect for the rest of the company. You frequently meet with these sets at the opera, the play, the water-works, and other public meetings, where their whole business is to draw off the attention of the spectators from the entertainment, and to fix it upon themselves; and it is to be observed that the impertinence is ever loudest, when the set happens to be made up of three or four females who have got what you call a woman's man among them.

'I am at a loss to know from whom people of fortune should learn this behaviour, unless it be from the footmen who keep their places at a new play, and are often seen passing away their time in sets at *all-fours* in the face of a full house, and with a perfect disregard to the people of quality sitting on each side of them.

'For preserving therefore the decency of public assemblies, methinks it would be but reasonable that those who disturb others should pay at least a double price for their places; or rather women of birth and distinction should be informed, that a levity of behaviour in the eyes of people of understanding degrades them below their meanest attendants; and gentlemen should know that a fine coat is a livery, when the person who wears it discovers no higher sense than that of a footman.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant.'

MR.

Bedfordshire, Sept. 1, 1711.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of those whom every body calls a Poacher, and sometimes go out to course with a brace of greyhounds, a mastiff, and a spaniel or two; and when I am weary with coursing, and have killed hares *enough*, go to an alehouse to refresh myself. I beg the favour of you (as you set up for a reformer) to send us word how many dogs you will allow us to go with, how many full pots of ale to drink, and how many hares to kill in a day, and you will do a great piece of service to all the sportsmen. Be quick then, for the time of coursing is come on.

Yours in haste,

ISAAC HEDGEDITCH.'

T.

No. 169.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1711.

Sic vita erat: facilè omnes perferre ac pati:
Cum quibus erat cunque unà, his sese dedere,
Eorum obsequi studiis: advorsus nemini;
Nunquam præponens se aliis. Ita facillimè
Sine invidia invenias laudem———

TER. ANDR. ACT. I. SC. I.

"His manner of life was this: To bear with every body's humours; to comply with the inclinations and pursuits of those he conversed with; to contradict nobody; never to assume a superiority over others. This is the ready way to gain applause, without exciting envy."

ON GOOD-NATURE.

MAN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of afflictions is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice of his neighbour. At the same time that the storm beats upon the whole species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others, than that disposition of mind which in our language goes under the title of *Good-Nature*, and which I shall choose for the subject of this day's speculation.

Good-

Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shews virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good-nature, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word *good-breeding*. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimickry of good-nature, or in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper reduced into an art.

These exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved when they are founded upon a real Good-nature; but without it are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us: health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world are great cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve but not produce.

XENOPHON, in the life of his imaginary prince, whom he describes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the *philantropy* or good-nature of his hero, which he tells us he brought into the world with him, and gives many remarkable instances of it in his childhood, as well as in all the several parts of his life. Nay, on his death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his soul returned to him who made it, his body should incorporate with the great mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to mankind.

For

For which reason, he gives his sons a positive order not to inshrine it in gold or silver, but to lay it in the earth as soon as the life was gone out of it.

An instance of such an overflowing of humanity, such an exuberant love to mankind, could not have entered into the imagination of a writer, who had not a soul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence to mankind.

In that celebrated passage of SALUST, where CÆSAR and CATO are placed in such beautiful, but opposite lights; CÆSAR's character is chiefly made up of good-nature, as it shewed itself in all its forms towards his friends or his enemies, his servants or dependents, the guilty or the distressed. As for CATO's character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the nature of God, and mercy to that of man. A Being who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works; but he whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous characters in human nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe temper in a worthless man.

This part of good-nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and overlooking of faults, is to be exercised only in doing ourselves justice, and that too in the ordinary commerce and occurrences of life; for in the public administrations of justice, mercy to one may be cruelty to others.

It is grown almost into a maxim, that good-natured men are not always men of the most wit. This observation, in my opinion, has no foundation in nature. The greatest wits I have conversed with are men eminent for their humanity. I take therefore this remark to have been occasioned by two reasons. First, because ill-nature among ordinary observers passes for wit. A spiteful saying gratifies so many little passions

in

in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good reception. The laugh rises upon it, and the man who utters it is looked upon as a shrewd satirist. This may be one reason, why a great many pleasant companions appear so surprisingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be merry in print; the public being more just than private clubs or assemblies, in distinguishing between what is wit, and what is ill-nature.

Another reason why the good-natured man may sometimes bring his wit in question, is, perhaps, because he is apt to be moved with compassion for those misfortunes or infirmities, which another would turn into ridicule, and by that means gain the reputation of a wit. The ill-natured man, though but of equal parts, gives himself a larger field to expatiate in; he exposes those failings in human nature which the other would cast a veil over, laughs at vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to reflections which the other stifles, falls indifferently upon friends or enemies, exposes the person who has obliged him, and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his character of a wit. It is no wonder therefore he succeeds in it better than the man of humanity, as a person who makes use of indirect methods is more likely to grow rich than the fair trader.

L.

N°. 170.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1711.

In amore hæc omnià insunt vitia: injuriæ,
Suspiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rursum ———

TER. EUN. ACT. i. SC. I.

"In love are all these ills: suspicions, quarrels,
"Wrongs, reconcilements, war, and peace again."

COLMAN.

ON JEALOUSY.

UPON looking over the letters of my female correspondents, I find several from women complaining of Jealous Husbands, and at the same time protesting their own innocence; and desiring my advice on this occasion. I shall therefore take this subject into my consideration; and the more willingly, because I find that the Marquis of HALLIFAX, who, in his *Advice to a Daughter*, has instructed a wife how to behave herself towards a false, an intemperate, a choleric, a sullen, a covetous, or a silly husband, has not spoken one word of a Jealous Husband.

"*Jealousy* is that pain which a man feels from the apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the person whom he intirely loves." Now because our inward passions and inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous man to be thoroughly cured of his suspicions. His thoughts hang at best in a state of doubtfulness and uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any satisfaction on the advantageous side; so that his inquiries are most successful when they discover nothing. His pleasure arises from his disappointments,

ments, and his life is spent in pursuit of a secret that destroys his happiness if he chance to find it.

An ardent love is always a strong ingredient in this passion; * for the same affection which stirs up the jealous man's desires, and gives the party beloved so beautiful a figure in his imagination, makes him believe she kindles the same passion in others, and appears as amiable to all beholders. And as jealousy thus arises from an extraordinary love, it is of so delicate a nature, that it scorns to take up with any thing less than an equal return of love. Not the warmest expressions of affection, the softest and most tender hypocrisy, are able to give any satisfaction, where we are not persuaded that the affection is real and the satisfaction mutual. For the jealous man wishes himself a kind of deity to the person he loves. He would be the only pleasure of her senses, the employment of her thoughts; and is angry at every thing she admires, or takes delight in, besides himself. †

PHÆDRIA's request to his mistress, upon his leaving her for three days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut sies:
Dies noctesque me ames: me desideres:
Me somnies: me expectes: de me cogites:
Me speres: me te oblectes: mecum tota sis:
Meus fac sis postremò animus, quando ego sum tuus.

TER. EUN. ACT i. SC. 2.

"Be with yon soldier present, as if absent:
"All night and day love me: still long for me:
"Dream, ponder still 'on' me: wish, hope for me:
"Delight in me; be all in all with me;
"Give your whole heart, for mine's all your's, to me."

COLMAN.

The

* FIELDING observes, that "hatred is not the effect of love, even through the medium of jealousy."

† This observation is finely exemplified in the character of FALKLAND, in the *Rivals*.

The jealous man's disease is of so malignant a nature, that it converts all it takes into its own nourishment. A cool behaviour sets him on the rack, and is interpreted as an instance of aversion or indifference; a fond one raises his suspicions, and looks too much like dissimulation and artifice. If the person he loves be chearful, her thoughts must be employed on another; and if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself. In short, there is no word or gesture so insignificant, but it gives him new hints, feeds his suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh matters of discovery; so that if we consider the effects of this passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate hatred, than an excessive love; for certainly none can meet with more disquietude and uneasiness than a suspected wife, if we except the jealous husband.

But the great unhappiness of this passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the affection which it is so solicitous to engross; and that for these two reasons, because it lays too great a constraint on the words and actions of the suspected person, and at the same time shews you have no honourable opinion of her; both of which are strong motives to aversion.

Nor is this the worst effect of jealousy; for it often draws after it a more fatal train of consequences, and makes the person you suspect guilty of the very crimes you are so much afraid of. It is very natural for such who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate friend that will hear their complaints, condole their sufferings, and endeavour to sooth and assuage their secret resentments. Besides, jealousy puts a woman often in mind of an ill thing that she would not otherwise perhaps have thought of, and fills her imagination with such an unlucky idea, as in time grows familiar, excites desire, and loses all the shame and horror which might at first attend it. Nor is it a wonder if she who suffers wrongfully in a man's opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his esteem, resolves to give him reason for his suspicions, and to enjoy the plea-

sure of the crime, since she must undergo the ignominy. Such, probably, were the considerations that directed the wise-man in his advice to husbands; "Be not jealous over the wife of thy bosom, and teach her not an evil lesson against thyself." *

And here, among the other torments which this passion produces, we may usually observe that none are greater mourners than jealous men, when the person who provoked their jealousy is taken from them. Then it is that their love breaks out furiously, and throws off all the mixtures of suspicion which choaked and smothered it before. The beautiful parts of the character rise uppermost in the jealous husband's memory, and upbraid him with the ill usage of so divine a creature as was once in his possession; whilst all the little imperfections, that were before so uneasy to him, wear off from his remembrance, and shew themselves no more.

We may see by what has been said, that jealousy takes the deepest root in men of amorous dispositions; and of these we may find three kinds who are most over-run with it.

The First are those who are conscious to themselves of an infirmity, whether it be weakness, old age, deformity, ignorance, or the like. These men are so well acquainted with the unamiable part of themselves, that they have not the confidence to think they are really beloved; and are so distrustful of their own merits, that all fondness towards them puts them out of countenance, and looks like a jest upon their persons. They grow suspicious on their first looking in a glass, and are stung with jealousy at the sight of a wrinkle. † A handsome fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young, or gay, turns their thoughts upon their wives.

A second

---

* *Ecclesiasticus* ix. 1.

† Thus our poet in the inimitable OTHELLO:

——————— "Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or, for I am declined
In to the vale of years."———

A second sort of men, who are most liable to this passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful tempers. It is a fault very justly found in histories composed by politicians, that they leave nothing to chance or humour, but are still for deriving every action from some plot and contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual scheme of causes and events, and preserving a constant correspondence between the camp and the council-table. And thus it happens in the affairs of love with men of too refined a thought. They put a construction on a look, and find out a design in a smile; they give new senses and significations to words and actions; and are ever tormenting themselves with fancies of their own raising. They generally act in a disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward shows and appearances for hypocrisy in others; so that I believe no men see less of the truth and reality of things, than these great refiners upon incidents, who are so wonderfully subtle and over-wise in their conceptions.

Now what these men fancy they know of women by reflection, your lewd and vicious men believe they have learned by experience. * They have seen the poor husband so misled by tricks and artifices, and in the midst of his inquiries so lost and bewildered in a crooked intrigue, that they still suspect an under-plot in every female action; and especially where they see any resemblance in the behaviour of two persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same design in both. These men therefore bear hard upon the suspected party, pursue her close through all her turnings and windings, and are too well acquainted with the chase, to be flung off by any false steps or doubles. Besides, their acquaintance and conver-

* "The inward consciousness of depravity (says BLAIR in his Sermon on *Candour*) is sufficient to fill the mind with evil thoughts of others. Where should a man so readily draw his opinions of others, as from that character with which he is best acquainted, because it is his own."

The same doctrine is often maintained and illustrated by FIELDING.

conversation has lain wholly among the vicious part of womankind, and therefore it is no wonder they censure all alike, and look upon the whole sex as a species of impostors. But if, notwithstanding their private experience, they can get over these prejudices, and entertain a favourable opinion of some *women*; yet their own loose desires will stir up new suspicions from another side, and make them believe all *men* subject to the same inclinations with themselves.

Whether these or other motives are most predominant, we learn from the modern histories of America, as well as from our own experience in this part of the world, that jealousy is no northern passion, but rages most in those nations that lie nearest the influence of the sun. It is a misfortune for a woman to be born between the tropics; for there lie the hottest regions of jealousy, which as you come northward cools all along with the climate, till you scarce meet with any thing like it in the polar circle. Our own nation is very temperately situated in this respect; and if we meet with some few disordered with the violence of this passion, they are not the proper growth of our country, but are many degrees nearer the sun in their constitutions than in their climate.

After this frightful account of jealousy, and the persons who are most subject to it; it will be but fair to shew by what means the passion may be best allayed, and those who are possessed with it set at ease. Other faults indeed are not under the wife's jurisdiction, and should, if possible, escape her observation; but jealousy calls upon her particularly for its cure, and deserves all her art and application in the attempt. Besides, she has this for her encouragement, that her endeavours will be always pleasing, and that she will still find the affection of her husband rising towards her in proportion as his doubts and suspicions vanish; for, as we have seen all along, there is so great a mixture of love

in jealousy as is well worth the separating. But this shall be the subject of another paper.

L.

No. 171.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1711.

Credula res amor est———

OVID. MET. vii. 826.

"Love is a credulous passion."

MEANS FOR THE REMOVAL OF JEALOUSY.

HAVING in my yesterday's paper discovered the nature of jealousy, and pointed out the persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply myself to my fair correspondents, who desire to live well with a jealous husband, and to ease his mind of its unjust suspicions.

The first rule I shall propose to be observed is, that you never seem to dislike in another what the jealous man is himself guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himself does not excel. A jealous man is very quick in his applications; he knows how to find a double edge in an invective, and to draw a satire on himself out of a panegyric on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the person, but to direct the character; and is secretly pleased or confounded, as he finds more or less of himself in it. The commendation of any thing in another stirs up his jealousy, as it shews you have a value for others besides himself; but the commendation of that, which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shews that in some respects you prefer

others

others before him. Jealousy is admirably described in this view by HORACE in his Ode to LYDIA.

Quum tu, LYDIA, TELEPHI
  Cervicem roseam, et cerea TELEPHI
Laudas brachia, væ meum
  Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
  Certâ sede manet; humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
  Quàm lentis penitùs macerer ignibus.

1 OD. xiii. 1.

"When TELEPHUS his youthful charms,
"His rosy neck and winding arms,
"With endless rapture you recite,
"And in the pleasing name delight;
"My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
"With numberless resentments beats;
"From my pale cheek the colour flies,
"And all the man within me dies:
"By turns my hidden grief appears
"In rising sighs and falling tears,
"That show too well the warm desires,
"The silent, slow, consuming fires,
"Which on my inmost vitals prey,
"And melt my very soul away."

The jealous man is not indeed angry if you dislike another: but if you find those faults which are to be found in his own character, you discover not only your dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of ingrossing all your love, that he is grieved at the want of any charm, which he believes has power to raise it: and if he finds by your censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other qualifications, and that by consequence your affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his temper be grave or sullen, you must not be too much pleased with a jest, or transported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his beauty be

none of the best, you must be a professed admirer of prudence, or any other quality he is master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you must be sure to be free and open in your conversation with him, and to let in light upon your actions, to unravel all your designs, and discover every secret, however trifling or indifferent. A jealous husband has a particular aversion to winks and whispers, and if he does not see to the bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his fears and suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief confident, and where he finds himself kept out of a secret, will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great concern, that you preserve the character of your sincerity uniform and of a piece; for if he once finds a false gloss put upon any single action, he quickly suspects all the rest: his working imagination immediately takes a false hint, and runs off with it into several remote consequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own misery.

If both these methods fail, the best way will be to let him see you are much cast down and afflicted for the ill opinion he entertains of you, and the disquietudes he himself suffers for your sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous pleasure in the jealousy of those who love them, that insult over an aking heart, and triumph in their charms which are able to excite so much uneasiness.

> Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.
>
> JUV. SAT. vi. 208.
>
> "Tho' equal pains her peace of mind destroy,
> "A lover's torments give her spiteful joy."

But these often carry the humour so far, till their affected coldness and indifference quite kills all the fondness of a lover, and are then sure to meet in their turn with all the contempt and scorn that is due to so insolent a behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy

lancholy, dejected carriage, the usual effects of injured innocence, may soften the jealous husband into pity, make him sensible of the wrong he does you, and work out of his mind all those fears and suspicions that make you both unhappy. At least it will have this good effect, that he will keep his jealousy to himself, and repine in private, either because he is sensible it is a weakness, and will therefore hide it from your knowledge, or because he will be apt to fear some ill effect it may produce in cooling your love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There is still another secret that can never fail, if you can once get it believed, and which is often practised by women of greater cunning than virtue. This is to change sides for a while with the jealous man, and to turn his own passion upon himself; to take some occasion of growing jealous of him, and to follow the example he himself hath set you. This counterfeited jealousy will bring him a great deal of pleasure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much love goes along with this passion, and will besides feel something like the satisfaction of a revenge, in seeing you undergo all his own tortures. But this, indeed, is an artifice so difficult, and at the same time so disingenuous, that it ought never to be put in practice, but by such as have skill enough to cover the deceit, and innocence to render it excusable.

I shall conclude this essay with the story of HEROD and MARIAMNE, as I have collected it out of *Josephus*,* which may serve almost as an example to whatever can be said on this subject.

MARIAMNE had all the charms that beauty, birth, wit, and youth could give a woman; and HEROD all the love that such charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous disposition. In the midst of this his fondness for MARIAMNE, he put her brother to death, as he did

* *Antiquities of the Jews*, book xv. chap. 3, sect. 5, 6, 9; chap. 7, sect. 1, 2, &c.

her father not many years after. The barbarity of the action was represented to MARK ANTONY, who immediately summoned HEROD into Ægypt, to answer for the crime that was there laid to his charge. HEROD attributed the summons to ANTONY's desire of MARIAMNE, whom therefore, before his departure, he gave into the custody of his uncle JOSEPH, with private orders to put her to death, if any such violence was offered to himself. This JOSEPH was much delighted with MARIAMNE's conversation, and endeavoured, with all his art and rhetoric, to set out the excess of HEROD's passion for her; but when he still found her cold and incredulous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain instance of her lord's affection, the private orders he had left behind him, which plainly shewed, according to JOSEPH's interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous instance of a wild unreasonable passion quite put out, for a time, those little remains of affection she still had for her lord. Her thoughts were so wholly taken up with the cruelty of his orders, that she could not consider the kindness that produced them, and therefore represented him in her imagination, rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than a lover. HEROD was at length acquitted and dismissed by MARK ANTONY, when his soul was all in flames for his MARIAMNE; but before their meeting, he was not a little alarmed at the report he had heard of his uncle's conversation and familiarity with her in his absence. This therefore was the first discourse he entertained her with, in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her innocence, that from reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and HEROD poured out his whole soul to her in the warmest protestations of love and constancy: when amidst all his sighs and languishings she asked him, whether the private orders he left with his uncle JOSEPH were an instance of

such

such an inflamed affection. The jealous King was immediately roused at so unexpected a question, and concluded his uncle must have been too familiar with her, before he would have discovered such a secret. In short, he put his uncle to death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare MARIAMNE.

After this he was forced on a second journey into Ægypt, when he committed his lady to the care of SOHEMUS, with the same private orders he had before given his uncle, if any mischief befel himself. In the mean while MARIAMNE so won upon SOHEMUS by her presents and obliging conversation, that she drew all the secret from him, with which HEROD had entrusted him; so that after his return, when he flew to her with all the transports of joy and love, she received him coldly with sighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and aversion. This reception so stirred up his indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own hands, had not he feared he himself should have become the greatest sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent return of love upon him: MARIAMNE was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal caresses and endearments; but she declined his embraces, and answered all his fondness with bitter invectives for the death of her father, and her brother. This behaviour so incensed HEROD, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the heat of their quarrel there came in a witness suborned by some of MARIAMNE's enemies, who accused her to the King of a design to poison him. HEROD was now prepared to hear any thing in her prejudice, and immediately ordered her servant to be stretched upon the rack; who in the extremity of his torture confessed, that his mistress's aversion to the King arose from something SOHEMUS had told her; but as for any design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least knowledge of it. This confession quickly proved fatal to SOHEMUS, who now lay under

the same suspicions and sentence that JOSEPH had before him, on the like occasion. Nor would HEROD rest here; but accused her with great vehemence of a design upon his life, and by his authority with the judges had her publicly condemned and executed. HEROD soon after her death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the public administration of affairs into a solitary forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black considerations, which naturally arise from a passion made up of love, remorse, pity, and despair. He used to rave for his MARIAMNE, and to call upon her in his distracted fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an object by public storms, which at that time very nearly threatened him.

L.

No. 172.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1711.

Non solùm scientia, quæ est remota à justitiâ, calliditas potius quàm sapientia est appellanda; verùm etiam animus paratus ad periculum, si suâ cupiditate, non utilitate communi, impellitur, audaciæ potius nomen habeat, quàm fortitudinis.

PLATO APUD TULL.

"As knowledge, without justice, ought to be called cunning, "rather than wisdom; so a mind prepared to meet danger, "if excited by its own eagerness, and not the public good, "deserves the name of audacity, rather than of fortitude."

GENIUS AND LEARNING TO BE ESTIMATED BY THEIR APPLICATION.

THERE can be no greater injury to human society than that good talents among men should be held honourable to those who are endowed with them without any regard how they are applied. The gifts of nature and accomplishments of art are valuable, but as they are exerted in the interests of virtue,* or governed by the rules of honour. We ought to abstract our minds from the observation of an excellence in those we converse with, till we have taken some notice, or received some good information of the disposition of their minds; otherwise the beauty of their persons, or the charms of their wit, may make us fond of those whom our reason and judgment will tell us we ought to abhor.

When we suffer ourselves to be thus carried away by mere

* In literary productions, this has generally, in the course of time, been the case; works of scepticism in religion, and immorality, have soon been consigned to oblivion, whilst works of a contrary description, though not more ingeniously, nor elegantly composed, have stood the test of many ages.

mere beauty, or mere wit. OMNIAMANTE, with all her vice, will bear away as much of our good-will as the most innocent virgin, or discreet matron; and there cannot be a more abject slavery in this world, than to doat upon what we think we ought to condemn. Yet this must be our condition in all the parts of life, if we suffer ourselves to approve any thing but what tends to the promotion of what is good and honourable. If we would take true pains with ourselves to consider all things by the light of reason and justice, though a man were in the height of youth and amorous inclinations, he would look upon a coquette with the same contempt, or indifference, as he would upon a coxcomb. The wanton carriage in a woman would disappoint her of the admiration which she aims at; and the vain dress or discourse of a man would destroy the comeliness of his shape, or goodness of his understanding. I say the goodness of his understanding, for it is no less common to see men of sense commence coxcombs, than beautiful women become immodest. When this happens in either, the favour we are naturally inclined to give to the good qualities they have from nature, should abate in proportion. But however just it is to measure the value of men by the application of their talents, and not by the eminence of those qualities abstracted from their use: I say, however just such a way of judging is, in all ages as well as this, the contrary has prevailed upon the generality of mankind. How many lewd devices have been preserved from one age to another, which had perished as soon as they were made, if painters and sculptors had been esteemed as much for the purpose, as the execution of their designs? Modest and well-governed imaginations have by these means lost the representations of ten thousand charming portraitures, filled with images of innate truth, generous zeal, courageous faith, and tender humanity; instead of which, satyrs, furies, and monsters, are recommended by those arts to a shameful eternity.

The

The unjust application of laudable talents is tolerated, in the general opinion of men, not only in such cases as are here mentioned, but also in matters which concern ordinary life. If a lawyer were to be esteemed only as he uses his parts in contending for justice, and were immediately despicable when he appeared in a cause which he could not but know was an unjust one, how honourable would his character be? And how honourable is it in such among us, who follow the profession no otherwise, than as labouring to protect the injured, to subdue the oppressor, to imprison the careless debtor, and do right to the painful artificer? But many of this excellent character are overlooked by the greater number; who affect covering a weak place in a client's title, diverting the course of an inquiry, or finding a skilful refuge to palliate a falsehood: yet it is still called eloquence in the latter, though thus unjustly employed: but resolution in an assassin is according to reason quite as laudable, as knowledge and wisdom exercised in the defence of an ill cause.

Were the intention stedfastly considered, as the measure of approbation, all falsehood would soon be out of countenance: and an address in imposing upon mankind, would be as contemptible in one state of life as another. A couple of courtiers making professions of esteem, would make the same figure after breach of promise, as two knights of the post convicted of perjury. But conversation is fallen so low in point of morality, that, as they say in a bargain, *let the buyer look to it;* so in friendship he is the man in danger, who is most apt to believe. He is the more likely to suffer in the commerce, who begins with the obligation of being the more ready to enter into it.

But those men only are truly great, who place their ambition rather in acquiring to themselves the conscience of worthy enterprises than in the prospect of glory which attends them. These exalted spirits would rather be secretly the authors of events which are ser-

viceable to mankind, than, without being such, to have the public fame of it. Where therefore an eminent merit is robbed by artifice or detraction, it does but increase by such endeavours of its enemies. The important pains which are taken to sully it, or diffuse it among a crowd to the injury of a single person, will naturally produce the contrary effect; the fire will blaze out, and burn up all that attempt to smother, what they cannot extinguish.

There is but one thing necessary to keep the possession of true glory, which is, to hear the opposers of it with patience, and preserve the virtue by which it was acquired. When a man is thoroughly persuaded that he ought neither to admire, wish for, or pursue any thing but what is exactly his duty, it is not in the power of seasons, persons, or accidents, to diminish his value. He only is a great man who can neglect the applause of the multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its favour. This is indeed an arduous task; but it should comfort a glorious spirit that it is the highest step to which human nature can arrive. Triumph, applause, acclamation, are dear to the mind of man; but it is still a more exquisite delight to say to yourself, you have done well, than to hear the whole human race pronounce you glorious, except you yourself can join with them in your own reflections. A mind thus equal and uniform, may be deserted by little fashionable admirers and followers, but will ever be had in reverence by souls like itself. The branches of the oak endure all the seasons of the year, though its leaves fall off in autumn; and these too will be restored with the returning spring.

T.

N°. 173.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1711.

——Remove fera monstra, tuæque
Saxificos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Medusæ.

OVID. MET. V. 216.

"Hence with those monstrous features, and, O! spare
"That Gorgon's look, and petrifying stare."

P.

ACCOUNT OF A GRINNING MATCH.

IN a late paper I mentioned the project of an ingenious author for the erecting of several handicraft prizes to be contended for by our British artisans, and the influence they might have towards the improvement of our several manufactures. I have since that been very much surprised by the following advertisement, which I find in the *Post Boy* of the 11th instant, and again repeated in the *Post Boy* of the 15th."

"On the 9th of October next will be run for upon Coleshill-heath in Warwickshire, a plate of six guineas value, three heats, by any horse, mare, or gelding, that hath not won above the value of 5l. the winning horse to be sold for 10l. to carry 10 stone weight, if 14 hands high; if above or under to carry or be allowed weight for inches, and to be entered Friday the 5th at the Swan in Coleshill, before six in the evening. *Also a plate of less value to be run for by asses. The same day a gold ring to be grinn'd for by men.*"

The first of the diversions that is to be exhibited by the 10l. race horses, may probably have its use; but the two last, in which the asses and men are concerned, seem to me altogether extraordinary and unaccountable. Why they

they should keep running asses at Coleshill, or how making mouths turn to account in Warwickshire, more than in any other parts of England, I cannot comprehend. I have looked over all the Olympic games, and do not find any thing in them like an ass-race, or a match at grinning. However it be, I am informed that several asses are now kept in body-clothes, and sweated every morning upon the heath; and that all the country fellows within ten miles of the Swan, grin an hour or two in their glasses every morning, in order to qualify themselves for the 9th of October. The prize which is proposed to be grinned for, has raised such an ambition among the common people of outgrinning one another, that many very discerning persons are afraid it should spoil most of the faces in the county; and that a Warwickshire man will be known by his grin, as Roman-Catholics imagine a Kentish man is by his tail. The gold ring which is made the prize of deformity, is just the reverse of the golden apple that was formerly made the prize of beauty, and should carry for its poesy the old motto inverted: *Detur tetriori.* Or, to accommodate it to the capacity of the combatants,

> The frightfull'st grinner
> Be the winner.

In the mean while I would advise a Dutch painter to be present at this great controversy of faces, in order to make a collection of the most remarkable grins that shall be there exhibited.

I must not here omit an account which I lately received of one of these grinning-matches from a gentleman, who, upon reading the above mentioned advertisement, entertained a coffee-house with the following narrative. "Upon the taking of Namur,* amidst other public rejoicing made on that occasion, there was a gold ring

* Namur was taken from the French Sept. 1, 1695, by King WILLIAM, in the sight of an army of 100,000 men, which the King of France had sent to relieve it.

given by a whig Justice of Peace to be grinned for.--- The first competitor that entered the lists, was a black swarthy Frenchman, who accidentally passed that way, and being a man naturally of a withered look, and hard features, promised himself good success. He was placed upon a table in the great point of view, and looking upon the company like MILTON's death,

" Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile : "———

His muscles were so drawn together on each side of his face, that he shewed twenty teeth at a grin, and put the country in some pain, lest a foreigner should carry away the honour of the day; but upon a farther trial they found he was master only of the merry grin.

The next that mounted the table was a malecontent in those days, and a great master in the whole art of grinning, but particularly excelled in the angry grin. He did his part so well, that he is said to have made half a dozen women miscarry; but the Justice being apprised by one who stood near him, that the fellow who grinned in his face was a Jacobite, and being unwilling that a disaffected person should win the gold ring, and be looked upon as the best grinner in the country, he ordered the oaths to be tendered unto him upon his quitting the table, which the grinner refusing, he was set aside as an unqualified person. There were several other grotesque figures, that presented themselves, which it would be too tedious to describe. I must not however omit a ploughman, who lived in the farther part of the country, and being very lucky in a pair of long lanthorn-jaws, wrung his face into such an hideous grimace, that every feature of it appeared under a different distortion. The whole company stood astonished at such a complicated grin, and were ready to assign the prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his antagonists, that he had practised with verjuice for some days before, and had a crab found upon him at the very time of grinning; upon which the best judges of grinning declared

it

it as their opinion, that he was not to be looked upon as a fair grinner, and therefore ordered him to be set aside as a cheat.

The prize, it seems, at length fell upon a cobler, GILES GORGON by name, who produced several new grins of his own invention, having been used to cut faces for many years together over his last. At the very first grin he cast every human feature out of his countenance, at the second he became the face of a spout, at the third a baboon, at the fourth a head of a bass viol, and at the fifth a pair of nut-crackers. The whole assembly wondered at his accomplishments, and bestowed the ring on him unanimously; but, what he esteemed more than all the rest, a country wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five years before, was so charmed with his grins, and the applauses which he received on all sides, that she married him the week following, and to this day wears the prize upon her finger, the cobler having made use of it as his wedding ring.

This paper might perhaps seem very impertinent, if it grew serious in the conclusion. I would nevertheless leave it to the consideration of those who are the patrons of this monstrous trial of skill, whether or no they are not guilty, in some measure, of an affront to their species, in treating after this manner, the *human face divine*, and turning that part of us, which has so great an image impressed upon it, into the image of a monkey: whether the raising such silly competitions among the ignorant, proposing prizes for such useless accomplishments, filling the common people's heads with such senseless ambitions, and inspiring them with such absurd ideas of superiority and pre-eminence, has not in it something immoral as well as ridiculous.*

L.

---

* The foregoing paper had such an effect, that on publishing it, the proposed *grinning-match* was laid aside.

N°. 174.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1711.

Hæc memini & victum frustra contendere THYRSIN.

VIRG. ECL. vii. 69.

"The whole debate in memory I retain,
"When THYRSIS argued warmly, but in vain."

P.

ON THE COMPARATIVE MERIT OF COUNTRY GENTLEMEN AND MERCHANTS.

THERE is scarce any thing more common than animosities between parties that cannot subsist but by their agreement: this was well represented in the sedition of the members of the human body in the old Roman fable.* It is often the case of lesser confederate states against a superior power, which are hardly held together, though their unanimity is necessary for their common safety: and this is always the case of the landed and trading interest of Great-Britain: the trader is fed by the product of the land, and the landed man cannot be clothed but by the skill of the trader; and yet those interests are ever jarring.

We had last winter an instance of this at our club, in Sir ROGER DE COVERLY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, opposition of opinions. It happened that one of the company, in an historical discourse, was observing, that Carthaginian faith was a proverbial phrase to intimate breach of leagues. Sir ROGER said it could hardly be otherwise: that the Carthaginians were the

* *Livii Hist.* Dec. I. Lib. ii. cap. 2.

greatest traders in the world; and as gain is the chief end of such a people, they never pursue any other: the means to it are never regarded: they will, if it comes easily, get money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to obtain it by fraud, or cozenage: and indeed, what is the whole business of the trader's account, but to over-reach him who trusts to his memory? But were not that so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose attention is for ever fixed upon balancing his books, and watching over his expences? And at best, let frugality and parsimony be the virtues of the merchant, how much is his punctual dealing below a gentleman's charity to the poor, or hospitality among his neighbours?

Captain SENTRY observed Sir ANDREW very diligent in hearing Sir ROGER, and had a mind to turn the discourse, by taking notice in general, from the highest to the lowest parts of human society, there was a secret, though unjust way among men, of indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy, by comparing their own state of life to that of another, and grudging the approach of their neighbour to their own happiness; and on the other side, he, who is the less at his ease, repines at the other, who he thinks has unjustly the advantage over him. Thus the civil and military lists look upon each other with much ill-nature; the soldier repines at the courtier's power, and the courtier rallies the soldier's honour; or, to come to lower instances, the private men in the horse and foot of an army, the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mutually look upon each other with ill-will, when they are in competition for quarters, or the way, in their respective motions.

It is very well, good Captain, interrrupted Sir ANDREW: you may attempt to turn the discourse if you think fit; but I must however have a word or two with Sir ROGER, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the merchant. I shall not, continued he, at this time remind Sir ROGER of the great and

and noble monuments of charity and public spirit, which have been erected by merchants since the Reformation, but at present content myself with what he allows us, parsimony and frugality. If it were consistent with the quality of so ancient a baronet as Sir ROGER, to keep an account, or measure things by the most infallible way, that of Numbers, he would prefer our parsimony to his hospitality. If to drink so many hogsheads is to be hospitable, we do not contend for the fame of that virtue; but it would be worth while to consider, whether so many artificers at work ten days together by my appointment, or so many peasants made merry on Sir ROGERS's charge, are the men more obliged? I believe the families of the artificers will thank me, more than the household of the peasants shall Sir ROGER. Sir ROGER gives to his men, but I place mine above the necessity or obligation of my bounty. I am in very little pain for the Roman proverb upon the Carthaginian traders; the Romans were their professed enemies: I am only sorry no Carthaginian histories have come to our hands; we might have been taught perhaps by them some proverbs against the Roman generosity, in fighting for, and bestowing other people's goods. But since Sir ROGER has taken occasion, from an old proverb, to be out of humour with merchants, it should be no offence to offer one not quite so old in their defence. When a man happens to break in Holland, they say of him that "he has not kept true accounts." This phrase, perhaps among us, would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking, but with that exact nation it bears the highest reproach. For a man to be mistaken in the calculation of his expence, in his ability to answer future demands, or to be impertinently sanguine in putting his credit to too great adventure, are all instances of as much infamy, as with gayer nations to be failing in courage, or common honesty

Numbers are so much the measure of every thing that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate

the success of any action, or the prudence of any undertaking without them. I say this in answer to what Sir ROGER is pleased to say, That little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his cash-book, or balancing his accounts. When I have my returns from abroad, I can tell to a shilling, by the help of Numbers, the profit or loss by my adventure; but I ought also to be able to shew that I had reason for making it, either from my own experience, or that of other people, or from a reasonable presumption that my returns will be sufficient to answer my expence and hazard; and this is never to be done without the skill of Numbers. For instance, if I am to trade to Turkey, I ought beforehand to know the demand of our manufactures there, as well as of their silks in England, and the customary prices that are given for both in each country. I ought to have a clear knowledge of these matters beforehand, that I may presume upon sufficient returns to answer the charge of the cargo I have fitted out, the freight and assurance out and home, the customs to the Queen, and the interest of my own money, and besides all these expences a reasonable profit to myself. Now what is there of scandal in this skill? What has the merchant done, that he should be so little in the good graces of Sir ROGER? He throws down no man's inclosures, and tramples upon no man's corn; he takes nothing from the industrious labourer; he pays the poor man for his work; he communicates his profit with mankind; by the preparation of his cargo, and the manufacture of his returns, he furnishes employment and subsistence to greater numbers than the richest nobleman; and even the nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign markets for the produce of his estate, and for making a great addition to his rents; and yet it is certain that none of all these things could be done by him without the exercise of his skill in Numbers.

This is the economy of the merchant; and the conduct of the gentleman must be the same, unless by scorning to be the steward, he resolves the steward shall

shall be the gentleman. The gentleman, no more than the merchant, is able, without the help of Numbers, to account for the success of any action, or the prudence of any adventure. If, for instance, the chace is his whole adventure, his only returns must be the stag's horns in the great hall, and the fox's nose upon the stable door. Without doubt Sir ROGER knows the full value of these returns; and if beforehand he had computed the charges of the chace, a gentleman of his discretion would certainly have hanged up all his dogs; he would never have brought back so many fine horses to the kennel, he would never have gone so often, like a blast, over fields of corn. If such too had been the conduct of all his ancestors, he might truly have boasted at this day, that the antiquity of his family had never been sullied by a trade; a merchant had never been permitted with his whole estate to purchase a room for his picture in the gallery of the COVERLEYS, or to claim his descent from the maid of honour. But it is very happy for Sir ROGER that the merchant paid so dear for his ambition. It is the misfortune of many other gentlemen to turn out of the seats of their ancestors, to make way for such new masters as have been more exact in their accounts than themselves; and certainly he deserves the estate a great deal better, who has got it by his industry, than he who has lost it by his negligence. *

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"AN admirable Confect which assuredly cures stuttering or stammering in children or adults, though *never* so bad, causing them to speak distinct and free, without

* STEELE, in all his writings, gives the merchant a superiority over the country gentleman. STEELE was, as we have observed, a Whig, and more attached to the monied than to the landed interest. Sir ANDREW's description of country gentlemen, we apprehend, must have been partial even then, now it would be totally inapplicable.

any trouble or difficulty. It remedies all manner of impediment in the speech, or disorders of the voice of any kind, proceeding from what cause soever. Its stupendous effects are quick, infallible, and really wonderful. Price 2s. 6d. a pot, with directions."

"The famous Bavarian Red Liquor, which gives a most delightful blushing, &c. It is nothing of paint, and not to be perceived to be artificial by the nearest friend, &c. Price 3s. 6d. a bottle with directions."

T.

N°. 175.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1711.

Proximus à tectis ignis defenditur ægrè.——

OVID. REM. AM. v. 625.

"To save your house from neighbouring fire is hard."

TATE.

LETTERS ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

I SHALL this day entertain my readers with two or three letters I have received from my correspondents; the first discovers to me a species of females which have hitherto escaped my notice, and is as follows:

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young gentleman of a competent fortune, and a sufficient taste of learning, to spend five or six hours every day very agreeably among my books. That I might have nothing to divert me from my studies, and to avoid the noises of coaches and chairmen, I have taken lodgings in a very narrow street not far from Whitehall; but it is my misfortune to be so posted, that my lodgings are directly opposite to those

of a *Jezebel*. You are to know, Sir, that a *Jezebel* (so called by the neighbourhood from displaying her pernicious charms at her window) appears constantly dressed at her sash, and has a thousand little tricks and fooleries to attract the eyes of all the idle young fellows in the neighbourhood. I have seen more than six persons at once from their several windows observing the *Jezebel* I am now complaining of. I at first looked on her myself with the highest contempt, could divert myself with her airs for half an hour, and afterwards take up my *Plutarch* with great tranquillity of mind; but was a little vexed to find that in less than a month she had considerably stolen upon my time, so that I resolved to look at her no more. But the *Jezebel*, who, as I suppose, might think it a diminution to her honour, to have the number of her gazers lessened, resolved not to part with me so, and began to play so many new tricks at her window, that it was impossible for me to forbear observing her. I verily believe she put herself to the expence of a new wax-baby on purpose to plague me; she used to dandle and play with this figure as impertinently as if it had been a real child: sometimes she would let fall a glove or a pin-cushion in the street, and shut or open her casement three or four times in a minute. When I had almost weaned myself from this, she came in her shift-sleeves, and dressed at the window. I had no way left but to let down my curtains, which I submitted to though it considerably darkened my room, and was pleased to think that I had at last got the better of her: but was surprised the next morning to hear her talking out of her window quite across the street, with another woman that lodges over me: I am since informed, that she made her a visit, and got acquainted with her within three hours after the fall of my window curtains.

'Sir, I am plagued every moment of the day, one way or other in my own chambers; and the *Jezebel* has the satisfaction to know, that though

I am not looking at her, I am listening to her impertinent dialogues, that pass over my head. I would immediately change my lodgings, but that I think it might look like a plain confession, that I am conquered; and besides this, I am told that most quarters of the town are infested with these creatures. If they are so, I am sure it is such an abuse, as a lover of learning and silence ought to take notice of.

I am,
SIR,
Yours, &c.'

I am afraid, by some lines in this letter, that my young student is touched with a distemper which he hardly seems to dream of, and is too far gone in it to receive advice. However, I shall animadvert in due time on the abuse which he mentions, having myself observed a nest of *Jezebels* near the Temple, who make it their diversion to draw up the eyes of young Templars, that at the same time they may see them stumble in an unlucky gutter which runs under the window.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE lately read the conclusion of your forty-seventh Speculation upon *Butts*, with great pleasure, and have ever since been thoroughly persuaded that one of these gentlemen is extremely necessary to enliven conversation. I had an entertainment last week upon the water for a lady to whom I make my addresses, with several of our friends of both sexes. To divert the company in general, and to shew my mistress in particular my genius for raillery, I took one of the most celebrated *Butts* in town along with me. It is with the utmost shame and confusion that I must acquaint you with the sequel of my adventure. As soon as we were got into the boat, I played a sentence or two at my *Butt* which I thought very smart, when my

my ill genius, who I verily believe inspired him purely for my destruction, suggested to him such a reply, as got all the laughter on his side. I was dashed at so unexpected a turn; which the *Butt* perceiving, resolved not to let me recover myself, and pursuing his victory, rallied and tossed me in a most unmerciful and barbarous manner until we came to Chelsea. I had some small success while we were eating cheese-cakes; but coming home, he renewed his attacks with his former good-fortune, and equal diversion to the whole company. In short, Sir, I must ingeniously own that I never was so handled in all my life; and to complete my misfortune, I am since told that the *Butt*, flushed with his late victory, has made a visit or two to the dear object of my wishes, so that I am at once in danger of losing all my pretensions to wit, and my mistress into the bargain. This, Sir, is a true account of my present troubles, which you are the more obliged to assist me in, as you were yourself in a great measure the cause of them, by recommending to us an instrument, and not instructing us at the same time how to play upon it.

'I have been thinking whether it might not be highly convenient, that all *Butts* should wear an inscription affixed to some part of their bodies, shewing on which side they are to be come at, and that if any of them are persons of unequal tempers, there should be some method taken to inform the world at what time it is safe to attack them, and when you had best to let them alone. But, submitting these matters to your more serious consideration,

I am,
SIR,
Yours, &c.'

I HAVE, indeed, seen and heard of several young gentlemen under the same misfortune with my present correspondent. The best rule I can lay down for them to avoid the like calamities for the future, is thoroughly

to consider, not only, whether their companions are *weak*, but whether themselves are *Wits*.

The following letter comes to me from Exeter, and being credibly informed that what it contains is matter of fact, I shall give it my reader as it was sent to me.

Exeter, Sept. 7.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'You were pleased in a late speculation to take notice of the inconvenience we lie under in the country, in not being able to keep pace with the fashions.* But there is another misfortune which we are subject to, and is no less grievous than the former, which has hitherto escaped your observation. I mean the having things palmed upon us for London fashions, which were never once heard of there.

'A lady of this place had some time since a box of the newest ribbons sent down by the coach. Whether it was her own malicious invention, or the wantonness of a London milliner, I am not able to inform you; but, among the rest, there was one cherry-coloured ribband, consisting of about half a dozen yards, made up in the figure of a small head-dress. The aforesaid lady had the assurance to affirm, amidst a circle of female inquisitors, who were present at the opening of the box, that this was the newest fashion worn at court. Accordingly the next Sunday, we had several females, who came to church with their heads dressed wholly in ribbands, and looked like so many victims ready to be sacrificed. This is still a reigning mode among us. At the same time we have a set of gentlemen who take the liberty to appear in all public places without any buttons to their coats, which they supply with several little silver hasps, though our freshest advices from London make no mention of any such fashion; and we are something shy

---

* See N° 119.

shy of affording matter to the button-makers * for a second petition.

'What I would humbly propose to the public is, that there may be a society erected in London, to consist of the most skilful persons of both sexes, for the *Inspection of Modes and Fashions*; and that hereafter no person or persons shall presume to appear singularly habited in any part of the country, without a testimonial from the aforesaid society, that their dress is answerable to the mode at London. By this means, Sir, we shall know a little whereabout we are.

'If you could bring this matter to bear, you would very much oblige great numbers of your country friends, among the rest,

Your very humble servant,

X. *JACK MODISH.*'

---

* In the year 1709 the button-makers presented a petition to Parliament, the nature of which may be learnt from an Act passed in consequence of it: The preamble of which sets forth, that "Whereas the maintenance and subsistence of many thousands of men, women, and children, within this kingdom of Great Britain, depends upon the making of silk, mohair, gimp, and thread buttons and button-holes with the needle, &c.—And a late and unforeseen practice of making and binding button-holes with cloth, serge, &c. to the utter ruin of numerous families, &c." See the Statutes passed in the 8th year of Queen ANNE, 1709. P.

to consider, not only, whether their companions are *weak*, but whether themselves are *Wits*.

The following letter comes to me from Exeter, and being credibly informed that what it contains is matter of fact, I shall give it my reader as it was sent to me.

Exeter, Sept. 7.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'You were pleased in a late speculation to take notice of the inconvenience we lie under in the country, in not being able to keep pace with the fashions. * But there is another misfortune which we are subject to, and is no less grievous than the former, which has hitherto escaped your observation. I mean the having things palmed upon us for London fashions, which were never once heard of there.

'A lady of this place had some time since a box of the newest ribbons sent down by the coach. Whether it was her own malicious invention, or the wantonness of a London milliner, I am not able to inform you; but, among the rest, there was one cherry-coloured ribband, consisting of about half a dozen yards, made up in the figure of a small head-dress. The aforesaid lady had the assurance to affirm, amidst a circle of female inquisitors, who were present at the opening of the box, that this was the newest fashion worn at court. Accordingly the next Sunday, we had several females, who came to church with their heads dressed wholly in ribbands, and looked like so many victims ready to be sacrificed. This is still a reigning mode among us. At the same time we have a set of gentlemen who take the liberty to appear in all public places without any buttons to their coats, which they supply with several little silver hasps, though our freshest advices from London make no mention of any such fashion; and we are something shy

---

* See N° 119.

shy of affording matter to the button-makers * for a second petition.

'What I would humbly propose to the public is, that there may be a society erected in London, to consist of the most skilful persons of both sexes, for the *Inspection of Modes and Fashions*; and that hereafter no person or persons shall presume to appear singularly habited in any part of the country, without a testimonial from the aforesaid society, that their dress is answerable to the mode at London. By this means, Sir, we shall know a little whereabout we are.

'If you could bring this matter to bear, you would very much oblige great numbers of your country friends, among the rest,

Your very humble servant,

X. *JACK MODISH.*'

---

* In the year 1709 the button-makers presented a petition to Parliament, the nature of which may be learnt from an Act passed in consequence of it: The preamble of which sets forth, that "Whereas the maintenance and subsistence of many thousands of men, women, and children, within this kingdom of Great Britain, depends upon the making of silk, mohair, gimp, and thread buttons and button-holes with the needle, &c.—And a late and unforeseen practice of making and binding button-holes with cloth, serge, &c. to the utter ruin of numerous families, &c." See the Statutes passed in the 8th year of Queen ANNE, 1709. P.

No. 176.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1711.

Parvula, pumilio, χαριτων μια tota merum sal.
LUCR. iv. 1155.

"A little pretty, witty, charming She!

A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN WHO IS HEN-PECKT.

THERE are in the following letter matters, which I, a bachelor, cannot be supposed to be acquainted with: therefore shall not pretend to explain *upon it* until farther consideration, but leave the author of the epistle to express his condition his own way.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I DO not deny but you appear in many of your papers to understand human life pretty well; but there are very many things which you cannot possibly have a true notion of, in a single life; these are such as respect the married state; otherwise I cannot account for your having overlooked a very good sort of people, which are commonly called in scorn the *hen-peckt*. You are to understand that I am one of those innocent mortals who suffer derision under that word, for being governed by the best of wives. It would be worth your consideration to enter into the nature of affection itself, and tell us, according to your philosophy, why it is that our dears should do what they will with us, shall be froward, ill-natured, assuming, sometimes whine, at others rail, then swoon away, then come to life, have the use of specch to the greatest fluency imaginable, and

and then sink away again, and all because they fear we do not love them enough; that is, the poor things love us so heartily, that they cannot think it possible we should be able to love them in so great a degree, which makes them take on so. I say, Sir, a true good-natured man, whom rakes and libertines call *hen-peckt*, shall fall into all these different moods with his dear life, and at the same time see they are wholly put on; and yet not be heard-hearted enough to tell the dear good creature that she is a hypocrite.

'This sort of good men is very frequent in the populous and wealthy city of London, and is the true *hen-peckt* man. The kind creature cannot break through his kindnesses so far as to come to an explanation with the tender soul, and therefore goes on to comfort her when nothing ails her, to appease her when she is not angry, and to give her his cash when he knows she does not want it; rather than be uneasy for a whole month, which is computed by hard-hearted men the space of time which a froward woman takes to come to herself, if you have courage to stand out.

'There are, indeed, several others species of the *hen-peckt*, and in my opinion they are certainly the best subjects the Queen has; and for that reason I take it to be your duty to keep us above contempt.

'I do not know whether I make myself understood in the representation of a hen-peckt life, but I shall take leave to give you an account of myself, and my own spouse. You are to know that I am reckoned no fool, have on several occasions been tried whether I will take ill-usage, and the event has been to my advantage; and yet there is not such a slave in Turkey as I am to my dear. She has a good share of wit, and is what you call a very pretty agreeable woman. I perfectly doat on her, and my affection to her gives me all the anxieties imaginable but that of jealousy. My being thus confident of her, I take, as much as I can judge of my heart, to be the reason, that whatever she does, though it be *never* so much

much against my inclination, there is still left something in her manner that is amiable. She will sometimes look at me with an assumed grandeur, and pretend to resent that I have not had respect enough for her opinion in such an instance in company. I cannot but smile at the pretty anger she is in, and then she pretends she is used like a child. In a word, our great debate is, which has the superiority in point of understanding. She is eternally forming an argument of debate; to which I very indolently answer, "Thou art mighty pretty." To this she answers, "All the world but you think I have as much sense as yourself." I repeat to her, "Indeed you you are pretty." Upon this there is no patience; she will throw down any thing about her, stamp and pull off her head-clothes. "Fy, my dear," say I, "how can a woman of your sense fall into such an intemperate rage?" This is an argument that never fails. "Indeed, my dear," says she, "you make me mad sometimes, so you do, with the silly way you have of treating me like a pretty idiot." Well! what have I got by putting her into good humour? Nothing, but that I must convince her of my good opinion by my practice; and then I am to give her possession of my little ready money, and for a day and a half following, dislike all she dislikes, and extol every thing she approves. I am so exquisitely fond of this darling, that I seldom see any of my friends, am uneasy in all companies until I see her again; and when I come home she is in the dumps, because she says she is sure I came so soon, only because I think her handsome. I dare not upon this occasion laugh; but though I am one of the warmest churchmen in the kingdom, I am forced to rail at the times, because she is a violent Whig. Upon this we talk politics so long, that she is convinced I kiss her for her wisdom. It is a common practice with me to ask her some question concerning the constitution, which she answers me in general out of *Harrington's Oceana*. Then I commend her strange memory, and her arm is

Then

immediately locked in mine. While I keep her in this temper she plays before me, sometimes dancing in the midst of the room, sometimes striking an air at her spinnet, varying her posture and her charms in such a manner that I am in continual pleasure. She will play the fool, if I allow her to be wise; but if she suspects I like her for her trifling, she immediately grows grave.

'These are the toils in which I am taken, and I carry off my servitude as well as most men; but my application to you is in behalf of the *hen-peckt* in general, and I desire a dissertation from you in defence of us. You have, as I am informed, very good authorities in our favour, and hope you will not omit the mention of the renowned SOCRATES, and his philosophic resignation to his wife XANTIPPE. This would be a very good office to the world in general, for the hen-peckt are powerful in their quality and numbers, not only in cities, but in courts; in the latter they are ever the most obsequious, in the former the most wealthy of all men. When you have considered wedlock thoroughly, you ought to enter into the suburbs of matrimony, and give us an account of the thraldom of kind keepers, and irresolute lovers; the keepers who cannot quit their fair ones, though they see their approaching ruin; the lovers who dare not marry, though they know they never shall be happy without the mistresses whom they cannot purchase on other terms.

'What will be a great embellishment to your discourse will be, that you may find instances of the haughty, the proud, the frolic, the stubborn, who are each of them in secret downright slaves to their wives, or mistresses. I must beg of you in the last place to dwell upon this, that the wise and valiant in all ages have been *hen-peckt*; and that the sturdy tempers who are not slaves to affection, owe that exemption to their being inthralled by ambition, avarice, or some meaner

much

passion. I have ten thousand thousand things more to say, but my wife sees me writing, and will, according to custom, be consulted, if I do not seal this immediately.

Yours,

NATHANIEL HENROOST.

T.

N°. 177.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1711.

———Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus
Arcanâ, qualem CERERIS vult esse sacerdos,
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala?

JUV. SAT. XV. 140.

"Who can all sense of others' ills escape,
"Is but a brute, at best, in human shape."

TATE.

ON GOOD-NATURE.

IN one of my last week's papers* I treated of good-nature, as it is the effect of constitution; I shall now speak of it as it is a moral *virtue*. The first may make a man easy in himself and agreeable to others, but implies no merit in him that is possessed of it. A man is no more to be praised upon this account, than because he has a regular pulse, or a good digestion. This good-nature however in the constitution, which Mr. DRYDEN somewhere calls a *milkiness of blood*, is an admirable groundwork for the other. In order therefore to try our good-nature, whether it arises from the body or the mind, whether it be founded in the animal or rational

* See No. 169.

tional part of our nature; in a word, whether it be such as is intitled to any other reward, besides that secret satisfaction and contentment of mind which is essential to it, and the kind reception it procures us in the world, we must examine it by the following rules.

First, whether it acts with steadiness and uniformity in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity; if otherwise, it is to be looked upon as nothing else but an irradiation of the mind from some new supply of spirits, or a more kindly circulation of the blood. Sir FRANCIS BACON mentions a cunning Solicitor, who would never ask a favour of a great man before dinner; but took care to prefer his petition at a time when the party petitioned had his mind free from care, and his appetites in good humour. Such a transient temporary good-nature as this, is not that philanthropy, that love of mankind, which deserves the title of a *moral virtue*.

The next way of a man's bringing his good-nature to the test, is, to consider whether it operates according to the rules of reason and duty: for, if notwithstanding its general benevolence to mankind, it makes no distinction between its objects, if it exerts itself promiscuously towards the deserving and undeserving, if it relieves alike the idle and the indigent, if it gives itself up to the first petitioner, and lights upon any one rather by accident than choice, it may pass for an amiable *instinct*, but must not assume the name of a *moral virtue*.

The third trial of good-nature will be, the examining ourselves, whether or no we are able to exert it to our own disadvantage, and employ it on proper objects, notwithstanding any little pain, want, or inconvenience which may arise to ourselves from it. In a word, whether we are willing to risk any part of our fortune, our reputation, our health, or ease, for the benefit of mankind. Among all these expressions of good nature, I shall single out that which goes under the general name of *Charity*, as it consists in relieving the indigent; that being

a trial of this kind which offers itself to us almost at all times, and in every place.

I should propose it as a rule to every one who is provided with any competency of fortune more than sufficient for the necessaries of life, to lay aside a certain proportion of his income for the use of the poor. This I would look upon as an offering to *Him* who has a right to the whole, for the use of those whom, in the passage hereafter mentioned, he has described as his own representatives upon earth. At the same time we should manage our charity with such prudence and caution, that we may not hurt our own friends or relations, whilst we are doing good to those who are strangers to us.

This may possibly be explained better by an example than by a rule.

EUGENIUS is a man of an universal good-nature, and generous beyond the extent of his fortune; but withal so prudent, in the economy of his affairs, that what goes out in charity is made up by good management. EUGENIUS has what the world calls two hundred pounds a year; but never values himself above nine score, as not thinking he has a right to the tenth part, which he always appropriates to charitable uses. To this sum he frequently makes other voluntary additions, insomuch that in a good year, for such he accounts those in which he has been able to make greater bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that sum to the sickly and indigent. EUGENIUS prescribes to himself many particular days of fasting and abstinence, in order to increase his private bank of Charity, and sets aside what would be the current expences of those times for the use of the poor. He often goes afoot where his business calls him, and at the end of his walk has given a shilling, which in his ordinary methods of expence would have gone for coach-hire, to the first necessitous person that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a play or an opera, divert the

the money which was designed for that purpose, upon an object of charity whom he has met with in the street; and afterwards pass his evening in a coffee-house, or at a friend's fire-side, with much greater satisfaction to himself, than he could have received from the most exquisite entertainments of the theatre. By these means he is generous, without impoverishing himself, and enjoys his estate by making it the property of others.

There are few men so cramped in their private affairs, who may not be charitable after this manner, without any disadvantage to themselves, or prejudice to their families. It is but sometimes sacrificing a diversion or convenience to the poor, and turning the usual course of our expences into a better channel. This is, I think, not only the most prudent and convenient, but the most meritorious piece of charity which we can put in practice. By this method, we in some measure share the necessities of the poor at the same time that we relieve them, and make ourselves not only their patrons but their fellow-sufferers.

Sir THOMAS BROWN, in the last part of his *Religio Medici*, in which he describes his charity in several heroic instances, and with a noble heat of sentiments, mentions that verse in the *Proverbs of Solomon*, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord:"* 'There is more rhetoric in that one sentence, says he, than in a library of sermons; and indeed if those sentences were understood by the reader, with the same emphasis as they are delivered by the author, we needed not those volumes of instructions, but might be honest by an epitome.'*

This passage in Scripture is indeed wonderfully persuasive; but I think the same thought is carried much farther in the New Testament, where our SAVIOUR tells us in a most pathetic manner, that he shall hereafter re-

* *Prov* xix. 17.

* BROWN's *Rel. Medici.* Part. II. Sect. 13.

gard the clothing of the naked, the feeding of the hungry, and the visiting of the imprisoned, as offices done to himself, and reward them accordingly.* Pursuant to those passages in Holy Scripture, I have somewhere met with the epitaph of a charitable man, which has very much pleased me. I cannot recollect the words, but the sense of it is to this purpose: What I spent I lost; what I possessed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me.†

Since I am thus insensibly engaged in Sacred Writ, I cannot forbear making an extract of several passages which I have always read with great delight in the *Book of Job*. It is the account which that holy man gives of his behaviour in the days of his prosperity, and, if considered only as a human composition, is a finer picture of a charitable and good-natured man than is to be met with in any other author.

"Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me: When his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness: When the Almighty was yet with me; when my children were about me: When I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oil."

"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor,

---

* *Matt* xxi. 31, et seq.

† The epitaph alluded to, is that in St. George's church at Doncaster in Yorkshire, and runs in old English thus:

How now, who is here? That I spent, that I had:
I Robin of Doncastere That I gave, that I have:
And Margaret my feare.* That I lett, that I lost.

A. D. 1579.

Quoth Robertus Byrks, who in this world did reign three score years and seven, and yet lived not one.

* A Yorkshire word for mate or companion.

poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? Was not my soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity. If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant when they contended with me; what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb, make him? and did not one fashion us in the womb? If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail: or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof: If I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering: If his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep: If I have lift up my hand against the fartherless, when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lift up myself when evil found him: (Neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul.) The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain: If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life; let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley."*

L.

---

* *Job* xxix. 2, &c. xxx. 25, &c. xxxi. 6, &c.

No. 178.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1711.

Comis in uxorem———— HOR. 2 EP. ii. 133.

"Civil to his wife."———— POPE.

A LETTER ON JEALOUSY.

I CANNOT defer taking notice of this letter.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM but too good a judge of your paper of the 15th instant, which is a master-piece; I mean that of *Jealousy*: but I think it unworthy of you to speak of that torture in the breast of a man, and not to mention also the pangs of it in the heart of a woman. You have very judiciously, and with the greatest penetration imaginable, considered it as woman is the creature of whom the diffidence is raised: but not a word of a man, who is so unmerciful as to move jealousy in his wife, and not care whether she is so or not. It is possible you may not believe there are such tyrants in the world; but alas, I can tell you of a man who is ever out of humour in his wife's company, and the pleasantest man in the world every where else; the greatest sloven at home when he appears to none but his family, and most exactly well-dressed in all other places. Alas, Sir, is it of course, that to deliver one's self wholly into a man's power without possibility of appeal to any other jurisdiction but his own reflections, is so little an obligation to a gentleman, that he can be offended and fall into a rage, because my heart swells tears into my eyes when I see him

him in a cloudy mood? I pretend to no succour, and hope for no relief but from himself; and yet he that has sense and justice in every thing else, never reflects, that to come home only to sleep off an intemperance, and spend all the time he is there as if it were a punishment, cannot but give the anguish of a *jealous mind*. He always leaves his home as if he were going to court, and returns as if he were entering a jail. I could add to this, that from his company and his usual discourse, he does not scruple being thought an abandoned man, as to his morals. Your own imagination will say enough to you concerning the condition of me his wife; and I wish you would be so good as to represent to him, for he is not ill-natured, and reads you much, that the moment I hear the door shut after him, I throw myself upon my bed, and drown the child he is so fond of, with my tears, and often frighten it with my cries; that I curse my being; that I run to my glass all over bathed in sorrows, and help the utterance of my inward anguish by beholding the gush of my own calamities as my tears fall from my eyes. This looks like an imagined picture to tell you, but indeed this is one of my pastimes. Hitherto I have only told you the general temper of my mind, but how shall I give you an account of the distraction of it? Could you but conceive how cruel I am one moment in my resentment, and at the ensuing minute, when I place him in the condition my anger would bring him to, how compassionate; it would give you some notion how miserable I am, and how little I deserve it. When I remonstrate with the greatest gentleness that is possible against unhandsome appearances, and that married persons are under particular rules; when he is in the best humour to receive this, I am answered only, That I expose my own reputation and sense if I appear jealous. I wish, good Sir, you would take this into serious consideration, and admonish husbands and wives, what terms they ought to keep towards each other. Your thoughts on this important subject

will have the greatest reward, that which descends on such as feel the sorrows of the afflicted. Give me leave to subscribe myself,

Your unfortunate
Humble servant,
CELINDA.'*

I had it in my thoughts, before I received the letter of this lady, to consider this dreadful passion in the mind of a Woman; and the smart she seems to feel does not abate the inclination I had to recommend to husbands a more regular behaviour, than to give the most exquisite of torments to those who love them, nay whose torment would be abated if they did not love them.

It is wonderful to observe how little is made of this inexpressible injury, and how easily men get into a habit of being least agreeable, where they are most obliged to be so. But this subject deserves a distinct speculation, and I shall observe for a day or two the behaviour of two or three happy pairs I am acquainted with, before I pretend to make a system of *conjugal morality*. I design in the first place to go a few miles out of town, and there I know where to meet one who practises all the parts of a fine gentleman in the duty of an husband. When he was a bachelor much business made him particularly negligent in his habit; but now there is no young lover living so exact in the care of his person. One who asked why he was so long washing his mouth, and so delicate in the choice and wearing of his linen, was answered, "Because there is a woman of merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent upon me to make her inclination go along with her duty."

If

---

* Mr. COLEMAN has, in his *Jealous Wife*, given us a very natural and masterly exhibition of this passion, when prevalent in a female breast; as has Mr. MURPHY in his *All in the Wrong*.

If a man would give himself leave to think, he would not be so unreasonable as to expect debauchery and innocence could live in commerce together; or hope that flesh and blood is capable of so strict an alliance, as that a fine woman must go on to improve herself till she is as good and impassive as an angel, only to preserve fidelity to a brute, and a satyr. The lady who desires me for her sake to end one of my papers with the following letter, I am persuaded, thinks such a perseverance very impracticable.

HUSBAND,

'STAY more at home. I know where you visited at seven of the clock on Thursday evening The Colonel, whom you charged me to see no more, is in town.

T. *MARTHA HOUSEWIFE.*'

N°. 179.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1711.

Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi prætereunt austera poemata rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

HOR. ARS POET. V. 341.

"Old age is only fond of moral truth,
"Lectures too grave disgust aspiring youth;
"But he who blends instruction with delight,
"Wins every reader, nor in vain shall write."

P.

ACCOUNT OF A WHISTLING MATCH.

I MAY cast my readers under two general divisions, the *Mercurial* and the *Saturnine*. The first are the gay part of my disciples, who require speculations of wit and humour; the others are those of a more solemn and sober turn, who find no pleasure but in papers of morality and sound sense. The former call every thing that is serious, stupid; the latter look upon every thing as impertinent that is ludicrous. Were I always grave, one half of my readers would fall off from me: were I always merry, I should lose the other. I make it therefore my endeavour to find out entertainments of both kinds, and by that means perhaps consult the good of both, more than I should do, did I always write to the particular taste of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the sprightly reader who takes up my paper in order to be diverted, very often finds himself engaged unawares in a serious and profitable course of thinking; as on the contrary, the thoughtful

thoughtful man, who perhaps may hope to find something solid, and full of deep reflection, is very often insensibly betrayed into a fit of mirth. In a word, the reader sits down to my entertainment without knowing his bill of fare, and has therefore at least the pleasure of hoping there may be a dish to his palate.

I must confess, were I left to myself, I should rather aim at instructing than diverting; but if we will be useful to the world, we must take it as we find it. Authors of professed severity discourage the looser part of mankind from having any thing to do with their writings. A man must have virtue in him, before he will enter upon the reading of a SENECA or an EPICTETUS. The very title of a moral treatise has something in it austere and shocking to the careless and inconsiderate.

For this reason several unthinking persons fall in my way, who would give no attention to lectures delivered with a religious seriousness, or a philosophic gravity. They are ensnared into sentiments of wisdom and virtue, when they do not think of it; and if by that means they arrive only at such a degree of consideration as may dispose them to listen to more studied and elaborate discourses, I shall not think my speculations useless. I might likewise observe, that the gloominess in which sometimes the minds of the best men are involved, very often stands in need of such little incitements to mirth and laughter, as are apt to disperse melancholy, and put our faculties in good humour. To which some will add, that the British climate, more than any other, makes entertainments of this nature in a manner necessary.

If what I have here said does not recommend, it will at least excuse the variety of my speculations. I would not willingly laugh but in order to instruct; or if I sometimes fail in this point, when my mirth ceases to be instructive, it shall never cease to be innocent. A scrupulous conduct in this particular has, perhaps, more merit in it than the generality of readers imagine; did they know how many thoughts occur in a point of humour

mour, which a discreet author in modesty suppresses; how many strokes of raillery present themselves, which could not fail to please the ordinary taste of mankind, but are stifled in their birth, by reason of some remote tendency which they carry in them to corrupt the minds of those who read them; did they know how many glances of ill-nature are industriously avoided for fear of doing injury to the reputation of another, they would be apt to think kindly of those writers who endeavour to make themselves diverting, without being immoral. One may apply to these authors that passage in WALLER:

> "Poets lose half the praise they would have got
> Were it but known what they discreetly blot."

As nothing is more easy than to be a wit, with all the above-mentioned liberties, it requires some genius and invention to appear such without them.

What I have here said is not only in regard to the public, but with an eye to my particular correspondent, who has sent me the following letter, which I have castrated in some places upon these considerations.

SIR,

'HAVING lately seen your discourse upon a Match of Grinning,* I cannot forbear giving you an account of a Whistling Match, which, with many others, I was entertained with about three years since at the Bath. The prize was a guinea, to be conferred upon the ablest whistler, that is, on him who could whistle clearest, and go through his tune without laughing, to which at the same time he was provoked by the antic postures of a Merry-Andrew, who was to stand upon the stage and play

---

* No. 173. "C'est un de ceux qu'on n'a pas jugé à propos de traduire."

play his tricks in the eye of the performer. There were three competitors for the ring. The first was a ploughman of a very promising aspect; his features were steady, and his muscles composed in so inflexible stupidity, that upon his first appearance every one gave the guinea for lost. The Pickled-Herring however found the way to shake him; for upon his whistling a country jig, this unlucky wag danced to it with such variety of distortions and grimaces, that the countryman could not forbear smiling upon him, and by that means spoiled his whistle, and lost the prize.

'The next that mounted the stage was an under-citizen of the Bath, a person remarkable among the inferior people of that place for his great wisdom and his *broad band.* * He contracted his mouth with much gravity, and, that he might dispose his mind to be more serious than ordinary, began the tune of *the Children in the Wood.* He went through part of it with good success, when on a sudden the wit at his elbow, who had appeared wonderfully grave and attentive for some time, gave him a touch upon the left shoulder, and stared him in the face with so bewitching a grin, that the whistler relaxed his fibres into a kind of simper, and at length burst out into an open laugh. The third who entered the lists was a footman, who, in defiance of the Merry-Andrew, and all his arts, whistled a Scotch tune, and an Italian sonata, with so settled a countenance that he bore away the prize, to the great admiration of some hundreds of persons, who, as well as myself, were present at this trial of skill. Now, Sir, I humbly conceive, whatever you have determined of the Grinners, the Whistlers ought to be encouraged, not only as their art is practised without distortion, but as it improves country music, promotes gravity, and teaches ordinary people to keep their countenances, if they see any thing ridiculous in their betters; besides, that it seems an entertainment

* In 1707.

tertainment very particularly adapted to the Bath, as it is usual for a rider to whistle to his horse when he would make his waters pass.

I am, SIR, &c.'

POSTSCRIPT.

'AFTER having dispatched these two important points of grinning and whistling, I hope you will oblige the world with some reflections upon Yawning, as I have seen it practised on a Twelfth-night, among other Christmas gambols, at the house of a very worthy gentleman, who always entertains his tenants at that time of the year. They yawn for a Cheshire cheese, and begin about midnight, when the whole company is disposed to be drousy. He that yawns widest, and at the same time so naturally as to produce the most yawns among the spectators, carries home the cheese. If you handle this subject as you ought, I question not but your paper will set half the kingdom a yawning, though I dare promise you it will never make any body fall asleep.'

L.

N°. 180.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1711.

——— Delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.

HOR. 1 EP. ii. 14.

"The monarch's folly makes the people rue."

P.

THE EFFECT OF WAR ON POPULATION.

THE following letter has so much weight and good sense, that I cannot forbear inserting it, though it relates to a hardened sinner, whom I have very little hopes of reforming, viz. LOUIS XIV. of France.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'AMIDST the variety of subjects of which you have treated, I could wish it had fallen in your way, to expose the vanity of conquests. This thought would naturally lead one to the French King, who has been generally esteemed the greatest conqueror of our age, till her Majesty's armies had torn from him so many of his countries, and deprived him of the fruit of all his former victories. For my own part, if I were to draw his picture, I should be for taking him no lower than to the peace of Reswick,* just at the end of his triumphs, and before his reverse of fortune: and even then I should not forbear thinking his ambition had been vain, and unprofitable to himself and his people.

'As

* Signed Sept. 20, N. S. 1696, at the Palace of Reswick, situate midway between Delft and the Hague. This was a peace with France, on the parts of Spain, England, Holland, and the Empire, &c.

'As for himself, it is certain he can have gained nothing by his conquests, if they have not rendered him master of more subjects, more riches, or greater power. What I shall be able to offer upon these heads, I resolve to submit to your consideration.

'To begin then with his increase of subjects. From the time he came of age, and has been a manager for himself, all the people he had acquired were such only as he had reduced by his wars, and were left in his possession by the peace; he had conquered not above one third part of Flanders, and conseqently no more than one third part of the inhabitants of that province.

'About one hundred years ago the houses in that country were all numbered, and by a just computation the inhabitants of all sorts could not then exceed 750,000 souls. And if any man will consider the desolation by almost perpetual wars, the numerous armies that have lived almost ever since at discretion upon the people, and how much of their commerce has removed for more security to other places, he will have little reason to imagine that their numbers have since increased; and therefore with one third part of that province, that prince can have gained no more than one third part of the inhabitants, or 250,000 new subjects, even though it should be supposed they were all contented to live still in their native country, and transfer their allegiance to a new master.

'The fertility of this province, its convenient situation for trade and commerce, its capacity for furnishing employment and subsistence to great numbers, and the vast armies that have been maintained here, make it credible that the remaining two thirds of Flanders are equal to all his other conquests; and consequently by all, he cannot have gained more than 750,000 new subjects, men, women, and children, especially if a deduction shall be made of such as have retired from the conqueror, to live under their old masters.

'It

'It is time now to set his loss against his profit, and to shew for the new subjects he had acquired, how many old ones he had lost in the acquisition. I think that in his wars he has seldom brought less into the field in all places than two hundred thousand fighting men, besides what have been left in garrisons; and I think the common computation is, that of an army, at the end of a campaign, without sieges or battles, scarce four-fifths can be mustered of those that came into the field at the beginning of the year. His wars at several times, until the last peace, have held about 20 years; and if 40,000 yearly lost, or a fifth part of his armies, are to be multiplied by 20, he cannot have lost less than 800,000 of his old subjects, and all able-bodied men; a greater number than the new subjects he had acquired.

'But this loss is not all. Providence seems to have equally divided the whole mass of mankind into different sexes, that every woman may have her husband, and that both may equally contribute to the continuance of the species. It follows then, that for all the men that have been lost, as many women must have lived single, and it were but charity to believe, they have not done all the service they were capable of doing in their generation. In so long a course of years great part of them must have died, and all the rest must go off at last, without leaving any representatives behind. By this account he must have lost not only 800,000 subjects, but double that number, and all the increase that was reasonably to be expected from it.

'It is said, in the last war there was a famine in his kingdom, which swept away two millions of his people. This is hardly credible. If the loss was only of one-fifth part of that sum, it was very great. But it is no wonder there should be famine, where so much of the people's substance is taken away for the King's use, that they have not sufficient left to provide against accidents; where so many of the men are taken from the plough to serve the King in his wars, and a great part of the tillage

is left to the weaker hands of so many women and children. Whatever was the loss, it must undoubtedly be placed to the account of his ambition.

'And so must also the destruction or banishment of 3 or 400,000 of his reformed subjects; he could have no other reasons for valuing those lives so very cheap, but only to recommend himself to the bigotry of the Spanish nation.

'How should there be industry in a country where all property is precarious? What subject will sow his land, that his Prince may reap the whole harvest? Parsimony and frugality must be strangers to such a people; for will any man save to-day, what he has reason to fear will be taken from him to-morrow? And where is the encouragement for marrying? Will any man think of raising children, without any assurance of clothing for their backs, or so much as food for their bellies? And thus by his fatal ambition, he must have lessened the number of his subjects not only by slaughter and destruction, but by preventing their very births, he has done as much as was possible towards destroying posterity itself.

'Is this then the great, the invincible LOUIS? This the immortal man, the *tout-puisant*, or the Almighty, as his flatterers have called him? Is this the man that is so celebrated for his conquests? For every subject he has acquired, has he not lost three that were his inheritance? Are not his troops fewer, and those neither so well fed, or clothed, or paid, as they were formerly, though he has now so much greater cause to exert himself? And what can be the reason of all this, but that his revenue is a great deal less, his subjects are either poorer, or not so many to be plundered by constant taxes for his use?

'It is well for him he had found out a way to steal a kingdom, * if he had gone on conquering as he did before,

* The kingdom of Spain, seized by LOUIS XIV. in 1701, for his grandson, as left him by the will of CHARLES II. which the enemies of France looked upon as forged, or made when CHARLES was *non-compos*.

fore, his ruin had been long since finished. This brings to my mind a saying of King PYRRHUS, after he had a second time beat the Romans in a pitched battle, and was complimented by his Generals: "Yes, says he, such another victory and I am quite undone." And since I have mentioned PYRRHUS, I will end with a very good, though known story of this ambitious madman. When he had shewn the utmost fondness for his expedition against the Romans, CYNEAS, his chief Minister, asked him what he proposed to himself by this war? "Why, says PYRRHUS, to conquer the Romans, and reduce all Italy to my obedience." What then, Says CYNEAS? "To pass over into Sicily, says PYRRHUS, and then all the Sicilians must be our subjects." And what does your Majesty intend next? "Why truly, says the King, to conquer Carthage, and make myself master of all Africa." And what, Sir, says the Minister, is to be the end of all your expeditions? "Why then, says the King, for the rest of our lives we will sit down to good wine." How, Sir, replied CYNEAS, to better than we have now before us? Have we not already as much as we can drink?

'Riot and excess are not the becoming characters of Princes; but if PYRRHUS and LOUIS had debauched like VITELLIUS, they had been less hurtful to their people.

Your humble servant,

PHILARITHMUS.'

T.

No. 181.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1711.

His lacrymis vitam damus, et miserescimus ultro
VIRG. ÆN. ii. 145.
"Mov'd by these tears, we pity and protect."

ON HARSHNESS OF PARENTS TO CHILDREN.

I AM more pleased with a letter that is filled with touches of Nature than of Wit. The following one is of this kind.

SIR,

'AMONG all the distresses which happen in families, I do not remember that you have touched upon the marriage of children without the consent of their parents. I am one of these unfortunate persons. I was about fifteen when I took the liberty to choose for myself; and have ever since languished under the displeasure of an inexorable father, who, though he sees me happy in the best of husbands, and blessed with very fine children, can never be prevailed upon to forgive me. He was so kind to me before this unhappy accident, that indeed it makes my breach of duty, in some measure, inexcusable; and at the same time creates in me such a tenderness towards him, that I love him above all things, and would die to be reconciled to him. I have thrown myself at his feet, and besought him with tears to pardon me; but he always pushes me away, and spurns me from him. I have written several letters to him, but he will neither open, nor receive them. About two years ago I sent my little boy to him, dressed in a new apparel; but the child returned to me crying, because

cause he said his grandfather would not see him, and had ordered him to be put out of his house. 'My mother is won over to my side, but dares not mention me to my father, for fear of provoking him. About a month ago he lay sick upon his bed, and in great danger of his life: I was pierced to the heart at the news, and could not forbear going to inquire after his health. My mother took this opportunity of speaking in my behalf: she told him with abundance of tears, that I was come to see him, that I could not speak to her for weeping, and that I should certainly break my heart if he refused at that time to give me his blessing, and be reconciled to me. He was so far from relenting towards me, that he bid her speak no more of me, unless she had a mind to disturb him in his last moments; for, Sir, you must know that he has the reputation of an honest and religious man, which makes my misfortune so much the greater. God be thanked he is since recovered: but his severe usage has given me such a blow, that I shall soon sink under it, unless I may be relieved by any impressions which the reading of this in your paper may make upon him.

I am, &c.'

Of all hardnesses of heart there is none so inexcusable as that of parents towards their children.* An obstinate, inflexible, unforgiving temper is odious upon all occasions; but here it is unnatural. The love, tenderness, and compassion, which are apt to arise in us towards those who depend upon us, is that by which the whole world of life is upheld. The Supreme Being, by the transcendant

---

* SMOLLET, in the beginning of his *Roderic Random*, very forcibly illustrates this doctrine. The death of RODERIC'S mother, the misery and voluntary exile of his father, were the natural consequences of the barbarity of the old grandfather. To the same source may be traced many of the sufferings of the innocent grandson.

scendent excellency and goodness of his nature, extends his mercy towards all his works: and because his creatures have not such a spontaneous benevolence, and compassion towards those who are under their care and protection, he has implanted in them an instinct, that supplies the place of this inherent goodness. I have illustrated this kind of instinct in former papers, * and have shewn how it runs through all the species of brute creatures, as indeed the whole animal creation subsists by it.

This instinct in man is more general and uncircumscribed than in brutes, as being enlarged by the dictates of reason and duty. For if we consider ourselves attentively, we shall find that we are not only inclined to love those who descend from us, but that we bear a kind of στοργή, or natural affection, to every thing which relies upon us for its good and preservation. Dependence is a perpetual call upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderness and pity, than any other motive whatsoever.

The man therefore who, not withstanding any passion or resentment, can overcome th s powerful instinct, and extinguish natural affection, debases his mind even below brutality, frustrates, as much as in him lies, the great design of Providence, and strikes out of his nature one of the most divine principles that is planted in it.

Among innumerable arguments which might be brought against such an unreasonable proceeding, I shall only insist on one. We make it the condition of our forgiveness that we forgive others. In our very prayers, we desire no more than to be treated by this kind of retaliation. The case therefore before us seems to be what they call a *case in point;* the relation between the child and father, being what comes nearest to that between a creature and its Creator. If the father is inexorable

* See No. 120, and 121.

orable to the child who has offended, let the offence be of ever so high a nature, how will he address himself to the Supreme Being, under the tender appellation of a Father, and desire of him such a forgiveness as he himself refuses to grant?

To this I might add many other religious, as well as many prudential considerations; but if the last mentioned motive does not prevail, I despair of succeeding by any other, and shall therefore conclude my paper with a very remarkable story, which is recorded in an old chronicle published by FREHER, among the writers of the German history.

EGINHART, who was Secretary to CHARLES the Great, became exceeding popular by his behaviour in that post. His great abilities gained him the favour of his master, and the esteem of the whole court. IMMA, the daughter of the Emperor, was so pleased with his person and conversation, that she fell in love with him. As she was one of the greatest beauties of the age, EGINHART answered her with a more than equal return of passion. They stifled their flames for some time, under apprehension of the fatal consequences that might ensue. EGINHART at length resolving to hazard all, rather than live deprived of one whom his heart was so much set upon, conveyed himself one night into the Princess's apartment, and knocking gently at the door, was admitted as a person who had something to communicate to her from the Emperor. He was with her in private most part of the night; but upon his preparing to go away about break of day, he observed that there had fallen a great snow during his stay with the Princess. This very much perplexed him, lest the prints of his feet in the snow might make discoveries to the King, who often used to visit his daughter in the morning. He acquainted the Princess IMMA with his fears; who, after some consultations upon the matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the snow upon her own shoulders.—It happened, that the Emperor not being able to sleep,

was at that time up and walking in his chamber, when upon looking through the window he perceived his daughter tottering under her burden, and carrying his first minister across the snow; which she had no sooner done, but she returned again with the utmost speed to her own apartment. The Emperor was extremely troubled and astonished at this accident; but resolved to speak nothing of it until a proper opportunity. In the mean time, EGINHART knowing that what he had done could not be long a secret, determined to retire from court; and in order to it begged the Emperor that he would be pleased to dismiss him, pretending a kind of discontent at his not having been rewarded for his long services. The Emperor would not give a direct answer to his petition, but told him he would think of it, and appointed a certain day when he would let him know his pleasure. He then called together the most faithful of his counsellors, and acquainting them with his Secretary's crime, asked them their advice in so delicate an affair. They most of them gave their opinion, that the person could not be too severely punished, who had thus dishonoured his master. Upon the whole debate, the Emperor declared it was his opinion, that EGINHART's punishment would rather increase than diminish the shame of his family, and that therefore he thought it the most adviseable to wear out the memory of the fact, by marrying him to his daugther. Accordingly EGINHART was called in, and acquainted by the Emperor, that he should no longer have any pretence of complaining his services were not rewarded, for that the Princess IMMA should be given him in marriage, with a dower suitable to her quality; which was soon after performed accordingly.

L.

No. 182.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1711.

Plus aloes quàm mellis habet ——— JUV. SAT. vi. 180.

"The bitter overbalances the sweet."

ON SEDUCTION.

As all parts of human life come under my observation, my reader must not make uncharitable inferences from my speaking knowingly of that sort of crime which is at present treated of. He will, I hope, suppose I know it only from the letters of correspondents, two of which you shall have as follow.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'It is wonderful to me that among the many enormities which you have treated of, you have not mentioned that of wenching, and particularly the ensnaring part. I mean, that it is a thing very fit for your pen, to expose the villany of the practice of deluding women. You are to know, Sir, that I myself am a woman who have been one of the unhappy that have fallen into this misfortune, and that by the insinuation of a very worthless fellow, who served others in the same manner, both before my ruin, and since that time. I had, as soon as the rascal left me, so much indignation and resolution, as not to go upon the town, as the phrase is, but took to work for my living in an obscure place, out of the knowledge of all with whom I was before acquainted.

'It is the ordinary practice and business of life with a set of idle fellows about this town, to write letters, send messages, and form appointments with little raw unthinking

thinking girls, and leave them after possession of them, without any mercy, to shame, infamy, poverty, and disease. Were you to read the nauseous impertinencies which are written on these occasions, and to see the silly creatures sighing over them, it could not but be matter of mirth as well as pity. A little 'prentice girl of mine has been for some time applied to by an Irish fellow, who dresses very fine, and struts in a laced coat, and is the admiration of seamstresses who are under age in town. Ever since I have had some knowledge of the matter, I have debarred my 'prentice from pen, ink, and paper. But the other day he bespoke some cravats of me: I went out of the shop, and left his mistress to put them up in a band-box, in order to be sent to him when his man called. When I came into the shop again, I took occasion to send her away, and found in the bottom of the box written these words, 'Why would you ruin a harmless creature that loves you?' Then in the lid, 'There is no resisting STREPHON.' I searched a little farther, and found in the rim of the box, 'At eleven o'clock at night come in a hackney-coach at the end of our street.' This was enough to alarm me; I sent away the things, and took my measures accordingly. An hour or two before the appointed time I examined my young lady, and found her trunk stuffed with impertinent letters, and an old scroll of parchment in Latin, which her lover had sent her as a settlement of fifty pounds a year. Among other things, there was also the best lace I had in my shop to make him a present for cravats. I was very glad of this last circumstance, because I could very conscientiously swear against him that he had enticed my servant away, and was her accomplice in robbing me: I procured a warrant against him accordingly. Every thing was now prepared, and the tender hour of love approaching, I, who had acted for myself in my youth the same senseless part, knew how to manage accordingly; therefore, after having locked up my maid, and not being so much unlike her in height and shape,

as in a huddled way not to pass for her, I delivered the bundle designed to be carried off to her lover's man, who came with the signal to receive them. Thus I followed after to the coach, where, when I saw his master take them in, I cried out thieves! thieves! and the constable with his attendants seized my expecting lover. I kept myself unobserved until I saw the crowd sufficently increased, and then appeared to declare the goods to be mine; and had the satisfaction to see my man of mode put into the Round-House, with the stolen wares by him, to be produced in evidence against him the next morning. This matter is notoriously known to be fact; and I have been contented to save my 'prentice, and take a year's rent of this mortified lover, not to appear farther in the matter. This was some penance; but, Sir, is this enough for a villany of much more pernicious consequence than the trifles for which he was to have been indited? Should not you, and all men of any parts or honour, put things upon so right a foot, as that such a rascal should not laugh at the imputation of what he was really guilty, and dread being accused of that for which he was arrested?

'In a word, Sir, it is in the power of you, and such as I hope you are, to make it as infamous to rob a poor creature of her honour as her clothes. I leave this to your consideration, only take leave (which I cannot do without sighing) to remark to you, that if this had been the sense of mankind thirty years ago, I should have avoided a life spent in poverty and shame.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

ALICE THREADNEEDLE.'

Round-House, Sept. 9.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a man of pleasure about town, but by the stupidity of a dull rogue of a Justice of Peace, and an insolent

solent constable, upon the oath of an old harridan, am imprisoned here for theft, when I designed only fornication. The midnight magistrate, as he conveyed me along, had you in his mouth, and said, this would make a pure story for the SPECTATOR. I hope, Sir, you won't pretend to wit, and take the part of dull rogues of business. The world is so altered of late years, that there was not a man who would knock down a watchman in my behalf, but I was carried off with as much triumph as if I had been a pick-pocket. At this rate, there is an end of all the wit and humour in the world. The time was when all the honest whore-masters in the neighbourhood would have rose against the cuckolds in my rescue. If fornication is to be scandalous, half the fine things that have been writ by most of the wits of the last age may be burnt by the common hangman. Harkee, Mr. SPEC. do not be queer; after having done some things pretty well, don't begin to write at that rate that no gentleman can read thee. Be true to love, and burn your *Seneca*. You do not expect me to write my name from hence, but

I am

Your unknown humble, &c.'

T.

N°. 183.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1711.

Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.
Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι

HESIOD.

"Sometimes fair truth in fiction we disguise;
"Sometimes present her naked to men's eyes."

ON FABLES, WITH THE ALLEGORY OF PLEASURE AND PAIN.

FABLES were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world; and have been still highly valued not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but among the most polite ages of mankind. JOTHAM'S fable of the trees * is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time. NATHAN'S fable of the poor man and his lamb † is likewise more ancient than any that is extant, besides the above-mentioned, and had so good an effect, as to convey instruction to the ear of a King without offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and his duty. We find ÆSOP in the most distant ages of Greece; and if we look into the very beginnings of the commonwealth of Rome, ‡ we see a mutiny among the common people appeased by a fable of the belly and the limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the attention of an incensed rabble, at a time when perhaps they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than

* *Judges* ix. 8, 15. † 2 *Sam.* xii. 1. 4.
‡ *Liv. Hist.* lib. ii. sect. 32, &c. *Florus*, lib. i. c. 23.

than when learning was at its greatest height. To justify this assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of HORACE, the greatest wit and critic in the Augustan age; and of BOILEAU, the most correct poet among the moderns; not to mention LA FONTAINE, who by this way of writing is come more into vogue than any other author of our times.

The fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon brutes and vegetables, with some of our own species mixt among them, when the moral hath so required. But besides this kind of fable, there is another in which the actors are passions, virtues, vices, and other imaginary persons of the like nature. Some of the ancient critics will have it, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of HOMER are fables of this nature; and that the several names of gods and heroes are nothing else but the affections of the mind in a visible shape and character. Thus they tell us that ACHILLES, in the first Iliad, represents ANGER, or the irascible part of human nature; that upon drawing his sword against his superior in a full assembly, PALLAS is only another name for REASON; which checks and advises him upon that occasion; and at her first appearance touches him upon the head, that part of the man being looked upon as the seat of reason. And thus of the rest of the poem. As for the *Odyssey*, I think it is plain that HORACE considered it as one of these allegorical fables, by the moral which he has given us of several parts of it. The greatest Italian wits have applied themselves to the writing of this latter kind of fables. SPENCER's *Fairy-Queen* is one continued series of them, from the beginning to the end of that admirable work. If we look into the finest prose authors of antiquity, such as CICERO, PLATO, XENOPHON, and many others, we shall find that this was likewise their favourite kind of fable. I shall only farther observe upon it, that the first of this sort that made any considerable figure in the world, was that of HERCULES meeting with PLEASURE and VIRTUE; which was invented

invented by PRODICUS, who lived before SOCRATES, and in the first dawnings of philosophy. He used to travel through Greece by virtue of this fable, which procured him a kind reception in all the market-towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an audience about him.

After this short preface, which I have made up of such materials as my memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my reader with a fable of this kind, which I design as the entertainment of the present paper, I must in a few words open the occasion of it.

In the account which PLATO gives us of the conversation and behaviour of SOCRATES, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumstance:

When SOCRATES's fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the day that the condemned person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his disciples, and laying one of his legs over the other, in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and whether it was to shew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or (after his usual manner) to take every occasion of philosophising upon some useful subject, he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his leg, that just before had been so much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleasure and pain in general, and how constantly they succeed one another. To this he added, that if a man of a good genius for a fable, were to represent the nature of pleasure and pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other.

It is possible that if PLATO had thought it proper at such a time to describe SOCRATES launching out into a discourse which was not of a piece with the business of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful allegory or fable. But since

since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one myself, in the spirit of that divine author.'

'There were two families, which, from the beginning of the world, were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was PLEASURE, who was the daughter of HAPPINESS, who was the child of VIRTUE, who was the offspring of the GODS. These, as I said before, had their habitation in Heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was PAIN, who was the son of MISERY, who was the child of VICE, who was the offspring of the FURIES. The habitation of this race of beings was in Hell.

'The middle station of nature between these two opposite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of these two opposite families. JUPITER considering that the species, commonly called Man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a distinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned families, PLEASURE who was the daughter of HAPPINESS, and PAIN who was the son of MISERY, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half-way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share mankind between them.

'PLEASURE and PAIN were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that PLEASURE should take possession of the virtuous, and PAIN of the vicious part of that species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old places of residence, there was no person so vicious who had not some good in him, nor any person so virtuous who had not

not in him some evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most vicious man PLEASURE might lay claim to an hundredth part, and that in the most virtuous man PAIN might come in for at least two-thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded. By this means it is that we find PLEASURE and PAIN are such constant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If PAIN comes into a heart, he is quickly followed by PLEASURE; and if PLEASURE enters, you may be sure PAIN is not far off.

'But notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of JUPITER in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently; upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from PAIN, there to dwell with MISERY, VICE, and the FURIES. On the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be dispatched into Heaven by a passport from PLEASURE, there to dwell with HAPPINESS, VIRTUE, and the GODS.

L.

No. 184.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1711.

—— Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

HOR. ARS POET. v. 360.

"—— Who labours long, may be allowed to sleep."

ON NICHOLAS HART THE SLEEPER.

WHEN a man has discovered a new vein of humour, it often carries him much farther than he expected from it. My correspondents take the hint I gave them, and pursue it into speculations which I never thought of at my first starting it. This has been the fate of my paper on the Match of Grinning, which has already produced a second paper on parallel subjects, and brought me the following letter by the last post. I shall not premise any thing to it farther, than that it is built on matter of fact, and is as follows:

SIR,

'You have already obliged the world with a discourse upon Grinning, and have since proceeded to Whistling, from whence you at length came to Yawning; from this, I think, you may make a very natural transition to Sleeping. I therefore recommend to you for the subject of a paper, the following advertisement, which about two months ago was given into every body's hands, and may be seen with some additions in the *Daily Courant* of August the ninth.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

"NICHOLAS HART,* who slept last year in St. Bartholomew's hospital, intends to sleep this year at the Cock and Bottle, in Little Britain."

'Having since inquired into the matter of fact, I find that the above mentioned NICHOLAS HART is every year seized with a periodical fit of sleeping, which begins upon the fifth of August, and ends on the eleventh of the same month: That

On the first of that month he grew dull;
On the second, appeared drowsy;
On the third, fell a yawning;
On the fourth, began to nod;
On the fifth, dropped asleep;
On the sixth, was heard to snore;
On the seventh, turned himself in his bed;
On the eighth, recovered his former posture;
On the ninth, fell a stretching;
On the tenth, about midnight, awaked;
On the eleventh, in the morning, called for a little small beer.

'This account I have extracted out of the journal of this sleeping worthy, as it has been faithfully kept by a gentleman of Lincoln's-Inn, who has undertaken to be his historiographer. I have sent it to you, not only as it represents the actions of NICHOLAS HART, but as it seems a very natural picture of the life of many an honest English gentleman, whose whole history very often consists of yawning, nodding, stretching, turning, sleeping, drinking, and the like extraordinary particulars. I do not question, Sir, that, if you pleased, you could

* There are accounts signed by a respectable witness, and by Mr: HART himself, in the British Museum, which testify the fact here stated.

could put out an advertisement not unlike the abovementioned, of several men of figure; that Mr. JOHN SUCH-A-ONE, Gentleman, or THOMAS SUCH-A-ONE, Esquire, who slept in the country last summer, intends to sleep in town this winter. The worst of it is, that the drowsy part of our species is chiefly made up of very honest gentlemen, who live quietly among their neighbours, without ever disturbing the public peace. They are drones without stings. I could heartily wish that several turbulent, restless, ambitious spirits, would for a while change places with these good men, and enter themselves into NICHOLAS HART's fraternity. Could one but lay asleep a few busy heads which I could name, from the first of November next to the first of May ensuing, I question not but it would very much redound to the quiet of particular persons, as well as to the benefit of the public.

'But to return to NICHOLAS HART: I believe, Sir, you will think it a very extraordinary circumstance for a man to gain his livelihood by sleeping, and that rest should procure a man sustenance as well as industry; yet so it is, that NICHOLAS got last year enough to support himself for a twelvemonth. I am likewise informed that he has this year had a very comfortable nap. The poets value themselves very much for sleeping on Parnassus, but I never heard they got a groat by it. On the contrary, our friend NICHOLAS gets more by sleeping than he could by working, and may be more properly said, than ever HOMER was, to have had golden dreams. JUVENAL indeed mentions a drowsy husband who raised an estate by snoring, but then he is represented to have slept what the common people call a dog's sleep; or if his sleep was real, his wife was awake, and about her business. Your pen, which loves to moralize upon all subjects, may raise something, methinks, on this circumstance also, and point out to us those sets of men, who, instead of growing rich by an honest industry, recommend themselves to the favours of

of the great, by making themselves agreeable companions in the participations of luxury and pleasure.

'I must further acquaint you, Sir, that one of the most eminent pens in Grub-street is now employed in writing the dream of this miraculous sleeper, which I hear will be of more than ordinary length, as it must contain all the particulars that are supposed to have passed in his imagination during so long a sleep. He is said to have gone already through three days and three nights of it, and to have comprised in them the most remarkable passages of the four first empires of the world. If he can keep free from party strokes, his work may be of use; but this I much doubt, having been informed by one of his friends and confidants, that he has spoken some things of NIMROD with too great freedom.*

L. I am ever, SIR, &c.'

---

* During the Tory Ministry of Queen ANNE, attacks on the character of any King were frequently construed to be directed against the Queen and her Ministers.

No. 185.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1711.

———Tantæne animis cœlestibus Iræ?

VIRG. ÆN. i. 15.

"And dwells such fury in celestial breasts?

ON ZEAL.

THERE is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in what the world calls *Zeal*. There are so many passions which hide themselves under it, and so many mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the benefit of mankind if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues. It is certain, where it is once laudable and prudential, it is an hundred times criminal and erroneous; nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that it operates with equal violence in all religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the subdivisions of each religion in particular.

We are told by some of the Jewish Rabbins, that the first murder was occasioned by a religious controversy; and if we had the whole history of Zeal from the days of CAIN to our own times, we should see it filled with so many scenes of slaughter and bloodshed, as would make a wise man very careful how he suffers himself to be actuated by such a principle, when it only regards matters of opinion and speculation.

I would have every zealous man examine his heart thoroughly, and, I believe, he will often find, that what he calls a zeal for his religion, is either pride, interest, or ill-nature. A man who differs from another in opinion, sets himself above him in his own judgment, and in several

veral particulars pretends to be the wiser person. This is a great provocation to the proud man, and gives a very keen edge to what he calls his *Zeal*. And that this is the case very often, we may observe from the behaviour of some of the most zealous for Orthodoxy,* who have often great friendships and intimacies with vicious immoral men, provided they do but agree with them in the same scheme of belief. The reason is, because the vicious believer gives the precedency to the virtuous man, and allows the good Christian to be the worthier person, at the same time that he cannot come up to his perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite passage which we see quoted in almost every system of ethics, though upon another occasion,

——————Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor——————

OVID. MET. vii. 20.

" I see the right, and I approve it too;
" Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

TATE.

On the contrary, it is certain, if our zeal were true and genuine, we should be much more angry with a sinner than a heretic; since there are several cases which may excuse the latter before his great Judge, but none which can excuse the former.

Interest is likewise a great inflamer, and sets a man on persecution under the colour of Zeal. For this reason we find none are so forward to promote the true worship by fire and sword, as those who find their present account in it. But I shall extend the word Interest to a larger meaning than what is generally given it, as it

 relates

* The flaming zeal which prevailed among High-Churchmen in the days of ADDISON, and which shewed itself in virulent abuse of the Dissenters, probably, in part contributed to the production of these strictures. ADDISON, as we observed in his Life, estimated men by their piety, wisdom, and virtue; not by their speculative opinions.

relates to our spiritual safety and welfare, as well as to our temporal. A man is glad to gain numbers on his side, as they serve to strengthen him in his private opinions. Every proselyte is like a new argument for the establishment of his faith. It makes him believe that his principles carry conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the reason of others, as well as to his own. And that this temper of mind deludes a man very often into an opinion of his zeal, may appear from the common behaviour of the Atheist, who maintains and spreads his opinions with as much heat as those who believe they do it only out of a passion for God's glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful imitator of Zeal. Many a good man may have a natural rancour and malice in his heart, which has been in some measure quelled and subdued by religion; but if it finds any pretence of breaking out, which does not seem to him inconsistent with the duties of a Christian, it throws off all restraint, and rages in full fury. Zeal is therefore a great ease to a malicious man, by making him believe he does God's service, whilst he is gratifying the bent of a perverse revengeful temper. For this reason we find, that most of the massacres and devastations, which have been in the world, have taken their rise from a furious pretended zeal.

I love to see a man zealous in a good matter, and especially when his zeal shews itself for advancing morality, and promoting the happiness of mankind. But when I find the instruments he works with are racks and gibbets, gallies and dungeons; when he imprisons men's persons, confiscates their estates, ruins their families, and burns the body to save the soul, I cannot stick to pronounce of such a one, that (whatever he may think of his faith and religion) his faith is vain, and his religion unprofitable.

After having treated of these false Zealots in Religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous species of men,

men, who one would not think had any existence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary conversation, I mean the Zealots in Atheism. One would fancy that these men, though they fall short, in every other respect, of those who make a profession of religion, would at least outshine them in this particular, and be exempt from that single fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent fervours of religion. But so it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much fierceness and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the safety of mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of Zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper colours. They are a sort of gamesters who are eternally upon the fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teizing their friends to come over to them, though at the same time they allow that neither of them shall get any thing by the bargain. In short, the zeal of spreading Atheism is, if possible, more absurd than Atheism itself.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in Atheists and Infidels, I must farther observe, that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest difficulty in an article of faith as a sufficient reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reason of mankind, that are conformable to the sense of all ages, and all nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happiness of societies, or of particular persons, are exploded as errors and prejudices; and schemes erected in their stead that are altogether monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of these bigotted Infidels, supposing all the great points of Atheism, as the casual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality

of

of a thinking substance, the mortality of the soul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motions and gravitation of matter, with the like particulars, were laid together and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the most celebrated Atheists; I say, supposing such a creed as this were formed, and imposed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of faith, than any set of articles which they so violently oppose. Let me therefore advise this generation of Wranglers, for their own and for the public good, to act at least so consistently with themselves, as not to burn with zeal for irreligion, and with bigotry for nonsense.

C.

N°. 186.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1711.

Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.——

HOR. 3 OD. i. 38.

"High Heaven itself our impious rage assails." P.

AN ESSAY ON MODERN INFIDELITY.

UPON my return to my lodgings last night, I found a letter from my worthy friend the CLERGYMAN, whom I have given some account of in my former papers. He tells me in it that he was particularly pleased with the latter part of my yesterday's speculation; and at the same time inclosed the following Essay, which he desires me to publish as the sequel of that discourse. It consists partly of uncommon reflections, and partly of such as have been already used, but now set in a stronger light.

'A *Believer* may be excused by the most hardened Atheist for endeavouring to make him a convert, because he does it with an eye to both their interests. The Atheist is inexcusable who tries to gain over a Believer, because he does not propose the doing himself or the Believer any good by such a conversion.

'The prospect of a future state is the secret comfort and refreshment of my soul; it is that which makes nature look gay about me; it doubles all my pleasures, and supports me under all my afflictions. I can look at disappointments and misfortunes, pain and sickness, death itself, and what is worse than death, the loss of those who are dearest to me, with indifference, so long as I keep in view the the pleasures of eternity, and the state

state of being in which there will be no fears nor apprehensions, pains nor sorrows, sickness nor separation. Why will any man be so impertinently officious as to tell me all this is only fancy and delusion? Is there any merit in being the messenger of ill news? If it is a dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both the happier and better man.

'I must confess I do not know how to trust a man who believes neither heaven nor hell, or, in other words, a future state of rewards and punishments. Not only natural self-love, but reason directs us to promote our own interests above all things. It can never be for the interest of a Believer to do me a mischief, because he is sure upon the balance of accounts to find himself a loser by it. On the contrary, if he considers his own welfare in his behaviour towards me, it will lead him to do me all the good he can, and at the same time restrain him from doing me any injury. An Unbeliever does not act like a reasonable creature, if he favours me contrary to his present interest, or does not distress me when it turns to his present advantage. Honour and good-nature may, indeed, tie up his hands; but as these would be very much strengthened by reason and principle, so without them they are only instincts, or wavering unsettled notions, which rest on no foundation.

'Infidelity has been attacked with so good success of late years, that it is driven out of all its out-works. The Atheist has not found his post tenable, and is therefore retired into Deism, and a disbelief of revealed religion only. But the truth of it is, the greatest number of this set of men are those who, for want of a virtuous education, or examining the grounds of religion, know so very little of the matter in question, that their infidelity is but another term for their ignorance.

'As folly and inconsiderateness are the foundations of infidelity, the great pillars and supports of it are either a vanity of appearing wiser than the rest of mankind, or an ostentation of courage in despising the terrors of another world, which have so great an influence

on

on what they call weaker minds; or an aversion to a belief that must cut them off from many of those pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill them with remorse for many of those they have already tasted.

'The great received articles of the Christian Religion have been so clearly proved, from the authority of that Divine Revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impossible for those who have ears to hear, and eyes to see, not to be convinced of them. But were it possible for any thing in the Christian Faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill consequences in adhering to it. The great points of the incarnation and sufferings of our SAVIOUR produce naturally such habits of virtue in the mind of man, that I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the Infidel himself must at least allow that no other system of religion could so effectually contribute to the heightening of morality. They give us great ideas of the dignity of human nature, and of the love which the Supreme Being bears to his creatures, and consequently engage us in the highest acts of duty towards our Creator, our neighbour and ourselves. How many noble arguments has Saint PAUL raised from the chief articles of our religion, for the advancing of morality in its three great branches? To give a single example in each kind. What can be a stronger motive to a firm trust and reliance on the mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and esteem even the most inconsiderable of mankind more than the thought that CHRIST died for him? Or what dispose us to set a stricter guard upon the purity of our own hearts, than our being members of CHRIST, and a part of the society of which that immaculate person is the head? But these are only a specimen of those admirable inforcements of morality, which the Apostle has drawn from the history of our blessed SAVIOUR.

'If our modern Infidels considered these matters with that candour and seriousness which they deserve, we should

state of being in which there will be no fears nor apprehensions, pains nor sorrows, sickness nor separation. Why will any man be so impertinently officious as to tell me all this is only fancy and delusion? Is there any merit in being the messenger of ill news? If it is a dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both the happier and better man.

'I must confess I do not know how to trust a man who believes neither heaven nor hell, or, in other words, a future state of rewards and punishments. Not only natural self-love, but reason directs us to promote our own interests above all things. It can never be for the interest of a Believer to do me a mischief, because he is sure upon the balance of accounts to find himself a loser by it. On the contrary, if he considers his own welfare in his behaviour towards me, it will lead him to do me all the good he can, and at the same time restrain him from doing me any injury. An Unbeliever does not act like a reasonable creature, if he favours me contrary to his present interest, or does not distress me when it turns to his present advantage. Honour and good-nature may, indeed, tie up his hands; but as these would be very much strengthened by reason and principle, so without them they are only instincts, or wavering unsettled notions, which rest on no foundation.

'Infidelity has been attacked with so good success of late years, that it is driven out of all its out-works. The Atheist has not found his post tenable, and is therefore retired into Deism, and a disbelief of revealed religion only. But the truth of it is, the greatest number of this set of men are those who, for want of a virtuous education, or examining the grounds of religion, know so very little of the matter in question, that their infidelity is but another term for their ignorance.

'As folly and inconsiderateness are the foundations of infidelity, the great pillars and supports of it are either a vanity of appearing wiser than the rest of mankind, or an ostentation of courage in despising the terrors of another world, which have so great an influence

on

on what they call weaker minds; or an aversion to a belief that must cut them off from many of those pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill them with remorse for many of those they have already tasted.

'The great received articles of the Christian Religion have been so clearly proved, from the authority of that Divine Revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impossible for those who have ears to hear, and eyes to see, not to be convinced of them. But were it possible for any thing in the Christian Faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill consequences in adhering to it. The great points of the incarnation and sufferings of our SAVIOUR produce naturally such habits of virtue in the mind of man, that I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the Infidel himself must at least allow that no other system of religion could so effectually contribute to the heightening of morality. They give us great ideas of the dignity of human nature, and of the love which the Supreme Being bears to his creatures, and consequently engage us in the highest acts of duty towards our Creator, our neighbour and ourselves. How many noble arguments has Saint PAUL raised from the chief articles of our religion, for the advancing of morality in its three great branches? To give a single example in each kind. What can be a stronger motive to a firm trust and reliance on the mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and esteem even the most inconsiderable of mankind more than the thought that CHRIST died for him? Or what dispose us to set a stricter guard upon the purity of our own hearts, than our being members of CHRIST, and a part of the society of which that immaculate person is the head? But these are only a specimen of those admirable inforcements of morality, which the Apostle has drawn from the history of our blessed SAVIOUR.

'If our modern Infidels considered these matters with that candour and seriousness which they deserve, we should

should not see them act with such a spirit of bitterness, arrogance, and malice. They would not be raising such insignificant cavils, doubts, and scruples, as may be started against every thing that is not capable of mathematical demonstration; in order to unsettle the minds of the ignorant, disturb the public peace, subvert morality, and throw all things into confusion and disorder. If none of these reflections can have any influence on them, there is one that perhaps may, because it is adapted to their vanity, by which they seem to be guided much more than their reason. I would therefore have them consider, that the wisest and best of men, in all ages of the world, have been those who lived up to the religion of their country, when they saw nothing in it opposite to morality, and to the best lights they had of the Divine Nature. PYTHAGORAS's first rule directs us to worship the Gods "as it is ordained by law," for that is the most natural interpretation of the precept. * SOCRATES, who was the most renowned among the Heathens both for wisdom and virtue, in his last moments desires his friends to offer a cock to ÆSCULAPIUS; doubtless out of a submissive deference to the established worship of his country. XENOPHON tells us, that his prince (whom he sets forth as a pattern of perfection) when he found his death approaching, offered sacrifices on the mountains to the Persian JUPITER, and the Sun, "according to the custom of the Persians;" for those are the words of the historian. † Nay, the Epicureans and atomical philosophers shewed a very remarkable modesty in this particular; for though the being of a God was entirely repugnant to their schemes of natural philosophy, they contented themselves with the denial of a Providence, asserting at the same time the existence of Gods in general: because they would not shock the common belief of mankind, and the religion of their country.' L.

NO.

* See the motto to No. 112. † *Xenoph. Cyropæd.* lib. viii, p. 500.

N°. 187.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1711.

——Miseri quibus
Intentata nites——

HOR. I OD. V. 12.

"Ah wretched they! whom PYRRHA's smile
"And unsuspected arts beguile!"

DUNCOMBE.

ON JILTS.

THE intelligence given by this correspondent is so important and useful, in order to avoid the persons he speaks of, that I shall insert his letter at length.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I DO not know that you have ever touched upon a certain species of women, whom we ordinarily call *Jilts*. You cannot possibly go upon a more useful work, than the consideration of these dangerous animals. The Coquette is indeed one degree towards the Jilt; but the heart of the former is bent upon admiring herself, and giving false hopes to her lovers; but the latter is not contented to be extremely amiable, but she must add to that advantage a certain delight in being a torment to others. Thus when her lover is in the full expectation of success, the Jilt shall meet him with a sudden indifference, and admiration in her face at his being surprised that he is received like a stranger, and a cast of her head another way with a pleasant scorn of the fellow's insolence. It is very probable the lover goes home utterly astonished and dejected, sits down to his 'scrutoire,

'scrutoire, sends her word in the most abject terms "That he knows not what he has done, that all which was desirable in this life is so suddenly vanished from him, that the charmer of his soul should withdraw the vital heat from the heart which pants for her." He continues a mournful absence for some time, pining in secret, and out of humour with all things which he meets with. At length he takes a resolution to try his fate, and explain with her resolutely upon her unaccountable carriage. He walks up to her apartments, with a thousand inquietudes and doubts in what manner he shall meet the first cast of her eye; when upon his first appearance she flies towards him, wonders where he has been, accuses him of his absence, and treats him with a familiarity as surprising as her former coldness. This good correspondence continues until the lady observes the lover grows happy in it, and then she interrupts it with some new inconsistency of behaviour. For (as I just now said) the happiness of a Jilt consists only in the power of making others uneasy. But such is the folly of this sect of women, that they carry on this pretty skittish behaviour, until they have no charms left to render it supportable. CORINNA, that used to torment all who conversed with her false glances, and little heedless unguarded motions, that were to betray some inclination towards the man she would ensnare, finds at present all she attempts that way unregarded; and is obliged to indulge the Jilt in her constitution, by laying artificial plots, writing perplexing letters from unknown hands, and making all the young fellows in love with her, until they find out who she is. Thus, as before she gave torment by disguising her inclination, she now is obliged to do it by hiding her person.

'As for my own part, Mr. SPECTATOR, it has been my unhappy fate to be jilted from my youth upward; and as my taste has been very much towards intrigue, and having intelligence with women of wit, my whole life has passed away in a series of impositions. I shall,

for the benefit of the present race of young men, give some account of my loves. I know not whether you have heard of the famous girl about town called KITTY. This creature (for I must take shame upon myself) was my mistress in the days when keeping was in fashion. KITTY, under the appearance of being wild, thoughtless, and irregular in all her words and actions, concealed the most accomplished Jilt of her time. Her negligence had to me a charm in it like that of chastity, and want of desires seemed as great a merit, as the conquest of them. The air she gave herself was that of a romping girl, and whenever I talked to her with any turn of fondness, she would immediately snatch off my periwig, try it upon herself in the glass, clap her arms a-kimbow, draw my sword, and make passes on the wall, take off my cravat, and seize it to make some other use of the lace, or run into some other unaccountable rompishness, until the time I had appointed to pass away with her was over. I went from her full of pleasure at the reflection that I had the keeping of so much beauty in a woman, who, as she was too heedless to please me, was also too unattentive to form a design to wrong me. Long did I divert every hour that hung heavy upon me in the company of this creature, whom I looked upon as neither guilty nor innocent, but could laugh at myself for my unaccountable pleasure in an expence upon her, until in the end it appeared my pretty insensible was with child by my footman.

'This accident roused me into a disdain against all libertine women, under what appearance soever they hid their insincerity, and I resolved after that time to converse with none but those who lived within the rules of decency and honour. To this end I formed myself into a more regular turn of behaviour, and began to make visits, frequent assemblies, and lead out ladies from the theatres, with all the other insignificant duties which the professed servants of the fair place themselves in constant readiness to perform. In a very little time, (having

ing a plentiful fortune) fathers and mothers began to regard me as a good match, and I found easy admittance into the best families in town to observe their daughters; but I, who was born to follow the fair to no purpose, have by the force of my ill stars made my application to three Jilts successively.

'HYÆNA is one of those who form themselves into a melancholy and indolent air, and endeavour to gain admirers from their inattention to all around them. HYÆNA can loll in her coach, with something so fixed in her countenance, that it is impossible to conceive her meditation is employed only on her dress and her charms in that posture. If it were not too coarse a simile, I should say, HYNÆA, in the figure she affects to appear in, is a spider in the midst of a cobweb, that is sure to destroy every fly that approaches it. The net HYÆNA throws is so fine, that you are taken in it, before you can observe any part of her work. I attempted her for a long and weary season, but I found her passion went no farther than to be admired; and she is of that unreasonable temper, as not to value the inconstancy of her lovers, provided she can boast she once had their addresses.

'BIBLIS was the second I aimed at, and her vanity lay in purchasing the adorers of others, and not in rejoicing in their love itself. BIBLIS is no man's mistress, but every woman's rival. As soon as I found this, I fell in love with CHLOE, who is my present pleasure and torment. I have written to her, danced with her, and fought for her, and have been her man in the sight and expectation of the whole town these three years, and thought myself near the end of my wishes; when the other day she called me into her closet, and told me, with a very grave face, that she was a woman of honour, and scorned to deceive a man who loved her with so much sincerity as she saw I did, and therefore she must inform me that she was by nature the most inconstant creature breathing, and begged of me not to marry her:

her: if I insisted upon it, I should; but that she was lately fallen in love with another. What to do or say I know not, but desire you to inform me, and you will infinitely oblige,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

CHARLES YELLOW.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. SLY,* haberdasher of hats, at the corner of Devereux-court in the Strand, gives notice, that he has prepared very neat hats, rubbers, and brushes for the use of young tradesmen in the last year of apprenticeship, at reasonable rates.

T.

---

* Mr. SLY, so often mentioned by the SPECTATOR, died in the beginning of the reign of GEORGE II. His death was announced in the *Evening Post* of April 12th, 1729, in the following words: "Last night died of a mortification in his leg, JOHN SLY, the late famous haberdasher, so often mentioned in the *Spectator*."

No. 188.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1711.

Lætus sum laudari à te laudato viro.

TULL.

"It gives me pleasure to be praised by you, whom all men "praise."

PRAISE TO BE ESTIMATED ACCORDING TO THE WISDOM AND MERIT OF THOSE WHO BESTOW IT.

HE is very unhappy man who sets his heart upon being admired by the multitude, or affects a general and undistinguishing applause among men. What pious men call the testimony of a *good conscience*, should be the measure of our ambition in this kind; that is to say, a man of spirit should contemn the praise of the ignorant, and like being applauded for nothing but what he knows in his own heart he deserves. Besides which, the character of the person who commends you is to be considered, before you set a value upon his esteem. The praise of an ignorant man is only good-will, and you should receive his kindness as he is a good neighbour in society, and not as a good judge of your actions in point of fame and reputation. The Satirist said very well of popular praise and acclamations, "give the tinkers and coblers their presents again, and learn to live of yourself." * It is an argument of a loose and ungoverned mind to be affected with the promiscuous approbation of the generality of mankind; and a man of virtue should be too delicate for so coarse an appetite of fame. Men of honour

* ——— Tollat sua munera cerdo
Tecum habita.

PERS. SAT. iv. SECT. 51.

honour should endeavour only to please the worthy, and the man of merit should desire to be tried only by his peers. I thought it a noble sentiment which I heard yesterday uttered in conversation; "I know, said a gentleman, a way to be greater than any man. If he has worth in him, I can rejoice in his superiority to me; and that satisfaction is a greater act of the soul in me, than any in him which can possibly appear to me." This thought could not proceed but from a candid and generous spirit; and the approbation of such minds is what may be esteemed true praise: for with the common rate of men there is nothing commendable but what they themselves may hope to be partakers of, and arrive at; but the motive truly glorious is, when the mind is set rather to do things laudable, than to purchase reputation. Where there is that sincerity as the foundation of a good name, the kind opinion of virtuous men will be an unsought, but a necessary consequence. The Lacedemonians, though a plain people, and no pretenders to politeness, had a certain delicacy in their sense of glory, and sacrificed to the Muses when they entered upon any great enterprise. They would have the commemoration of their actions be transmitted by the purest and most untainted memorialists. The din which attends victories and public triumphs is by far less eligible, than the recital of the actions of great men by honest and wise historians. It is a frivolous pleasure to be the admiration of gaping crouds; but to have the approbation of a good man in the cool reflections of his closet, is a gratification worthy an heroic spirit. The applause of the croud makes the head giddy, but the attestation of a reasonable man makes the heart glad.

What makes the love of popular or general praise still more ridiculous, is, that it is usually given for circumstances which are foreign to the persons admired. Thus they are the ordinary attendants on power and riches, which may be taken out of one man's hands, and put into another's. The application only, and not the pos-

session, makes those outward things honourable. The vulgar and men of sense agree in admiring men for having what they themselves would rather be possessed of; the wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous, the rest of the world him who is most wealthy.

When a man is in this way of thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monstrous, than to see persons of ingenuity address their services and performances to men no way addicted to liberal arts. In these cases, the praise on one hand, and the patronage on the other, are equally the objects of ridicule. Dedications to ignorant men are as absurd as any of the speeches of BULFINCH in the *Droll*. Such an address one is apt to translate into other words; and when the different parties are thoroughly considered, the panegyric generally implies no more than if the author should say to the patron; "My very good Lord, you and I can never understand one another, therefore I humbly desire we may be intimate friends for the future."

The rich may as well ask to borrow of the poor, as the man of virtue or merit hope for addition to his character from any but such as himself. He that commends another engages so much of his own reputation as he gives to that person commended; and he that has nothing laudable in himself is not of ability to be such a surety. The wise PHOCION was so sensible how dangerous it was to be touched with what the multitude approved, that upon a general acclamation made when he was making an oration, he turned to an intelligent friend who stood near him, and asked in a surprising manner, What slip have I made?

I shall conclude this paper with a billet which has fallen into my hands, and was written to a lady from a gentleman whom she had highly commended. The author of it had formerly been her lover. When all possibility of commerce between them on the subject of love was cut off, she spoke so handsomely of him, as to give occasion to this letter.

MADAM,

MADAM,

I SHOULD be insensible to a stupidity, if I could forbear making you my acknowledgments for your late mention of me with so much applause. It is, I think, your fate to give me new sentiments: as you formerly inspired me with the true sense of love, so do you now with the true sense of glory. As desire had the least part in the passion I heretofore professed towards you, so has vanity no share in the glory to which you have now raised me. Innocence, knowledge, beauty, virtue, sincerity, and discretion, are the constant ornaments of her who has said this to me. Fame is a babbler, but I have arrived at the highest glory in this world, the commendation of the most deserving person in it.

T.

No. 189.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1711.

———Patriæ pietatis imago.

VIRG. ÆN. X. 824.

"An image of paternal tenderness!"

A PICTURE OF A TYRANNICAL FATHER.

THE following letter being written to my bookseller upon a subject of which I treated some time since, I shall publish it in this paper, together with the letter that was inclosed in it.

MR. BUCKLEY,

'MR. SPECTATOR having of late descanted upon the cruelty of parents to their children,* I have been induced (at the request of several of Mr. SPECTATOR's admirers to inclose this letter, which I assure you is the original from a father to his own son, notwithstanding the latter gave but little or no provocation. It would be wonderfully obliging to the world, if Mr. SPECTATOR would give his opinion of it in some of his speculations, and particularly to (Mr. BUCKLEY)

Your humble servant.'

SIRRAH,

'YOU are a saucy audacious rascal, and both fool and mad, and I care not a farthing whether you comply or no; that does not raze out my impressions of your insolence, going about railing at me, and the next day to solicit

* See No. 181 and No. 182.

solicit my favour. These are inconsistencies, such as discover thy reason depraved. To be brief, I never desire to see your face; and, sirrah, if you go to the workhouse, it is no disgrace to me for you to be supported there; and if you starve in the streets, I'll never give any thing underhand in your behalf. If I have any more of your scribbling nonsense, I'll break your head the first time I set sight on you. You are a stubborn beast; is this your gratitude for my giving you money? You rogue, I'll better your judgment, and give you a greater sense of your duty to (I regret to say) your father, &c.'

'P. S. It's prudence for you to keep out of my sight; for to reproach me, that might overcomes right, on the outside of your letter, I shall give you a great knock on the scull for it.'

Was there ever such an image of paternal tenderness! It was usual among some of the Greeks to make their slaves drink to excess, and then expose them to their children, who by that means conceived an early aversion to a vice which makes men appear so monstrous and irrational. I have exposed this picture of an unnatural father with the same intention, that its deformity may deter others from its resemblance. If the reader has a mind to see a father of the same stamp represented in the most exquisite strokes of humour, he may meet with it in one of the finest comedies that ever appeared upon the English stage: I mean the part of Sir SAMPSON in *Love for Love*.

I must not however engage myself blindly on the side of the son, to whom the fond letter above-written was directed. His father calls him a "saucy and audacious rascal" in the first line, and I am afraid upon examination he will prove but an ungracious youth. "To go about railing" at his father, and to find no other place but "the

"the outside of his letter" to tell him "that might overcomes right"—if it does not discover "his reason to be depraved," and "that he is either fool or mad," as the choleric old gentleman tells him, we may at least allow that the father will do very well in endeavouring to "better his judgment, and give him a greater sense of his duty." But whether this may be brought about "by breaking his head," or "giving him a great knock on the scull," ought, I think, to be well considered. Upon the whole, I wish the father has not met with his match, and that he may not be as equally paired with a son, as the mother in *Virgil*.

——————Crudelis tu quoque mater:
Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.
ECL. viii. 48.

"O barbarous mother thirsting to destroy!
"More cruel was the mother or the boy?
"Both both alike delighted to destroy,
"Th' unnatural mother, and the ruthless boy."
WARTON.

Or like the crow and her egg in the Greek proverb.

Κακου κόρακος κακον ᾠον,
"Bad the crow, bad the egg."

I must here take notice of a letter which I have received from an unknown correspondent, upon the subject of my paper, upon which the foregoing letter is likewise founded.* The writer of it seems very much concerned lest that paper should seem to give encouragement to the disobedience of children towards their parents; but if the writer of it will take the pains to read it over again attentively, I dare say his apprehensions will vanish. Pardon and reconciliation are all the penitent daughter requests, and all that I contend for in her behalf; and in this case I may use the saying of an

* No. 181.

an eminent wit, who, upon some great men's pressing him to forgive his daughter, who had married against his consent, told them he could refuse nothing to their instances, but that he would have them remember there was a difference between giving and forgiving.

I must confess, in all controversies between parents and their children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The obligations on that side can never be acquitted, and I think it is one of the greatest reflections upon human nature, that paternal instinct should be a stronger motive to love than filial gratitude; that the receiving of favours should be a less inducement to goodwill, tenderness, and commiseration, than the conferring of them; * and that the taking care of any person should endear the child or dependant more to the parent or benefactor, than the parent or benefactor to the child or dependant; yet so it happens, that for one cruel parent we meet with a thousand undutiful children. This is indeed wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly observed)† for the support of every living species; but at the same time that it shews the wisdom of the Creator, it discovers the imperfection and degeneracy of the creature.

The obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government, and set forth as the measure of that obedience which we owe to those whom Providence hath placed over us.

It is Father Le Compte, if I am not mistaken, who tells us how want of duty in this particular is punished among the Chinese, insomuch that if a son should be known to kill, or so much as to strike his father, not only the criminal but his whole family would be rooted out; nay, the inhabitants of the place where he lived would be put to the sword; nay, the place itself would be

* It is an instance of the wisdom and goodness of Providence, that the disposition to bestow kindness is most powerful in those situations where kindness is most wanted.

† See No. 120.

be razed to the ground, and its foundations sown with salt. For, say they, there must have been an utter depravation of manners in that clan or society of people who could have bred up among them so horrid an offender. To this I shall add a passage out of the first book of HERODOTUS. That historian in his account of the Persian customs and religion tells us, it is their opinion that no man ever killed his father, or *that it is possible* such a crime should be in nature; but that if any thing like it should ever happen, they conclude that the reputed son must have been illegitimate, suppositious, or begotten in adultery. Their opinion in this particular shews sufficiently what a notion they must have had of Undutifulness in general.

L

No. 190.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1711.

Servitus crescit nova ———

HOR. 2. OD. viii. 18.

"A slavery to former times unknown."

A LETTER FROM A GIRL OF THE TOWN.

SINCE I made some reflections upon the general negligence used in the case of regard towards women, or in other words, since I talked of *wenching*, I have had epistles upon that subject, which I shall, for the present entertainment, insert as they lie before me.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'As your speculations are not confined to any part of human life, but concern the wicked as well as the good, I must desire your favourable acceptance of what I, a poor strolling girl about town, have to say to you. I was told by a Roman Catholic gentleman who picked me up last week, and who, I hope, is absolved for what passed between us; I say, I was told by such a person, who endeavoured to convert me to his own religion, that in countries where Popery prevails, besides the advantage of licensed stews, there are large endowments given for the *Incurabili*, I think he called them, such as are past all remedy, and are allowed such maintenance and support as to keep them without farther care until they expire.* This manner of treating poor sinners has, methinks

* Far superior to this, justly observes the Editor of a former edition of the *Spectator*, because more conducive to the interests of virtue and benefit of the community, are our two late excellent founda-

methinks, great humanity in it; and as you are a person who pretend to carry your reflections upon all subjects whatever that occur to you, with candour, and act above the sense of what misinterpretation you may meet with, I beg the favour of you to lay before all the word the unhappy condition of us poor vagrants, who are really in a way of labour instead of idleness. There are crouds of us whose manner of livelihood has long ceased to be pleasing to us; and who would willingly lead a new life, if the rigour of the virtuous did not for ever expel us from coming into the world again. As it now happens, to the eternal infamy of the male sex, falsehood among you is not reproachful, but credulity in women is infamous.

'Give me leave, Sir, to give you my history. You are to know that I am a daughter of a man of a good reputation, tenant to a man of quality. The heir of this great house took it in his head to cast a favourable eye upon me, and succeeded. I do not pretend to say he promised me marriage: I was not a creature silly enough to be taken by so foolish a story. but he ran away with me up to this town, and introduced me to a grave matron, with whom I boarded for a day or two with great gravity, and was not a little pleased with the change of my condition, from that of a country life to the finest company, as I believed in the whole world.—My humble servant made me understand that I should always be kept in the plentiful condition I then enjoyed; when after a very great fondness towards me, he one day took his leave of me for four or five days. In the evening of the same day my good landlady came to me, and observing me very pensive, began to comfort me, and with a smile told me I must see the world. When I was

---

foundations of the Magdalen House, and the Asylum. The one for the reception of penitent prostitutes, the other of young deserted girls: the one to rescue wretched females from the horrid slavery of habitual vice, the other to intercept them from falling into it.

was deaf to all she could say to divert me, she began to tell me with a very frank air that I must be treated as I ought, and not to take these squeamish humours upon me, for my friend had left me to the town; and, as their phrase is, she expected I would see company, or I must be treated like what I had brought myself to. This put me into a fit of crying: and I immediately, in a true sense of my condition, threw myself on the floor, deploring my fate, calling upon all that was good and sacred to succour me. While I was in all this agony, I observed a decrepid old fellow come into the room, and looking with a sense of pleasure in his face at all my vehemence and transport. In a pause of my distress I heard him say to the shameless old woman who stood by me, she is certainly a new face, or else she acts it rarely. With that the gentlewoman, who was making her market of me, in all the turn of my person, the heaves of my passion, and the suitable change of my posture, took occasion to commend my neck, my shape, my eyes, my limbs. All this was accompanied with such speeches as you may have heard horse-coursers make in the sale of nags, when they are warranted for their soundness. You understand by this time I was left in a brothel, and exposed to the next bidder who could purchase me of my patroness. This is so much the work of hell; the pleasure in the possession of us wenches, abates in proportion to the degrees we go beyond the bounds of innocence; and no man is gratified, if there is nothing left for him to debauch. Well, Sir, My first man, when I came upon the town, was Sir JEOFFRY FOIBLE, who was extremely lavish to me of his money, and took such a fancy to me, that he would have carried me off, if my patroness would have taken any reasonable terms for me; but as he was old, his covetousness was his strongest passion, and poor *I* was soon left exposed to be the common refuse of all the rakes and debauchees in town. I cannot tell whether you will do me justice or no, till I see whether you print this or not; otherwise, as I now

live with SAL,* I could give you a very just account of who and who is together in this town. You perhaps won't believe it; but I know of one who pretends to be a very good Protestant, who lies with a Roman-Catholic: but more of this hereafter, as you please me. There do come to our house the greatest politicians of the age,† and SAL is more shrewd than any body thinks. Nobody can believe that such wise men could go to bawdy-houses out of idle purposes. I have heard them often talk of AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, who had intrigues with the wives of senators, not out of wantonness but stratagem.

'It is a thousand pities you should be so severely virtuous as I fear you are; otherwise after one visit or two, you would soon understand that we women of the town are not such useless correspondents as you may imagine: you have undoubtedly heard that it was a courtesan who discovered CATALINE's conspiracy. If you print this I'll tell you more; and am in the mean time,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

REBECCA NETTLETOP.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM an idle young woman that would work for my livelihood, but that I am kept in such a manner as I cannot stir out. My tyrant is an old jealous fellow, who allows me nothing to appear in. I have but one shoe and one slipper; no head-dress, and no upper petticoat. As you set up for a reformer, I desire you would take me out of this wicked way, and keep me yourself.

EVE AFTERDAY.'

---

* A celebrated courtesan and procuress of those times.

† Perhaps Secretary St. JOHN, who was a very debauched man, though very able.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM to complain to you of a set of impertinent coxcombs, who visit the apartments of us women of the town, only, as they call it, to see the world. I must confess to you, this to men of delicacy might have an effect to cure them; but as they are stupid, noisy, and drunken fellows, it tends only to make vice in themselves, as they think, pleasant and humorous, and at the same time nauseous in us. I shall, Sir, hereafter, from time to time, give you the names of these wretches who pretend to enter our houses merely as spectators. These men think it wit to use us ill: pray tell them, however worthy we are of such treatment, it is unworthy them to be guilty of it towards us. Pray, Sir, take notice of this, and pity the oppressed: I wish we could add to it, the innocent.'

T.

No. 191.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1711.

—— ϐλον ὄνειρον. HOM. IL. ii. 6.

——"Deluding vision of the night." POPE.

ON THE LOTTERY.

SOME ludicrous schoolmen have put the case, that if an ass were placed between two bundles of hay, which affected his seness equally on each side, and tempted him in the very same degree, whether it would be possible for him to eat of either. They generally determine this question to the disadvantage of the ass, who they say would starve in the midst of plenty, as not having a single grain of freewill, to determine him more to the one than to the other. The bundle of hay on either side, striking his sight and smell in the same proportion, would keep him in a perpetual suspence, like the two magnets which, travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the roof, and the other in the floor of MAHOMET's burying-place at Mecca, and by that means, say they, pull the impostor's iron coffin with such an equal attraction, that it hangs in the air between both of them. As for the ass's behaviour in such nice circumstances, whether he would starve sooner than violate his neutrality to the two bundles of hay, I shall not presume to determine; but only take notice of the conduct of our own species in the same perplexity. When a man has a mind to venture his money in a lottery, every figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to succeed as any of it fellows. They all of them have the same

same pretensions to good-luck, stand upon the same foot of competition, and no manner of reason can be given why a man should prefer one to the other before the lottery is drawn. In this case, therefore, caprice very often acts in the place of reason, and forms to itself some groundless imaginary motive, where real and substantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning man that is very well pleased to risk his good fortune upon the number 1711, because it is the year of our Lord.—I am acquainted with a tacker that would give a good deal for the number 134.* On the contrary, I have been told of a certain zealous Dissenter, who being a great enemy to Popery, and believing that bad men are the most fortunate in this world, will lay two to one on the number 666 against any other number, because, says he, it is the number of the beast. Several would prefer the number 12,000 before any other, as it is the number of the pounds in great prize. In short, some are pleased to find their own age in their number; some, that they have got a number which makes a pretty appearance in the cyphers; and others, because it is the same number that succeeded in the last lottery. Each of these, upon no other grounds, thinks he stands fairest for the great lot, and that he is possessed of what may not be improperly called *the Golden Number.*†

These principles of election are the pastimes and extravagancies of human reason, which is of so busy a nature, it will be exerting itself in the meanest trifles, and working even when it wants materials. The wisest of men are sometimes acted by such unaccountable motives, as the life of the fool, and the superstitious is guided by nothing else.

* In the year 1704 a Bill was brought into the House of Commons against Occasional Conformity; and in order to make it pass through the House of Lords, it was proposed to *tack* it to a Money-bill. This occasioned warm debates, and at length it was put to the vote, when 134 were for *tacking*; but a large majority being against it, the motion was over-ruled, and the Bill miscarried.

† Alluding to the numbers so called in the Callendar.

I am surprised that none of the Fortune-tellers, or, as the French call them, the *Diseurs de bonne Avanture*, who publish their bills in every quarter of the town, have turned our lotteries to their advantage. Did any of them set up for a caster of fortunate figures, what might he not get by his pretended discoveries and predictions?

I remember among the advertisements in the *Post Boy* of September the 27th, I was surprised to see the following one:

"*This* is to give notice, that ten shillings, over and "above the market-price, will be given for the ticket in "the 1,500,000l. lottery, No. 132, by NATH. CLIFF at the "Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapside."

This advertisement has given great matter of speculation to coffee-house theorists. Mr. CLIFF's principles and conversation have been canvassed upon this occasion, and various conjectures made why he should thus set his heart upon No. 132. I have examined all the powers in those numbers, broken them into fractions, extracted the square and cube root, divided and multiplied them all ways, but could not arrive at the secret until about three days ago, when I received the following letter from an unknown hand; by which I find that Mr. NATHANIEL CLIFF is only the agent, and not the principal in this advertisement.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM the person that lately advertised I would give ten shillings more than the current price for the ticket No. 132 in the lottery now drawing; which is a secret I have communicated to some friends, who rally me incessantly upon that account. You must know I have but one ticket, for which reason and a certain dream I have lately had more than once, I was resolved it should be the number I most approved. I am so positive I have pitched upon the great lot, that I could almost lay all

I am

I am worth of it. My visions are so frequent and strong upon this occasion, that I have not only possessed the lot, but disposed of the money which in all probability it will sell for. This morning in particular, I set up an equipage which I look upon to be the gayest in the town; the liveries are very rich, but not gaudy. I should be very glad to see a speculation or two upon lottery subjects, in which you would oblige all people concerned, and in particular,

Your most humble servant,

*GEORGE GOSLING.**

'P. S. Dear SPEC, if I get the 12,000 pound, I'll make thee a handsome present.'

After having wished my correspondent good luck, and thanked him for his intended kindness, I shall for this time dismiss the subject of the lottery, and only observe, that the greatest part of mankind are in some degree guilty of my friend GOSLING's extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in possibility. We live up to our expectations, not to our possessions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We outrun our present income, as not doubting to *disburse* † ourselves out of the profits of some future place, project, or reversion that we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is so common among us, that we see tradesmen break, who have met with no misfortunes in their business; and men of estates reduced to poverty, who have never suffered from losses or repairs, tenants, taxes, or law-suits. In short, it is this foolish sanguine temper, this depending upon contingent futurities, that occa-

---

* FIELDING has very happily expanded Mr. GOSLING's extravagant hopes in his farce of *a Lottery*.

† Disburse seems to stand here for reimburse.

sions romantic generosity, chimerical grandeur, senseless ostentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man who will live above his present circumstances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them; or, as the Italian proverb runs, *the man who lives by hope, will die by hunger.*

It should be an indispensable rule in life, to contract our desires to our present condition, and, whatever may he our expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an estate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we shall lose the pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon.

L.

N°. 192.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1711.

——— Uno ore omnes omnia
Bona dicere, et laudare fortunas meas,
Qui gnatum haberem tali ingenio præditum.

TER. ANDR. ACT. i. SC. I.

——————————— " All the world
" With one accord said all good things, and prais'd
" My happy fortunes, who possess a son
" So good, so liberally disposed."———

COLMAN.

ON PARENTAL AFFECTION.

I STOOD the other day, and beheld a father sitting in the middle of a room with a large family of children about him; and methough I could observe in his countenance different motions of delight, as he turned his eye towards the one and the other of them. The man is a person moderate in his designs for their preferment and welfare; and as he has an easy fortune, he is not solicitous to make a great one. His eldest son is a child of a very towardly disposition, and as much as the father loves him, I dare say he will never be a knave to improve his fortune. I do not know any man who has a juster relish of life than the person I am speaking of, or keeps a better guard against the terrors of want, or the hopes of gain. It is usual in a crowd of children, for the parent to name out of his own flock all the great officers of the kingdom. There is something so very surprising in the parts of a child of a man's own, that there is nothing too great to be expected from his endowments. I know a good woman who has but three

sons, and there is, she says, nothing she expects with more certainty, than that she shall see one of them a bishop, the other a judge, and the third a court-physician. The humour is, that any thing which can happen to any man's child, is expected by every man for his own. But my friend, whom I was going to speak of, does not flatter himself with such vain expectations, but has his eye more upon the virtue and disposition of his children, than their advancement or wealth. Good habits are what will certainly improve a man's fortune and reputation; but, on the other side, affluence of fortune will not as probably produce good affections of the mind.

It is very natural for a man of a kind of disposition, to amuse himself with the promises of his imagination makes to him of the future condition of his children, and to represent to himself the figure they shall bear in the world after he has left it. When his prospects of this kind are agreeable, his fondness gives as it were a longer date to his own life; and the survivorship of a worthy man in his son, is a pleasure scarce inferior to the hopes of the continuance of his own life. That man is happy who can believe of his son, that he will escape the follies and indiscretions of which he himself was guilty, and pursue and improve every thing that was valuable in him. The continuance of his virtue is much more to be regarded than that of his life; but it is the most lamentable of all reflections, to think that the heir of a man's fortune is such a one as will be a stranger to his friends, alienated from the same interests, and a promoter of every thing which he himself disapproved. An estate in possession of such a successor to a good man, is worse than laid waste; and the family, of which he is the head, is in a more deplorable condition than that of being extinct.

When I visit the agreeable seat of my honoured friend RURICOLA, and walk from room to room revolving many pleasing occurrences, and the expressions of many

many just sentiments I have heard him utter, and see the booby his heir in pain, while he is doing the honours of his house to the friend of his father, the heaviness it gives one is not to be expressed. Want of genius is not to be imputed to any man, but want of humanity is a man's own fault. The son of RURICOLA (whose life was one continued series of worthy actions, and gentlemanlike inclinations) is the companion of drunken clowns, and knows no sense of praise but in the flattery he receives from his own servants; his pleasures are mean and inordinate, his language base and filthy, his behaviour rough and absurd. Is this creature to be accounted the successor of a man of virtue, wit, and breeding? At the same time that I have this melancholy prospect at the house where I miss my old friend, I can go to a gentleman's not far off it, where he has a daughter who is the picture both of his body and mind, but both improved with the beauty and modesty peculiar to her sex. It is she who supplies the loss of her father to the world; she, without his name or fortune, is a truer memorial of him, than her brother who succeeds him in both. Such an offspring as the eldest son of my friend perpetuates his father in the same manner as the appearance of his ghost would: it is indeed RURICOLA, but it is RURICOLA grown frightful.

I know not to what to attribute the brutal turn which this young man has taken, except it may be to a certain severity and distance which his father used towards him, and might, perhaps, have occasioned a dislike to those modes of life, which were not made amiable to him by freedom and affability.

We may promise ourselves that no such excrescence will appear in the family of the CORNELII, where the father lives with his sons like their eldest brother, and the sons converse with him as if they did it for no other reason but that he is the wisest man of their acquaintance. As the CORNELII are eminent traders, their good correspondence with each other is useful to all that know them,

as

as well as to themselves: and their friendship, good-will, and kind offices, are disposed of jointly as well as their fortune, so that no one ever obliged one of them, who had not the obligation multiplied in returns from them all.

It is the most beautiful object the eyes of man can behold, to see a man of worth and his son live in an intire unreserved correspondence. The mutual kindness and affection between them, give an inexpressible satisfaction to all who know them. It is a sublime pleasure which increases by the participation. It is as sacred as friendship, as pleasurable as love, and as joyful as religion. This state of mind does not only dissipate sorrow, which would be extreme without it, but enlarges pleasures which would otherwise be contemptible.* The most indifferent thing has it force and beauty when it is spoke by a kind father, and an insignificant trifle has its weight when offered by a dutiful child. I know not how to express it, but I think I may call it a *transplauted self-love*. All the enjoyments and sufferings which a man meets with are regarded only as they concern him in the relation he has to another. A man's very honour receives a new value to him, when he thinks that, when he is in his grave, it will be had in remembrance that such an action was done by such a one's father. Such considerations sweeten the old man's evening, and his soliloquy delights him when he can say to himself, no man can tell my child his father was either unmerciful or unjust. My son shall meet many a man who shall say to him. "I was obliged to thy father, and be my child a friend to his child for ever." †

It is not in the power of all men to leave illustrious names or great fortunes to their posterity, but they can very

---

* STEELE gives a masterly picture of a father and a son, such as he here describes, in Sir JOHN BEVIL, and young BEVIL in his *Conscious Lovers*.

† i. e. And may my child be a friend to his child.

very much conduce to their having industry, probity, valour, and justice. It is in every man's power to leave his son the honour of descending from a virtuous man, and add the blessings of Heaven to whatever he leaves him. I shall end this rhapsody with a letter to an excellent young man of my acquaintance, who has lately lost a worthy father.

DEAR SIR,

'I KNOW no part of life more impertinent than the office of administring consolation: I will not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your grief. The virtuous principles you had from that excellent man, whom you have lost, have wrought in you as they ought to make a youth of three and twenty incapable of comport upon coming into possession of a great fortune. I doubt not but you will honour his memory by a modest enjoyment of his estate: and scorn to triumph over his grave, by employing in riot, excess, and debauchery, what he purchased with so much industry, prudence, and wisdom. This is the true way to shew the sense you have of your loss, and to take away the distress of others upon the occasion. You cannot recal your father by your grief, but you may revive him to his friends by your conduct.

T.

N°. 193.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1711.

——Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Manè salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.

VIRG. GEORG. ii. 461.

"His lordship's palace view, whose portals proud
"Each morning vomit forth a cringing crowd."

WARTON, &c.

ON PATRONS AND CLIENTS AT LEVEES.

WHEN we look round us, and behold the strange variety of faces and persons which fill the streets with business and hurry, it is no unpleasant amusement to make guesses at their different pursuits, and judge by their countenances, what it is that so anxiously engages their present attention. Of all this busy crowd, there are none who would give a man inclined to such inquiries better diversion for his thoughts, than those whom we call good *Courtiers*, and such as are assiduous at the levees of great men. These worthies are got into a habit of being servile with an air, and enjoy a certain vanity in being known for understanding how the world passes. In the pleasure of this they can rise early, go abroad sleek and well-dressed, with no other hope or purpose, but to make a bow to a man in Court *Favour*, and be thought, by some insignificant smile of his, not a little engaged in his interests and fortunes. It is wondrous, that a man can get over the natural existence and possession of his own mind so far, as to take delight either in paying or receiving such cold and repeated civilities. But what maintains the humour is, that outward show is what most men pursue, rather than real happiness. Thus both the idol, and idolater, equally impose

impose upon themselves in pleasing their imaginations this way. But as there are very many of her Majesty's good subjects, who are extremely uneasy at their own seats in the country, where all from the skies to the center of the earth is their own, and have a mighty longing to shine in courts, or to be partners in the power of the world; I say, for the benefit of these, and others who hanker after being in the whisper with great men, and vexing their neighbours with the changes they would be capable of making in the appearance of a country sessions, it would not methinks be amiss to give an account of that market for preferment, a Great Man's Levee.

For aught I know, this commerce between the mighty and their slaves, very justly represented, might do so much good, as to incline the great to regard business rather than ostentation; and make the little know the use of their time too well, to spend it in vain applications and addresses. The famous Doctor in Moorfields who gained so much reputation for his horary predictions, is said to have had in his parlour different ropes to little bells which hung in the room above stairs, where the Doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a girl had been deceived by her lover, one bell was pulled; and if a peasant had lost a cow, the servant rung another. This method was kept in respect to all other passions and concerns, and the skilful waiter below sifted the inquirer, and gave the Doctor notice accordingly. The levee of a great man is laid after the same manner, and twenty whispers, false alarms, and private intimations, pass backward and forward from the porter, the valet, and the patron himself, before the gaping crew, who are to pay their court, are gathered together. When the scene is ready, the doors fly open and discover his lordship.

There are several ways of making this first appearance. You may be either half-dressed, and washing yourself, which is indeed the most stately; but this way

way of opening is peculiar to milatary men, in whom there is something graceful in exposing themselves naked; but the politians, or civil officers, have usually affected to be more reserved, and preserve a certain chastity of deportment. Whether it be hieroglyphical or not, this difference in the military and civil list, I will not say; but have ever understood the fact to be, that the close minister is buttoned up, and the brave officer open-breasted on these occasions.*

However that is, I humbly conceive the business of a levee is to receive the acknowledgements of a multitude, that a man is wise, bounteous, valiant and powerful. When the first shot of eyes is made, it is wonderful to observe how much submission the patron's modesty can bear, and how much servitude the client's spirit can descend to. In the vast multiplicity of business, and the crowd about him, my lord's parts are usually so great, that, to the astonishment of the whole assembly, he has something to say to every man there, and that so suitable to his capacity as any man may judge that it is not without talents men can arrive at great employments. I have known a great man ask a flag officer, which way was the wind, a commander of horse the present price of oats, and a stock-jobber at what discount such a fund was, with as much ease as if he had been bred to each of those several ways of life. Now this is extremely obliging; for at the same time that the patron informs himself of matters, he gives the person of whom he inquires an opportunity to exert himself, What adds to the pomp of those interviews is, that it is performed with the greatest silence and order imaginable. The patron is usually in the midst of the room, and some humble person gives him a whisper, which his lordship answers aloud, "It is well. Yes, I am of your opinion. Pray inform yourself further, you

* This probably, alluded to HARLEY and ORMOND, the one artful and reserved, the other open and undesigning.

you may be sure of my part in it." This happy man is dismissed, and my lord can turn himself to a business of a quite different nature, and off-hand give as good an answer as any great man is obliged to. For the chief point is to keep in generals, and if there be any thing offered that is particular, to be in haste*.

But we are now in the height of the affair, and my lord's creatures have all had their whispers round to keep up the farce of the thing, and the dumb show is become more general. He casts his eye to that corner, and there to Mr. Such-a-one; to the other, "And when did you come to town?" And perhaps just before he nods to another; and enters with him, "But, Sir, I am glad to see you, now I think of it." Each of those are happy for the next four and twenty hours; and those who bow in ranks undistinguished, and by dozens at a time, think they have very good prospects if they may hope to arrive at such notices half a year hence.

The satirist says, there is seldom common sense in high fortune;† and one would think, to behold a levee, that the great were not only infatuated with their station, but also that they believed all below were seized too; else how is it possible they could think of imposing upon themselves and others in such a degree, as to set up a levee for any thing but a direct farce? But such is the weakness of our nature, that when men are a little exalted in their condition, they immediately conceive they have additional senses, and their capacities enlarged not only above other men, but above human comprehension itself. Thus it is ordinary to see a great man attend one listening, bow to one at a distance, and call to a third at the same intant. A girl in new ribbands

---

* In SMOLLET's *Humphrey Clinker* there is a very humorous description of a levee.

† Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa Fortuna——————

JUV. viii. 73.

bands is not more taken with herself, nor does she betray more apparent coquetries, than even a wise man in such a circumstance of courtship. I do not know any thing that I ever thought so very distasteful as the affectation which is recorded of CÆSAR, to wit, that he would dictate to three several writers at the same time. This was an ambition below the greatness and candour of his mind. He indeed (if any man had pretensions to greater faculties than any other mortal) was the person; but such a way of acting is childish, and inconsistent with the manner of our being. It appears from the very nature of things, that there cannot be any thing effectually dispatched in the distraction of a public levee;* but the whole seems to be a conspiracy of a set of servile slaves, to give up their own liberty to take away their patron's understanding.

T.

---

* It is recorded of the celebrated JOHN DE WITS, that being asked, how he contrived to dispatch so much business, he answered, that he did it merely, by only doing one thing at a time.

N^O. 194.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1711.

———Difficili bile tumet jecur.

HOR. EPOD. xiii. 4.

With jealous pangs my bosom swells.

LETTERS ON INCONSTANCY IN LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

THE present paper shall consist of two letters which observe upon faults that are easily cured both in love and friendship. In the latter, as far as it merely regards conversation, the person who neglects visiting an agreeable friend is punished in the very transgression; for a good companion is not found in every room we go into. But the case of love is of a more delicate nature, and the anxiety is inexpressible, if every little instance of kindness is not reciprocal. There are things in this sort of commerce which there are not words to express, and a man may not possibly know how to represent, what yet may tear his heart into ten thousand tortures. To be grave to a man's mirth, unattentive to his discourse, or to interrupt either with something that argues a disinclination to be entertained by him, has in it something so disagreeable, that the utmost steps which may be made in further enmity cannot give greater torment. The gay CORINNA, who sets up for an indifference and becoming heedlessness, gives her husband all the torment imaginable out of mere indolence, with this peculiar vanity, that she is to look as gay as a maid in the character of a wife. It is no matter what is the reason of a man's grief, if it be heavy as it is. Her unhappy man is convinced that she means him no dishonour, but pines to death

because she will not have so much deference to him as to avoid the appearances of it. The author of the following letter is perplexed with an injury that is in a degree yet less criminal, and yet the source of the utmost unhappiness.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE read your papers which relate to Jealousy, and desire your advice in my case, which you will say is not common. I have a wife, of whose virtue I am not in the least doubtful; yet I cannot be satisfied she loves me, which gives me as great uneasiness as being faulty the other way would do. I know not whether I am not yet more miserable than in that case, for she keeps possession of my heart, without the return of hers. I would desire your observations upon that temper in some women, who will not condescend to convince their husbands of their innocence or their love, but are wholly negligent of what reflections the poor men make upon their conduct (so they cannot call it criminal), when at the same time a little tenderness of behaviour, or regard to shew an inclination to please them, would make them entirely at ease. Do not such women deserve all the misinterpretation which they neglect to avoid? Or are they not in the actual practice of guilt, who care not whether they are thought guilty or not? If my wife does the most ordinary thing, as visiting her sister, or taking the air with her mother, it is always carried with the air of a secret. Then she will sometimes tell a thing of no consequence, as if it was only want of memory made her conceal it before; and this only to dally with my anxiety. I have complained to her of this behaviour in the gentlest terms imaginable, and beseeched her not to use him, who desired only to live with her like an indulgent friend, as the most morose and unsociable husband in the world. It is no easy matter to describe our circumstance, but it

it is miserable with this aggravation, that it might be easily mended, and yet no remedy endeavoured. She reads you, and there is a phrase or two in this letter which she will know came from me. If we enter into an explanation which may tend to our future quiet, by your means, you shall have our joint thanks; in the mean time I am (as much as I can in this ambiguous condition be any thing),

SIR,

Your humble servant.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'GIVE me leave to make you a present of a character not yet described in your papers, which is that of a man who treats his friend with the same odd variety which a fantastical female tyrant practises towards her lover. I have for some time had a friendship with one of these mercurial persons. The rogue I know loves me, yet takes advantage of my fondness for him to use me as he pleases. We are by turns the best friends and the greatest strangers imaginable. Sometimes you would think us inseparable; at other times he avoids me for a long time, yet neither he nor I know why. When we meet next by chance, he is amazed he has not seen me, is impatient for an appointment the same evening: and when I expect he would have kept it, I have known him slip away to another place; where he has sat reading the news, when there is no Post; smoking his pipe, which he seldom cares for; and staring about him in company with whom he has had nothing to do, as if he wondered how he came there.

That I may state my case to you the more fully, I shall transcribe some short minutes I have taken of him in my almanack since last spring; for you must know there are certain seasons of the year, according to which, I will not say our friendship, but the enjoyment of it rises or falls. In March and April he was as various

as the weather; in May and part of June, I found him the sprightliest best-humoured fellow in the world; in the Dog-days he was much upon the indolent; in September very agreeable but very busy; and since the glass fell last to changeable, he has made three appointments with me, and broke them every one. However I have good hopes of him this winter, especially if you will lend me your assistance to reform him, which will be a great ease and pleasure to,

SIR,

Your most humble servant.'

October 1711

T.

No. 195.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1711.

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅλον πλέον ἥμισυ παντός,
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μεγ' ὄνειαρ.

HES. OPER. & DIER. l. i. 40.

"Fools not to know that half exceeds the whole,
"How blest the sparing meal and temperate bowl."

ON THE CONDUCIVENESS OF TEMPERANCE TO HEALTH.

THERE is a story in the *Arabian Nights Tales* of a King who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method. He took a hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs; after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mall, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he inclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these *rightly prepared* instruments, till such time as he should sweat: when, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicaments perspiring through the wood, had so good an influence on the Sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This Eastern allegory is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic. I have described in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general structure and me-

chanism of an human body, how absolutely necessary exercise is for its preservation. I shall in this place recommend another great preservative of health, which in many cases produces the same effects as exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The preservative I am speaking of is *Temperance*, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any seasons, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expence of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chace; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The Apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the Cook and the Vintner. It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him home

home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he prevented him. What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices: throw down sallads of twenty different herbs, sauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counter-ferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way; not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know, what kinds, and what proportions of food, do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing strong, until you have finished your meal; at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A man could not be well guilty of gluttony, if he stuck

to these few obvious and easy rules. In the first case, there would be no variety of tastes to solicit his palate, and occasion excess; nor in the second, any artificial provocatives to relieve satiety, and create a false appetite. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be formed upon a saying quoted by Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE; "The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies." But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence, according as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for struggling with hunger and thirst, whenever any distemper or duty of life may put her upon such difficulties; and at the same time give her an opportunity of extricating herself from her oppressions, and recovering the several tones and springs of her distended vessels. Besides that, abstinence well-timed, often kills a sickness in embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition. It is observed by two or three ancient authors, that SOCRATES, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during that great plague, which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection, which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an observation which I have often made, upon reading the lives of the Philosophers, and comparing them with any series of Kings or great men of the same number. If we consider these ancient sages, a great part of whose philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious course of life, one would think the life of a philosopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of these wise men were nearer an hundred than sixty

sixty years of age, at the time of their respective deaths. But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long lives, is what we meet with in a little book published by LEWIS CORNARO, the Venetian, which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian Ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in England. CORNARO, who was the author of the little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution, until about forty, when by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health; insomuch that at four score he published his book, which has been translated into English under the title of "Sure and Certain Methods of attaining a Long and Healthy Life." He lived to give a third or fourth edition of it; and after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of chearfulness, religion, and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it.

Having designed this paper as the sequel to that upon Exercise, I have not here considered Temperance, as it is a moral virtue which I shall make the subject of a future speculation, but only as it is the means of health.

L.

N°. 196.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1711.

Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.

HOR. I EP. XI. 30.

"True happiness is to no place confin'd,
"But still is found in a contented mind."

HAPPINESS DEPENDS NOT ON SITUATION, BUT ON THE MIND.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is a particular fault which I have observed in most of the moralists in all ages, and that is, that they are always professing themselves, and teaching others to be happy. This state is not to be arrived at in this life, therefore I would recommend to you to talk in an humbler strain than your predecessors have done, and instead of presuming to be happy, instruct us only to be *easy*. The thoughts of him who would be discreet, and aim at practicable things, should turn upon allaying our pain rather than promoting our joy. Great inquietude is to be avoided, but great felicity is not to be attained. The great lesson is equanimity, a regularity of spirit, which is a little above chearfulness and below mirth. Chearfulness is always to be supported if a man is out of pain, but mirth to a prudent man should always be accidental. It should naturally arise out of the occasion, and the occasion seldom be laid for it; for those tempers who want mirth to be pleased, are like the constitutions which flag without the use of brandy. Therefore, I say, let your precept be, "*Be easy*." That mind is dissolute and ungoverned, which must be hurried out of itself by loud laughter or sensual pleasure, or else be wholly unactive.

'There are a couple of old fellows of my acquaintance who meet every day and smoke a pipe, and by their mutual love to each other, though they have been men of business and bustle in the world, enjoy a greater tranquillity than either could have worked himself into by any chapter of SENECA. Indolence of body and mind, when we aim at no more, is very frequently enjoyed; but the very inquiry after happiness has something restless in it, which a man who lives in a series of temperate meals, friendly conversations, and easy slumbers, gives himself no trouble about. While men of refinement are talking of tranquillity, he possesses it.

'What I would by these broken expressions recommend to you, Mr. SPECTATOR, is, that you would speak of the way of life, which plain men may pursue, to fill up the spaces of time with satisfaction. It is a lamentable circumstance, that wisdom, or, as you call it, philosophy, should furnish ideas only for the learned; and that a man must be a philosopher to know how to pass away his time agreeably. It would therefore be worth your pains to place in a handsome light the relations and affinities among men, which render their conversation with each other so grateful, that the highest talents give but an impotent pleasure in comparison with them. You may find descriptions and discourses which will render the fire-side of an honest artificer as entertaining, as your own club is to you. Good-nature has an endless source of pleasures in it; and the representation of domestic life filled with its natural gratifications, instead of the necessary vexations which are generally insisted upon in the writings of the witty, will be a very good office to society.

'The vicissitudes of labour and rest in the lower part of mankind, make their being pass away with that sort of relish which we express by the word *comfort;* and should be treated of by you, who are a SPECTATOR, as well as such subjects which appear indeed more speculative, but are less instructive. In a word, Sir, I would have

have you turn your thoughts to the advantage of such as want you most; and shew that simplicity, innocence, industry, and temperance, are arts which lead to tranquillity, as much as learning, wisdom, knowledge, and contemplation.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

T. B.'

MR. SPECTATOR, *Hackney, October* 12.

'I AM the young woman whom you did so much justice to some time ago, in acknowledging that I am perfect mistress of the Fan, and use it with the utmost knowledge and dexterity. * Indeed the world, as malicious as it is, will allow, that from a hurry of laughter I recollect myself the most suddenly, make a curtsy, and let fall my hands before me, closing my fan at the same instant, the best of any woman in England. I am not a little delighted that I have had your notice and approbation; and however other young women may rally me out of envy, I triumph in it, and demand a place in your friendship. You must therefore permit me to lay before you the present state of my mind. I was reading your *Spectator* of the 9th instant, † and thought the circumstance of the ass divided between the two bundles of hay which equally affected his senses, was a lively representation of my present condition: for you are to know that I am extremely enamoured with two young gentlemen who at this time pretend to me. One must hide nothing when one is asking advice, therefore I will own to you that I am very amorous, and very covetous. My lover WILL is very rich, and my lover TOM very handsome.

---

* See No. 134; B. EASY's Petition. † No. 191.

handsome. I can have either of them when I please: but when I debate the question in my own mind, I cannot take TOM for fear of losing WILL'S estate, nor enter upon WILL'S estate, and bid adieu to TOM'S person. I am very young, and yet no one in the world, dear Sir, has the main chance more in her head than myself. TOM is the gayest, the blithest creature! He dances well, is very civil, and diverting at all hours and seasons. Oh he is the joy of my eyes! But then, again, WILL is so very rich and careful of the main. How many pretty dresses does TOM appear in to charm me! But then it immediately occurs to me, that a man of his circumstances is so much the poorer. Upon the whole, I have at last examined both these desires of love and avarice, and upon strictly weighing the matter I begin to think I shall be covetous longer than fond; therefore if you have nothing to say to the contrary, I shall take WILL. Alas poor TOM!

Your humble servant,

BIDDY LOVELESS.'

T.

N°. 197.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1711.

Alter rixatur de lanâ sæpe caprinâ, et
Propugnat nugis armatus: scilicet, ut non
Sit mihi prima fides? Et, verè quod placet, ut non
Acriter elatrem? Pretium ætas altera sordet.
Ambigitur quid enim! Castor sciat, an Docilis plus,
Brundusium Numicî meliùs via ducat, an Appî.

HOR. I EP. xviii. 15.

"On trifles some are earnestly absurd;
"You'll think the world depends on every word.
"What! is not every mortal free to speak?
"I'll give my reasons, though I break my neck!
"And what's the question? If it shines, or rains;
"Whether 'tis twelve, or fifteen miles to Staines."

PITT.

DISPUTES ABOUT TRIFLES.

EVERY age a man passes through, and way of life he engages in, has some particular vice or imperfection naturally cleaving to it, which it will require his nicest care to avoid. The several weaknesses to which youth, old age, and manhood are exposed, have long since been set down by many both of the poets and philosophers; but I do not remember to have met with any author who has treated of those ill habits men are subject to, not so much by reason of their different ages and tempers, as the particular professions or business in which they were educated and brought up.

I am the more surprised to find this subject so little touched on, since what I am here speaking of is so apparent, as not to escape the most vulgar observation. The business men are chiefly conversant in, does not only

only give a certain cast or turn to their minds, but is very often apparent in their outward behaviour, and some of the most indifferent actions of their lives. It is this diffusing itself over the whole man, which helps us to find out a person at his first appearance; so that the most careless observer fancies he can scarce be mistaken in the carriage of a seaman, or the gait of a tailor.

The liberal arts, though they may possibly have less effect on our external mien and behaviour, make so deep an impression on the mind, as is very apt to bend it wholly one way.

The mathematician will take little less than demonstration in the most common discourse, and the schoolman is as great a friend to definitions and syllogisms. The physician and divine are often heard to dictate in private companies with the same authority which they exercise over their patients and disciples; while the lawyer is putting cases, and raising matter for disputation, out of every thing that occurs.

I may possibly some time or other animadvert more at large on the particular fault each profession is most infected with; but shall at present wholly apply myself to the cure of what I last mentioned, namely, that spirit of strife and contention in the conversations of gentlemen of the Long Robe.

This is the more ordinary, because these gentlemen, regarding argument as their own proper province, and very often making ready money of it, think it unsafe to yield before company. They are shewing in common talk how zealously they could defend a cause in court, and therefore frequently forget to keep that temper which is absolutely requisite to render conversation pleasant and instructive.

Captain SENTRY pushes this matter so far, that I have heard him say, "He has known but few Pleaders that were tolerable company."

The Captain, who is a man of good sense, but dry conversation,

conversation, was last night giving me an account of a discourse, in which he had lately been engaged with a young wrangler in the law. 'I was giving my opinion, says the Captain, without apprehending any debate that might arise from it, of a General's behaviour in a battle that was fought some years before either the TEMPLAR or myself were born. The young Lawyer immediately took me up, and by reasoning above a quarter of an hour upon a subject which I saw he understood nothing of, endeavoured to shew me that my opinions were ill-grounded. Upon which, says the Captain, to avoid any farther contests, I told him, that truly I had not considered those several arguments which he had brought against me, and that there might be a great deal in them.' 'Ay, but, says my antagonist, who would not let me escape so, there are several things to be urged in favour of your opinion which you have omitted;' and thereupon begun to shine on the other side of the question. 'Upon this, says the Captain, I came over to my first sentiments, and entirely acquiesced in his reasons for my so doing.' Upon which the TEMPLAR again recovered his former posture, and confuted both himself and me a third time. In short, says my friend, I found he was resolved to keep me at sword's length, and never let me close with him; so that I had nothing left but to hold my tongue, and give my antagonist free leave to smile at his victory, who I found, like HUDIBRAS, "could still change sides, and still confute." *

For my own part, I have ever regarded our Inns of Court as nurseries of Statesmen and Lawgivers, which makes me often frequent that part of the town with great pleasure.

Upon my calling in lately at one of the most noted Temple coffee-houses, I found the whole room, which was full of young students, divided into several parties, each of

* Part I. Cant. i. ver. 69, 70.

of which was deeply engaged in some controversy. The management of the late Ministry was attacked and defended with great vigour; and several preliminaries to the Peace were proposed by some, and rejected by others; the demolishing of Dunkirk was so eagerly insisted on, and so warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a challenge. In short, I observed that the desire of victory, whetted with the little prejudices of party and interest, generally carried the argument to such a height, as made the disputants insensibly conceive an aversion towards each other, and part with the highest dissatisfaction on both sides.

The managing an argument handsomely being so nice a point, and what I have seen so very few excel in, I shall here set down a few rules on that head, which among other things, I gave in writing to a young kinsman of mine, who had made so great a proficiency in the law, that he began to plead in company, upon every subject that was started.

Having the entire manuscript by me, I may, perhaps, from time to time, publish such parts of it as I shall think requisite for the instruction of the British youth. What regards my present purpose is as follows :

Avoid disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easy and well-bred in conversation, you may assure yourself that it requires more wit, as well as more good-humour, to improve than to contradict the notions of another: but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, two things which scarce ever fail of making an impression on the hearers. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor shew either by your actions or words, that you are full of yourself, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace. You were never positive, and

are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical way of reasoning, where, while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an absurdity; and though possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to desire information from him.

In order to keep that temper which is so difficult, and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion. The interests, education, and means by which men attain their knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has at least as much reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes to keep yourself cool, it may be of service to ask yourself fairly, What might have been your opinion, had you all the biasses of education and interest your adversary may possibly have? But if you contend for the honour of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, That you cannot make a more false step, or give your antagonists a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a passion.

When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does a man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a man because he does not apprehend the force of your reasons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the easier; he is certainly in all respects an object of your pity, rather than anger; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank nature for her favours, who has given you so much the clearer understanding.

You may please to add this consideration, that among your equals no one values your anger, which only preys upon its master; and perhaps you may find it not very

very consistent either with prudence or your ease, to punish yourself whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

Lastly, if you propose to yourself the true end of argument, which is information,* it may be a seasonable check to your passion; for if you search purely after truth, it will be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this place omit an observation which I have often made, namely, that nothing procures a man more esteem and less envy from the whole company, than if he chooses the part of moderator, without engaging directly on either side in a dispute. This gives him the character of impartial, furnishes him with an opportunity of sifting things to the bottom, shewing his judgment, and of sometimes making handsome compliments to each of the contending parties.

I shall close this subject with giving you one caution. When you have gained a victory, do not push it too far; it is sufficient to let the company and your adversary see it is in your power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.

X.*

---

* Experience shews, that disputes in company do not tend to the information of either party. They often arise from applying wrong criteria, from attempting inference in cases of mere observation or of testimony, or from different interpretations of the same word.

N°. 198.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1711.

Cervi luporum præda rapacium,
Sectamur ultro, quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.

HOR. 4 OD. IV. 50.

"We, like 'weak hinds,' the brinded wolf provoke,
"And, when retreat is victory,
"Rush on, tho' sure to die.

OLDISWORTH.

ON TEMPTATIONS.

THERE is a species of women, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Salamanders. Now a Salamander is a kind of heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midst of flames without being hurt. A Salamander knows no distinction of sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a stranger at first sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the person she talks to be in breeches or petticoats. She admits a male visitant to her bed-side, plays with him a whole afternoon at picquet, walks with him two or three hours by moon-light, and is extremely scandalized at the unreasonableness of an husband, or the severity of a parent, that would debar the sex from such innocent liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual declaimer against jealousy, an admirer of the French good-breeding, and a great stickler for freedom in conversation. In short, the Salamander lives in an invincible state of simplicity and innocence. Her constitution is *preserved* in a kind of natural frost. She wonders what people mean by temptations, and defies mankind to do their worst. Her chastity is engaged in a constant ordeal, or a fiery trial: like good Queen EMMA, the pretty innocent

nocent walks blindfold among burning plow-shares, without being scorched or singed by them *.

It is not therefore for the use of the Salamander, whether in a married or single state of life, that I design the following paper; but for such females only as are made of flesh and blood, and find themselves subject to human frailties.

As for this part of the fair sex who are not of the Salamander kind, I would most earnestly advise them to observe a quite different conduct in their behaviour; and to avoid as much as possible what religion calls *temptations*, and the world *opportunities*. Did they but know how many thousands of their sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent freedoms to ruin and infamy; and how many millions of ours have begun with flatteries, protestations, and endearments, but ended with reproaches, perjury, and perfidiousness, they would shun, like death, the very first approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable labyrinths of guilt and misery. I must so far give up the cause of the male world, as to exhort the female sex in the language of CHAMONT in the *Orphan*:

> "Trust not to man, we are by nature false,
> Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant:
> When a man talks of love, with caution trust him:
> But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee."

I might very much enlarge upon this subject, but shall conclude it with a story which I lately heard from one

---

* EMMA, the mother of King EDWARD the Confessor, who, being suspected of unchastity, was, it was pretended, as a trial of her innocence, made to walk hood-winked and bare-foot over nine red-hot plough-shares. This absurd story, HUME, as might be expected, disbelieves; "It was, he says, the invention of the monkish historians, propagated and believed from the silly wonder of posterity."

Hume's Hist. vol. i. p. 161.

of our Spanish officers, and which may shew the danger a woman incurs by two great familiarities with a male companion.

An inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave composed behaviour, determined about the fiftieth year of his age to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his eye upon a young woman who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the wars, which for some years have laid that whole country waste. The Castilian having made his addresses to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time; when at length the husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of Naples, where a great part of his estate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a shipboard above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an Algerine pirate, who carried the whole company on shore, and made them slaves. The Castilian and his wife had the comfort to be under the same master; who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian, though he would rather have died in slavery himself, than have paid such a sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain (who happened to be his next relation) to sell his estate, and transmit the money to him. His friend hoping that the terms of his ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which he himself had some prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole years passed away without any thing being done for the setting them at liberty.

There happened to live a French renegado in the same place

place where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures; to which he sometimes added a song or a dance, or some other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the Algerines enabled him likewise to do them several good offices. The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with this renegado, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice how he should behave himself in that exigency: he further told the renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his estate. The renegado, after having represented to him that his Algerine master would never consent to his release upon such a pretence, at length contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt; and having sold his estate, being afraid lest the money should miscarry by the way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himself in a little vessel that was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt upon this occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her, by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The renegado, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the good graces of his young wife, and so turned her head with stories of gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honest Castilian, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the renegado how to manage herself upon his arrival; so that she received him with an appearance

of the utmost love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common friend the renegado with the money he had brought over for their ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and negociate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story, but since I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, pon his awaking, found his wife had left him. He immediately rose and inquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the renegado about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready for their departure, they soon made their escape out of the territories of Algiers, carried away the money, and left the Castilian in captivity; who partly through the cruel treatment of the incensed Algerine his master, and partly through the unkind usage of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after.

L,

No. 199.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1711.

———Scribere jussit amor.

OVID. EP. IV. 10.

———"Love bade me write."

A LETTER FROM A LADY TO A GENTLEMAN WHO WISHED TO SEDUCE HER.

THE following letters are written with such an air of sincerity that I cannot deny the inserting of them.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH you are every where in your writings a friend to women, I do not remember that you have directly considered the mercenary practice of men in the choice of Wives. If you would please to employ your thoughts upon that subject you would easily conceive the miserable condition many of us are in, who not only from the laws of custom and modesty are restrained from making any advances towards our wishes, but are also, from the circumstance of fortune, out of all hopes of being addressed to by those whom we love. Under all these disadvantages I am obliged to apply myself to you, and hope I shall prevail with you to print in your very next paper the following letter, which is a declaration of passion to one who has made some faint addresses to me for some time. I believe he ardently loves me, but the inequality of my fortune makes him think he cannot answer it to the world, if he pursues his designs by way of marriage; and I believe, as he does not want discerning, he discovered me looking at him the other day unawares in such a manner, as has raised

raised his hopes of gaining me on terms the men call easier. But my heart was very full on this occasion, and if you know what love and honour are, you will pardon me that I use no further arguments with you, but hasten to my letter to him, whom I call Oroondates; because if I do not succeed, it shall look like Romance; and if I am regarded, you shall receive a pair of gloves at my wedding, sent you under the name of Statira.'

TO OROONDATES.

SIR,

'After very much perplexity in myself, and revolving how to acquaint you with my own sentiments, and expostulate with you concerning yours, I have chosen this way, by which means I can be at once revealed to you, or if you please, lie concealed. If I do not within few days find the effect which I hope from this, the whole affair shall be buried in oblivion. But, alas! what am I going to do, when I am about to tell you that I love you? But after I have done so, I am to assure you, that with all the passion which ever entered a tender heart, I know I can banish you from my sight for ever, when I am convinced that you have no inclinations towards me but to my dishonour. But alas! Sir, why should you sacrifice the real and essential happiness of life to the opinion of a world, that moves upon no other foundation but professed error and prejudice? You all can observe that riches alone do not make you happy, and yet give up every thing else when it stands in competition with riches. Since the world is so bad, that religion is left to us silly women, and you men act generally upon principles of profit and pleasure, I will talk to you without arguing from any thing but what may be most to your advantage, as a man of the world. And I will lay before you the state of the case, supposing that you had it in your power to make me your

your mistress, or your wife, and hope to convince you that the latter is more for your interest, and will contribute more to your pleasure.

'We will suppose then the scene was laid, and you were now in expectation of the approaching evening wherein I was to meet you, and be carried to what convenient corner of the town you thought fit, to consummate all which your wanton imagination has promised you in the possession of one who is in the bloom of youth, and in the reputation of innocence. You would soon have enough of me, as I am sprightly, young, gay, and airy. When fancy is sated, and finds all the promises it made itself false, where is now the innocence which charmed you? The first hour you are alone, you will find that the pleasure of a debauchee is only that of a destroyer. He blasts all the fruit he tastes; and where the brute has been devouring, there is nothing left worthy the relish of the man. Reason resumes her place after imagination is cloyed; and I am, with the utmost distress and confusion, to behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you, to be visited by stealth, and dwell for the future with the two companions (the most unfit for each other in the world) solitude and guilt. I will not insist upon the shameful obscurity we should pass our time in, nor run over the little short snatches of fresh air, and free commerce, which all people must be satisfied with, whose actions will not bear examination, but leave them to your reflections, who have seen of that life, of which I have but a mere idea.

'On the other hand, if you can be so good and generous as to make me your wife, you may promise yourself all the obedience and tenderness with which gratitude can inspire a virtuous woman. Whatever gratifications you may promise yourself from an agreeable person, whatever compliances from an easy temper, whatever consolations from a sincere friendship, you may expect as the due of your generosity. What at present in your ill view you promise yourself from me, will be followed

by

by distaste and satiety; but the transports of a virtuous love are the least part of its happiness. The raptures of innocent passion are but like lightening to the day, they rather interrupt than advance the pleasure of it. How happy then is that life to be, where the highest pleasures of sense are but the lowest parts of its felicity?

'Now am I to repeat to you the unnatural request of taking me in direct terms. I know there stands between me and that happiness, the haughty daughter of a man who can give you suitable to your fortune. But if you weigh the attendance and behaviour of her who comes to you in partnership of your fortune, and expects an equivalent, with that of her who enters your house as honoured and obliged by that permission, whom of the two will you choose? You, perhaps, will think fit to spend a day abroad in the common entertainments of men of sense and fortune: she will think herself ill used in that absence, and contrive at home an expence proportioned to the appearance which you make in the world. She is in all things to have a regard to the fortune which she brought you, I to the the fortune to which you introduced me. The commerce between you two will eternally have the air of a bargain, between us of a friendship: joy will ever enter into the room with you, and kind wishes attend my benefactor when he leaves it. Ask yourself how would you be pleased to enjoy for ever the pleasure of having laid an immediate obligation on a grateful mind? Such will be your case with me. In the other marriage you live in a constant comparison of benefits, and never know the happiness of conferring or receiving any.

'It may be you will, after all, act rather in the prudential way, according to the sense of the ordinary world. I know not what I think or say, when that melancholy reflection comes upon me; but shall only add more, that it is in your power to make me your grateful wife, but never your abandoned mistress.'

T.

N°. 200.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1711.

Vincet amor patriæ ———.

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 823.

"The noblest motive is the public good."

ON CONQUEST AND POPULATION.

THE ambition of Princes is many times as hurtful to themselves as to their people. This cannot be doubted of such as prove unfortunate in their wars, but it is often true too of those who are celebrated for their successes. If a severe view were to be taken of their conduct, if the profit and loss by their wars could be justly balanced, it would be rarely found that the conquest is sufficient to repay the cost.

As I was the other day looking over the letters of my correspondents, I took this hint from that of PHILARITHMUS,* which has turned my present thoughts upon political arithmetic, an art of greater use than entertainment. My friend has offered an essay towards proving that LOUIS XIV. with all his acquisitions is not master of more people than at the beginning of his wars, nay that for every subject he had acquired, he had lost three that were his inheritance. If PHILARITHMUS is not mistaken in his calculations, LOUIS must have been impoverished by his ambition.

The Prince, for the public good, has a sovereign property in every private person's estate; and conseqnently his riches must increase or decrease in proportion to the number and riches of his subjects. For example; if sword

* The letter of PHILARITHMUS was written by Mr. MARTYN, who was also the author of this paper.

sword or pestilence should destroy all the people of this metropolis, (God forbid there should be room for such a supposition! but if this should be the case) the Queen must needs lose a great part of her revenue, or at least, what is charged upon the city, must increase the burden upon the rest of her subjects. Perhaps the inhabitants here are not above a tenth part of the whole; yet as they are better fed, and clothed, and lodged, than her other subjects, the customs and excises upon their consumption, the imposts upon their houses, and other taxes, do very probably make *a fifth part* of the whole revenue of the crown. But this is not all; the consumption of the city takes off a great part of the fruits of the whole island; and as it pays such a proportion of the rent or yearly value of the lands in the country, so it is the cause of paying such a proportion of taxes upon those lands. The loss then of such a people must needs be sensible to the Prince, and visible to the whole kingdom.

On the other hand, if it should please God to drop from heaven a new people equal in number and riches to the city, I should be ready to think their excises, customs, and house-rent would raise as great a revenue to the Crown as would be lost in the former case. And as the consumption of this new body would be a new market for the fruits of the country, all the lands, especially those most adjacent, would rise in their yearly value, and pay greater yearly taxes to the public. The gain in this case would be as sensible as the former loss.

Whatsoever is assessed upon the general, is levied upon individuals. It were worth the while then to consider what is paid by, or by means of, the meanest subjects, in order to compute the value of every subject to the Prince.

For my own part, I should believe that seven-eighths of the people are without property in themselves or the heads of their families, and forced to work for their daily bread; and that of this sort there are seven millions

in the whole island of Great Britain: and yet one would imagine that seven-eighths of the whole people should consume at least three-fourths of the whole fruits of the country. If this is the case, the subjects without property pay three-fourths of the rents, and consequently enable the landed men to pay three-fourths of their taxes. Now if so great a part of the land-tax were to be divided by seven millions, it would amount to more than three shillings to every head. And thus as the poor are the cause, without which the rich could not pay this tax, even the poorest subject is upon this account worth three shillings yearly to the Prince.

Again; one would imagine the consumption of seven-eighths of the whole people should pay two-thirds of all the customs and excises. And if this sum too should be divided by seven millions, viz. the number of poor people, it would amount to more than seven shillings to every head; and therefore with this and the former sum every poor subject, without property, except of his limbs or labour, is worth at least ten shillings yearly to the Sovereign. So much then the Queen loses wiih every one of her old, and gains with every one of her new subjects.

When I was got into this way of thinking, I presently grew conceited of the argument, and was just preparing to write a letter of advice to a member of parliament, for opening the freedom of our towns and trades, for taking away all manner of distinctions between the natives and foreigners, for repealing our laws of parish settlements, and removing every other obstacle to the increase of the people. But as soon as I had recollected with what inimitable eloquence my fellow-labourers had exaggerated the mischiefs of selling the Birth-right of Britons for a shilling, of spoiling the pure British blood with foreign mixtures, of introducing a confusion of languages and religions, and of letting in strangers to eat the bread out of the mouths of our own people, I became so humble as to let my project fall to the ground,

ground, and leave my country to increase by the ordinary way of generation.

As I have always at heart the public good, so I am ever contriving schemes to promote it; and I think I may without vanity pretend to have contrived some as wise as any of the castle-builders. I had no sooner given up my former project, but my head was presently full of draining fens and marshes, banking out the sea, and joining new lands to my country; for since it is thought impracticable to increase the people to the land, I fell immediately to consider how much would be gained to the Prince by increasing the land to the people.

If the same Omnipotent Power, which made the world, should at this time raise out of the ocean, and join to Great Britain an equal extent of land, with equal buildings, corn, cattle, and other conveniencies and necessaries of life, but no men, women, nor children, I should hardly believe this would add either to the riches of the people, or revenue of the Prince; for since the present buildings are sufficient for all the inhabitants, if any of them should forsake the old to inhabit the new part of the island, the increase of house-rent in this would be attended with at least an equal decrease of it in the other. Besides, we have such a sufficiency of corn and cattle, that we give bounties to our neighbours to take what exceeds of the former off our hands, and we will not suffer any of the latter to be imported upon us by our fellow-subjects; and for the remaining product of the country, 'tis already equal to all our markets. But if all these things should be doubled to the same buyers, the owners must be glad with half their present prices, the landlords with half their present rents; and thus by so great an enlargement of the country, the rents in the whole would not increase, nor the taxes to the public.

On the contrary, I should believe they would be very much diminished; for as the land is only valuable for its fruits, and these are all perishable, and for the most part must either be used within the year, or perish without use,

use, the owners will get rid of them at any rate, rather than they should waste in their possession: so that it is probable the annual production of those perishable things, even of the tenth part of them, beyond all possibility of use, will reduce one-half of their value. It seems to be for this reason that our neighbour merchants, * who ingross all the spices, and know how great a quantity is equal to the demand, destroy all that exceeds it. It were natural then to think that the annual production of twice as much as can be used, must reduce all to an eighth part of their present prices; and thus, this extended island would not exceed one-fourth part of its present value, or pay more than one-fourth part of the present tax.

It is generally observed, that in countries of the greatest plenty there is the poorest living; like the schoolman's ass in one of my speculations, † the people almost starve between two meals. The truth is, the poor, which are the bulk of a nation, work only that they may live; and if with two days labour they can get a wretched subsistence, they will hardly be brought to work the other four. But then with the wages of two days they can neither pay such prices for their provisions, nor such excises to the government.

That paradox therefore in old Hesiod, πωγέον ἥμισυ παντος, or, "half is more than the whole," is very applicable to the present case; since nothing is more true in *political arithmetic*, than that the same people with half a country is more valuable than with the whole. I begin to think there was nothing absurd in Sir W. PETTY, when he fancied if all the Highlands of Scotland ‡ and the whole kingdom of Ireland were sunk in the ocean,

* The Dutch. † No. 191.

‡ This shews how little even men of letters at that time were acquainted with the value of so important parts of the King's dominions. Through the wise and patriotic exertions of the Duke of ARGYLL, the Earl of BREADALBANE, Mr. MACKENZIE of

so that the people were all saved and brought into the Lowlands of Great Britain; nay, though they were to be reimbursed the value of their estates by the body of the people, yet both the sovereign and the subjects in general would be enriched by the very loss.

If the people only make the riches, the father of ten children is a greater benefactor to his country, than he who has added to it 10,000 acres of land, and no people. It is certain LOUIS has joined vast tracts of land to his dominions: but if PHILARITHMUS says true, that he is not now master of so many subjects as before; we may then account for his not being able to bring such mighty armies into the field, and for their being neither so well fed, nor clothed, nor paid as formerly. The reason is plain, LOUIS must needs have been impoverished not only by his loss of subjects, but by his acquisition of lands.

T.

---

of Seaforth, Colonel MACLEOD, and other men of eminence, towards the western coast of Scotland, that country must increase very rapidly in commerce. Through the exertions of the Duke of ATHOL, and other noblemen and gentlemen, whose property is situated in the inland country, very great and rapid improvements are making in pasturage, agriculture, and manufactures.

N°. 201.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1711.

Religentem esse oportet religiosum nefas.

INCERTI AUTORIS APUD AUL. GELL.

"A man should be religious, not superstitious."

ON DEVOTION, ENTHUSIASM, AND SUPERSTITION.

IT is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with *devotion*, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A state of temperance, sobriety, and justice, without devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid condition of virtue; and is rather to be stiled philosophy than religion. Devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science; and at the same time warms and agitates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

It has been observed by some writers, that man is more distinguished from the animal world by devotion than by reason, as several brute creatures discover in their actions something like a faint glimmering of reason, though they betray in no single circumstance of their behaviour any thing that bears the least affinity to devotion. It is certain the propensity of the mind to religious worship, the natural tendency of the soul to fly to some superior being for succour in dangers and distresses,

so that the people were all saved and brought into the Lowlands of Great Britain; nay, though they were to be reimbursed the value of their estates by the body of the people, yet both the sovereign and the subjects in general would be enriched by the very loss.

If the people only make the riches, the father of ten children is a greater benefactor to his country, than he who has added to it 10,000 acres of land, and no people. It is certain LOUIS has joined vast tracts of land to his dominions: but if PHILARITHMUS says true, that he is not now master of so many subjects as before; we may then account for his not being able to bring such mighty armies into the field, and for their being neither so well fed, nor clothed, nor paid as formerly. The reason is plain, LOUIS must needs have been impoverished not only by his loss of subjects, but by his acquisition of lands.

T.

---

of Seaforth, Colonel MACLEOD, and other men of eminence, towards the western coast of Scotland, that country must increase very rapidly in commerce. Through the exertions of the Duke of ATHOL, and other noblemen and gentlemen, whose property is situated in the inland country, very great and rapid improvements are making in pasturage, agriculture, and manufactures.

N°. 201.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1711.

Religentem esse oportet religiosum nefas.

INCERTI AUTORIS APUD AUL. GELL.

"A man should be religious, not superstitious."

ON DEVOTION, ENTHUSIASM, AND SUPERSTITION.

IT is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with *devotion*, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A state of temperance, sobriety, and justice, without devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid condition of virtue; and is rather to be stiled philosophy than religion. Devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science; and at the same time warms and agitates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

It has been observed by some writers, that man is more distinguished from the animal world by devotion than by reason, as several brute creatures discover in their actions something like a faint glimmering of reason, though they betray in no single circumstance of their behaviour any thing that bears the least affinity to devotion. It is certain the propensity of the mind to religious worship, the natural tendency of the soul to fly to some superior being for succour in dangers and dis-

tresses, the gratitude to an invisible superintendent which arises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, the acts of love and admiration with which the thoughts of men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the divine perfections, and the universal concurrence of all the nations under heaven in the great article of adoration, plainly shew that devotion or religious worship must be the effect of tradition from some first founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reason, or that it proceeds from an instinct implanted in the soul itself.—For my part, I look upon all these to be the concurrent causes: but which ever of them shall be assigned as the principle of divine worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first author of it.

I may take some other opportunity of considering those particular forms and methods of devotion which are taught us by Christianity; but shall here observe into what errors even this divine principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right reason which was given us as the guide of all our actions.

The two great errors into which a mistaken devotion may betray us, are enthusiasm and superstition.

There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with religious enthusiasm. A person that is crazed, though with pride or malice, is a sight very mortifying to human nature: but when the distemper arises from any indiscreet fervours of devotion, or too intense an application of the mind to its mistaken duties, it deserves our compassion in a more particular manner. We may however learn this lesson from it, that since devotion itself (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the mind, unless its heats are tempered with caution and prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our reason as cool as possible, and to guard ourselves in all parts of life against the influence of passion, imagination, and constitution.

Devotion,

Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of reason, is very apt to degenerate into enthusiasm. When the mind finds herself very much inflamed with her devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something divine within her. If she indulges this thought too far, and humours the growing passion, she at last flings herself into imaginary raptures and ecstasies; and when once she fancies herself under the influence of a divine impulse, it is no wonder if she slights human ordinances, and refuses to comply with any established form of religion, as thinking herself directed by a much superior guide.

As enthusiasm is a kind of excess in devotion, superstition is the excess not only of Devotion, but of religion in general, according to an old heathen saying, quoted by AULUS GELLIUS,* *Religentem esse oportet, religiosum nefas;* "A man should be religious, not superstitious." For as the author tells us, NIGIDIUS observed upon this passage, that the Latin words which terminate in *osus* generally imply vicious characters, and the having of any quality to an excess.

An enthusiast in religion is like an obstinate clown, a superstitious man like an insipid courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of madness; superstition, of folly. Most of the sects that fall short of the church of England have in them strong tinctures of enthusiasm,* as the Roman Catholic religion is one huge overgrown body of childish and idle superstitions.

The Roman Catholic church seems indeed irrecoverably lost in this particular. If an absurd dress or behaviour be introduced in the world, it will soon be found out and discarded. On the contrary, a habit or ceremony, though never so ridiculous, which has taken sanctuary in the church, sticks in it for ever. A Gothic

* The enthusiasm of the Presbyterians has now subsided into cool rational piety.

Bishop perhaps thought it proper to repeat such a form in such particular shoes or slippers; another fancied it would be very decent if such a part of public devotions were performed with a mitre on his head, and a crosier in his hand. To this a brother Vandal, as wise as the others, adds an antick dress, which he conceived would allude very aptly to such and such mysteries, till by degrees the whole office has degenerated into an empty show.

Their successors see the vanity and inconvenience of the ceremonies; but instead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more significant, and which take possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have seen the Pope officiate at St. Peter's, where for two hours together, he was busied in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is so glorious in the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to human nature, setting aside the infinite advantages which arise from it, as a strong, steady, masculine piety; but enthusiasm and superstition are the weaknesses of human reason, that expose us to the scorn and derision of infidels, and sink us even below the beasts that perish.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another error arising from mistaken devotion; but because reflections on that subject *would be of no great use to an English reader*, I shall not enlarge upon it.

L.

No. 202.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1711.

Sæpe decem vitiis instructior, odit et horret.

HOR. 1 EP. XVIII. 25.

"Though ten times worse themselves, you'll frequent view
"Those, who with keenest rage will censure you."

P.

ON THE NECESSITY OF PERSONAL QUALIFICATIONS IN ADDITION TO BIRTH.

THE other day as I passed along the street, I saw a sturdy 'prentice-boy disputing with a hackney-coachman; and in an instant, upon some word of provocation, throw off his hat and perriwig, clench his fist, and strike the fellow a slap on the face; at the same time calling him rascal, and telling him he was a gentleman's son. The young gentleman was, it seems, bound to a blacksmith; and the debate arose about payment for some work done about a coach, near which they fought. His master, during the combat, was full of his boy's praises; and as he called to him to play with his hand and foot, and throw in his head, he made all us who stood round him of his party, by declaring the boy had very good friends, and he could trust him with untold gold. As I am generally in the theory of mankind, I could not but make my reflections upon the sudden popularity which was raised about the lad; and perhaps, with my friend TACITUS, fell into observations upon it, which were too great for the occasion; or ascribed this general favour to causes which had nothing to do towards it. But the young blacksmith's being a gentleman was, methought, what created him good-will from his present

equality with the mob about him. Add to this, that he was not so much a gentleman, as not, at the same time that he called himself such, to use as rough methods for his defence as his antagonist. The advantage of his having good friends, as his master expressed it, was not lazily urged; but he shewed himself superior to the coachman in the personal qualities of courage and activity, to confirm that of his being well allied before his birth was of any service to him.

If one might moralize from this silly story, a man would say, that whatever advantages of fortune, birth, or any other good, people possess above the rest of the world, they should shew collateral eminencies besides those distinctions; or those distinctions will avail only to keep up common decencies and ceremonies, and not to preserve a real place of favour or esteem in the opinion and common sense of their fellow creatures.

The folly of people's procedure, in imagining that nothing more is necessary than property and superior circumstances to support them in distinction, appears in no way so much as in the domestic part of life. It is ordinary to feed their humours into unnatural excrescencies, if I may so speak, and make their whole being a wayward and uneasy condition, for want of the obvious reflection, that all parts of human life is a commerce. It is not only paying wages, and giving commands, that constitutes a master of a family; but prudence, equal behaviour, with readiness to protect and cherish them, is what entitles a man to that character in their very hearts and sentiments. It is pleasant enough to observe, that men expect from their dependants, from their sole motive of fear, all the good effects which a liberal education, and affluent fortune, and every other advantage, cannot produce in themselves. A man will have his servant just, diligent, sober and chaste, for no other reasons but the terror of losing his master's favour; when all the laws divine and human cannot keep him whom he serves within bounds, with any relation

lation to any one of those virtues. But both in great and ordinary affairs, all superiority, which is not founded on merit and virtue, is supported only by artifice and stratagem. Thus you see flatterers are the agents in families of humorists, and those who govern themselves by any thing but reason, make-bates, distant relations, poor kinsmen, and indigent followers, are the fry which support the economy of an humorsome rich man. He is eternally whispered with intelligence of who are true or false to him in matters of no consequence, and he maintains twenty friends to defend him against the insinuations of one who would perhaps cheat him of an old coat.

I shall not enter into farther speculation upon this subject at present, but think the following letters and petition are made up of proper sentiments on this occasion.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a servant to an old lady who is governed by one she calls her friend; who is so familiar an one, that she takes upon her to advise her without being called to it, and makes her uneasy with all about her. Pray, Sir, be pleased to give us some remarks upon voluntary counsellors; and let these people know that to give any body advice, is to say to that person, *I am your betters.* Pray, Sir, as near as you can describe that eternal flirt and disturber of families, Mrs. TAPERTY, who is always visiting, and putting people in a way, as they call it. If you can make her stay at home one evening, you will be a general benefactor of all the ladies women in town, and particularly to

Your loving friend,

SUSAN CIVIL.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a footman, and live with one of those men, each of whom is said to be one of the best-humoured men

men in the world, but that he is passionate. Pray be pleased to inform them, that he who is passionate, and takes no care to command his hastiness, does more injury to his friends and servants in one half hour, than whole years can atone for. This master of mine, who is the best man alive in common fame, disobliges some body every day he lives; and strikes me for the next thing I do, because he is out of humour at it. If these gentlemen knew that they do all the mischief that is ever done in conversation, they would reform; and I who have been a spectator of gentlemen at dinner for many years, have seen that indiscretion does ten times more mischief than ill-nature. But you will represent this better than

Your abused humble servant,

THOMAS SMOKY.'

TO THE SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of JOHN STEWARD, ROBERT BUTLER, HARRY COOK, and ABIGAIL CHAMBERS, in behalf of themselves and their relations belonging to and dispersed in the several services of most of the great families within the cities of London and Westminster;

SHEWETH,

'THAT in many of the families in which your petitioners live and are employed, the several heads of them are wholly unaccquainted with what is business, and are very little judges when they are well or ill used by us your said petitioners.

'That for want of such skill in their own affairs, and by indulgence of their own laziness and pride, they continually keep about them certain mischievous animals called spies.

'That whenever a spy is entertained, the peace of that house is from that moment banished.

'That

'That spies never give an account of good services, but represent our mirth and freedom by the words, wantonness and disorder.

'That in all families where there are spies, there is a general jealousy and misunderstanding.

'That the masters and mistresses of such houses live in continual suspicion of their ingenuous and true servants, and are given up to the management of those who are false and perfidious.

'That such masters and mistresses who entertain spies, are no longer more than cyphers in their own families; and that we your petitioners are with great disdain obliged to pay all our respect, and expect all our maintenance from such spies.

'Your petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that you would represent the premises to all persons of condition; and your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall for ever pray, &c.

T.

N°. 203.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1711.

PHOEBE pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum,
Nec falsâ CLYMENE culpam sub imagine celat;
Pignora da, Genitor———

OVID. MET. ii. 36.

"Illustrious parent! if I yet may claim
"The name of son, O rescue me from shame;
"My mother's truth confirm; all doubt remove
"By tender pledges of a *Father's love.*" P.

ON DEBAUCHERY.

THERE is a loose tribe of men whom I have not yet taken notice of, that ramble into all the corners of this great city, in order to seduce such unfortunate females as fall into their walks. These abandoned profligates raise up issue in every quarter of the town, and very often, for a valuable consideration, father it upon the church-warden. By this means there are several married men who have a little family in most of the parishes of London and Westminster, and several bachelors who are undone by a charge of children.

When a man once gives himself this liberty of preying at large, and living upon the common, he finds so much game in a populous city, that it is surprising to consider the numbers which he sometimes propagates. We see many a young fellow who is scarce of age, that could lay his claim to the *jus trium liberorum*, or the privileges which were granted by the Roman laws to all such as were fathers of three children. Nay, I have heard a rake, who was not quite five and twenty, declare himself the father of a seventh son, and very prudently determine to breed him up a physician. In short, the town

is full of these young patriarchs, not to mention several battered beaus, who, like heedless spendthrifts that squander away their estates before they are masters of them, have raised up their whole stock of children before marriage.

I must not here omit the particular whim of an impudent libertine, that had a little smattering of heraldry; and observing how the genealogies of great families were often drawn up in the shape of trees, had taken a fancy to dispose of his own illegitimate issue in a figure of the same kind.

———Nec longum tempus & ingens
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes, & non sua poma.
VIRG. GEORG. ii. 80.

" And in short space the laden boughs arise,
" With happy fruit advancing to the skies:
" The mother plant admires the leaves unknown
" Of alien trees, and apples not her own."
DRYDEN.

The trunk of the tree was marked with his own name, WILL MAPLE. Out of the side of it grew a large barren branch, inscribed MARY MAPLE, the name of his unhappy wife. The head was adorned with five huge boughs. On the bottom of the first was written in capital characters, KATE COLE, who branched out into three sprigs, viz. WILLIAM, RICHARD, and REBECCA. SAL TWIFORD gave birth to another bough that shot up into SARAH, TOM, WILL and FRANK. The third arm of the tree had only a single infant on it, with a space left for a second, the parent from whom it sprung being near her time when the author took this ingenious device into his head. The two other great boughs were very plentifully loaden with fruit of the same kind; besides which there were many ornamental branches that did not bear. In short, a more flourishing tree never came out of the Herald's Office.

What

What makes this generation of vermin so very prolific, is the indefatigable diligence with which they apply themselves to their business. A man does not undergo more watchings and fatigues in a campaign, than in the course of a vicious amour. As it is said of some men, that they make their business their pleasure, these sons of darkness may be said to make their pleasure their business. They might conquer their corrupt inclinations with half the pains they are at in gratifying them.

Nor is the invention of these men less to be admired than their industry and vigilance. There is a fragment of APOLLODORUS, the comic poet (who was contemporary with MENANDER), which is full of humour, as follows: "Thou mayest shut up thy doors," says he, with bars and bolts. It will be impossible for the blacksmith to make them so fast, but a cat and a whore-master will find a way through them." In a a word, there is no head so full of stratagems as that of a libidinous man.

Were I to propose a punishment for this infamous race of propagators, it should be to send them, after the second or third offence, into our American colonies, in order to people those parts of her Majesty's dominions where there is a want of inhabitants, and, in the phrase of DIOGENES, to *plant men.* Some countries punish this crime with death; but I think such a banishment would be sufficient, and might turn this generative faculty to the advantage of the public.

In the mean time, until these gentlemen may be thus disposed of, I would earnestly exhort them to take care of those unfortunate creatures whom they have brought into the world by these indirect methods, and to give their spurious children such an education as may render them more virtuous than their parents. This is the best atonement they can make for their own crimes, and, indeed, the only method that is left them to repair their past miscarriages.

I would likewise desire them to consider, whether they

they are not bound in common humanity, as well as by all the obligations of religion and nature, to make some provision for those whom they have not only given life to, but entailed upon them, though very unreasonably, a degree of shame and disgrace. And here I cannot but take notice of those depraved notions which prevail among us, and which must have taken rise from our natural inclination to favour a vice to which we are so very prone, namely, that *bastardy* and *cuckoldom* should be looked upon as reproaches; and that the ignominy, which is only due to lewdness and falsehood, should fall in so unreasonable a manner upon the persons who are innocent.

I have been insensibly drawn into this discourse by the following letter, which is drawn up with such a spirit of sincerity, that I question not but the writer of it has represented his case in a true and genuine light.

SIR,

'I AM one of those people who by the general opinion of the world are counted both infamous and unhappy.

'My father is a very eminent man in this kingdom, and one who bears considerable offices in it. I am his son, but my misfortune is, that I dare not call him father, nor he without shame own me as his issue, I being illegitimate, and therefore deprived of that endearing tenderness and unparalleled satisfaction which a good man finds in the love and conversation of a parent. Neither have I the opportunities to render him the duties of a son, he having always carried himself at so vast a distance, and with such a superiority towards me, that by long use I have contracted a timorousness when before him, which hinders me from declaring my own necessities, and giving him to understand the inconveniencies I undergo.

'It is my misfortune to have been neither bred a

scholar, a soldier, nor to any kind of business, which renders me entirely incapable of making provision for myself without his assistance; and this creates a continual uneasiness in my mind, fearing I shall in time want bread; my father, if I may so call him, giving me but very faint assurances of doing any thing for me.

'I have hitherto lived somewhat like a gentleman, and it would be very hard for me to labour for my living. I am in continual anxiety for my future fortune, and under a great unhappiness in losing the sweet conversation and friendly advice of my parents; so that I cannot look upon myself otherwise than as a monster, strangely sprung up in nature, which every one is ashamed to own. *

'I am thought to be a man of some natural parts, and by the continual reading what you have offered the world, become an admirer thereof, which has drawn me to make this confession; at the same time hoping, if any thing herein shall touch you with a sense of pity, you would then allow me the favour of your opinion thereupon; as also what part I, being unlawfully born, may claim of the man's affection who begot me, and how far, in your opinion, I am to be thought his son, or he acknowledged as my father. Your sentiments and advice herein will be a great consolation and satisfaction to,

SIR,

Your admirer, &c.

C. *W. B.*'

---

* Some parts of this letter would apply to the unfortunate SAVAGE; but he was then too young to be sensible of the evils described here.

N°. 204.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1711.

Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimiùm lubicrus aspici.
HOR. I OD. XIX. 7.

" Her face too dazzling for the sight;
" Her winning coyness fires my soul,
" I feel a strange delight."

LOVE LETTERS.

I AM not at all displeased that I am become the *Courier of Love*, and that the distressed in that passion convey their complaints to each other by my means. The following letters have lately come to my hands, and shall have their place with great willingness. As to the reader's entertainment, he will, I hope, forgive the inserting such particulars as to him may perhaps seem frivolous, but are to the persons who wrote them of the highest consequence. I shall not trouble you with the prefaces, compliments, and apologies made to me before each epistle when it was desired to be inserted; but in general they tell me, that the persons to whom they are addressed have intimations, by phrases and allusions in them, from whence they came.

TO THE SOTHADES.

' THE word by which I address you, gives you, who understand Portuguese, a lively image of the tender regard I have for you. The SPECTATOR's late letter from STATIRA * gave me the hint to use the same method of

* No. 199.

explaining myself to you. I am not affronted at the design your late behaviour discovered you had in your addresses to me; but I impute it to the degeneracy of the age, rather than your particular fault. As I aim at nothing more than being yours, I am willing to be a stranger to your name, your fortune, or any figure which your wife might expect to make in the world, provided my commerce with you is not to be a guilty one. I resign gay dress, the pleasures of visits, equipage, plays, balls, and operas, for that one satisfaction of having you for ever mine. I am willing you shall industriously conceal the only cause of triumph which I can know in this life. I wish only to have it my duty, as well as my inclination, to study your happiness. If this has not the effect this letter seems to aim at, you are to understand that I had a mind to be rid of you, and took the readiest way to pall you with an offer of what you would never desist pursuing while you received ill usage. Be a true man; be my slave while you doubt me, and neglect me when you think I love you. I defy you to find out what is your present circumstance with me; but I know while I can keep this suspence,

I am your admired

BELINDA.

MADAM,

'IT is a strange state of mind a man is in, when the very imperfections of a woman he loves turn into excellencies and advantages. I do assure you, I am very much afraid of venturing upon you. I now like you in in spite of my reason, and think it an ill circumstance to owe one's happiness to nothing but infatuation. I can see you ogle all the young fellows who look at you, and observe your eye wander after new conquests every moment you are in a public place; and yet there is such

such a beauty in all your looks and gestures, that I cannot but admire you in the very act of endeavouring to gain the hearts of others. My condition is the same with that of the lover in the *Way of the World.* * I have studied your faults so long, that they are become as familiar to me, and I like them as well as I do my own. Look to it, Madam, and consider whether you think this gay behaviour will appear to me as amiable when an husband, as it does now to me a lover. Things are so far advanced, that we must proceed; and I hope you will lay to heart, that it will be becoming in me to appear still your lover, but not in you to be still my mistress. Gaiety in the matrimonial life is graceful in one sex, but exceptionable in the other. As you improve these little hints, you will ascertain the happiness or uneasiness of,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

Most humble servant,

T. D.'

SIR,

'WHEN I sat at the window, and you at the other end of the room by my cousin, I saw you catch me looking at you. Since you have the secret at last, which I am sure you should never have known but by inadvertency, what my eyes said was true. But it is too soon to confirm it with my hand, therefore shall not subscribe my name.'

SIR,

'THERE were other gentlemen nearer, and I know no necessity you were under to take up that flippant creature's fan last night; but you shall never touch a stick of mine more, that's pos.

PHILLIS.'

* By CONGREVE.

TO COLONEL R————S, IN SPAIN.*

'BEFORE this can reach the best of husbands, and the fondest lover, those tender names will be no more of concern to me. The indisposition in which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and duty, left me, has increased upon me; and am acquainted by my physicians I cannot live a week longer. At this time my spirits fail me; and it is the ardent love I have for you that carries me beyond my strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful thing in the prospect of death is, that I must part with you. But let it be a comfort to you, that I have no guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me; but I pass away my last hours in reflection upon the happiness we have lived in together, and in sorrow that it is so soon to have an end. This is a frailty which I hope is so far from criminal, that methinks there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be an happy one to the good, and miserable to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least, to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the steps of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to say to you, O best of men, that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment. To be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed, to administer slumber to thy eyelids in the agonies of a fever, to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle, to go with thee a guardian angel incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed

* Col. RIVERS.

longed to attend thee when a weak, a fearful woman: these, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart. But, indeed, I am not capable, under my present weakness, of bearing the strong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myself the grief you will be in, upon your first hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the person for whom you lament offers you consolation. My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you. I shall never see thy face again. Farewel for ever.'

T.

N°. 205.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1711.

Decipimur specie recti———

HOR. ARS. POET. V. 25.

"Deluded by a seeming excellence."

ROSCOMMON.

DESCRIPTION OF A PROCURESS.

WHEN I meet with any vicious character that is not generally known, in order to prevent its doing mischief, I draw it at length, and set it up as a scarecrow; by which means I do not only make an example of the person to whom it belongs, but give warning to all her Majesty's subjects, that they may not suffer by it. Thus, to change the allusion, I have marked out several of the shoals and quicksands of life, and am continually employed in discovering those which are still concealed, in order to keep the ignorant and unwary from running upon them. It is with this intention that I publish the following letter, which brings to light some secrets of this nature.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are none of your speculations which I read over with greater delight, than those which are designed for the improvement of our sex. You have endeavoured to correct our unreasonable fears and superstitions, in your seventh and twelfth papers; our fancy for equipage, in your fifteenth; our love of puppet-shows, in your thirty-first; our notions of beauty, in your thirty-third; our inclination for romances in your thirty-seventh;

our passion for French fopperies, in your forty-fifth; our manhood and party-zeal, in your fifty-seventh; our abuse of dancing, in your sixty-sixth and sixty-seventh; our levity, in your hundred and twenty-eighth; our love of coxcombs, in your hundred and fifty-fourth, and hundred and fifty-seventh; our tyranny over the hen-peckt, in your hundred and seventy-sixth. You have described the Pict, in your forty-first; the Idol, in your seventy-third; the Demurrer, in your eighty-ninth; the Salamander, in your hundred and ninety-eighth. You have likewise taken to pieces our dress, and represented to us the extravagancies we are often guilty of in that particular. You have fallen upon our patches, in your fiftieth, and eighty-first; our commodes, in your ninety-eighth; our fans, in your hundred and second; our riding-habits, in your hundred and fourth; our hoop-petticoats, in your hundred and twenty-seventh; besides a great many little blemishes which you have touched upon in your several other papers, and in those many letters that are scattered up and down your works. At the same time we must own that the compliments you pay our sex are innumerable, and that those very faults which you represent in us, are neither black in themselves, nor, as you own, universal among us. But, Sir, it is plain that these your discourses are calculated for none but the fashionable part of womenkind, and for the use of those who are rather indiscreet than vicious. But, Sir, there is a sort of prostitutes in the lower part of our sex, who are a scandal to us, and very well deserve to fall under your censure. I know it would debase your paper too much to enter into the behaviour of these female libertines; but as your remarks on some part of it would be a doing of justice to several women of virtue and honour, whose reputations suffer by it, I hope you will not think it improper to give the public some accounts of this nature. You must know, Sir, I am provoked to write you this letter, by the behaviour of an infamous woman, who having

passed her youth in a most shameless state of prostitution, is now one of those who gain their livelihood by seducing others that are younger than themselves, and by establishing a criminal commerce between the two sexes. Among several of her artifices to get money, she frequently persuades a vain young fellow, that such a woman of quality, or such a celebrated toast, entertains a secret passion for him, and wants nothing but an opportunity of revealing it. Nay, she has gone so far as to write letters in the name of a woman of figure, to borrow money of one of these foolish RODERIGO's *, which she has afterwards appropriated to her own use. In the mean time, the person who has lent the money, has thought a lady under obligations to him, who scarce knew his name; and wondered at her ingratitude when he has been with her, that she has not owned the favour, though at the same time he was too much a man of honour to put her in mind of it.

'When this abandoned baggage meets with a man who has vanity enough to give credit to relations of this nature, she turns him to a very good account by repeating praises that were never uttered, and delivering messages that were never sent. As the house of this shameless creature is frequented by several foreigners; I have heard of another artifice, out of which she often raises money. The foreigner sighs after some British beauty, whom he only knows by fame; upon which she promises, if he can be secret, to procure him a meeting. The stranger, ravished at his good fortune, gives her a present, and in a little time is introduced to some imaginary title; for you must know that this cunning purveyor has her representatives upon this occasion, of some of the finest ladies in the kingdom. †

By

* Alluding to the dupe of IAGO in *Othello*.

† A procuress in Edinburgh, of the name of JAPP, about forty years

By this means, as I am informed, it is usual enough to meet with a German Count in foreign countries, that shall make his boasts of favours he has received from women of the highest ranks, and the most unblemished characters. Now, Sir, what safety is there for a woman's reputation, when a lady may be thus prostituted, as it were, by proxy, and be reputed an unchaste woman; as the hero in the ninth book of DRYDEN's *Virgil* is looked upon as a coward, because the phantom which appeared in his likeness ran away from TURNUS? You may depend upon what I relate to you to be a matter of fact, and the practice of more than one of these female pandars. If you print this letter, I may give you some farther accounts of this vicious race of women.

Your humble servant,

BELVIDERA.'

I shall add two other letters on different subjects to fill up my paper.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a country clergyman, and hope you will lend me your assistance in ridiculing some little indecencies which cannot so properly be exposed from the pulpit.

A widow

---

years ago, was often guilty of the villany here described. Luckey* JAPP, to enhance the price of her women, used to give them the names of the ladies of the first beauty, rank, and character, to strangers. A young nobleman, who belonged to the country, though he had been long absent, having returned to Edinburgh, and in a fit of juvenal indiscretion repaired to Mrs. JAPP's, was informed by the harridan, that he would be introduced to Lady ———, a very handsome young lady, cousin-german of his own. Willing to investigate the affair, he desired the appearance of the supposed lady. Left alone with his inamorata, he asked her if she was really Lady ———? She answered in the affirmative. After he left her, he went to a magistrate, stated the calumny, instituted an enquiry, and discovered the system of iniquitous slander. Mrs. JAPP was obliged to remove to the correction-house.

* (i. e. Mother.)

A widow lady, who straggled this summer from London into my parish, for the benefit of the air, as she says, appears every Sunday at church with many fashionable extravagancies, to the great astonishment of my congregation.

'But what gives us the most offence is her theatrical manner of singing the psalms. She introduces about fifty Italian airs in the hundredth psalm; and whilst we begin *All people* in the old solemn tune of our forefathers, she, in a quite different key, runs divisions on the vowels, and adorns them with the graces of NICOLINI: if she meets with Eke or Aye, which are frequent in the metre of HOPKINS and STERNHOLD, we are certain to hear her quavering them half a minute after us, to some sprightly airs of the Opera.

'I am very far from being an enemy to church music; but fear this abuse of it may make my parish ridiculous, who already look on the singing psalms as an entertainment, and not part of their devotion: besides, I am apprehensive that the infection may spread; for 'Squire SQUEEKUM, who by his voice seems (if I may use the expression) to be cut out for an Italian singer, was last Sunday practising the same airs.

'I know the lady's principles, and that she will plead the toleration, which (as she fancies) allows her nonconformity in this particular; but I beg you to acquaint her, That singing the psalms in a different tune from the rest of the congregation, is a sort of schism not tolerated by that act.

I am,

SIR,

Your very humble servant,

R. S.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'IN your paper upon Temperance,* you prescribe to us a rule of drinking, out of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, in the

---

* No. 195.

the following words: "The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies." Now, Sir, you must know, that I have read this your *Spectator*, in a club whereof I am a member; when our President told us, there was certainly an error in the print, and that the word glass should be bottle; and therefore has ordered me to inform you of this mistake, and to desire you to publish the following erratum: In the paper of Saturday, October 13, col. 3, line 11, for glass, read bottle.

Yours,

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

L.

N°. 206.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1711.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret———

HOR. 3 OD. XVI. 21.

"They that do much themselves deny,
"Receive more blessings from the sky."

CREECH.

ON SELF-DENIAL.

THERE is a call upon mankind to value and esteem those who set a moderate price upon their own merit; and Self-denial is frequently attended with unexpected blessings, which in the end abundantly recompense such losses as the modest seem to suffer in the ordinary occurrences of life. The curious tell us, a determination in our favour or to our disadvantage is made upon our first appearance, even before they know any thing of our characters, but from the intimations men gather from our aspect. A man, they say, wears the picture of his mind in his countenance; and one man's eyes are spectacles to his, who looks at him to read his heart. But though that way of raising an opinion of those we behold in public is very fallacious, certain it is, that those, who by their words and actions take as much upon themselves, as they can but barely demand in the strict scrutiny of their deserts, will find their account lessen every day. A modest man preserves his character, as a frugal man does his fortune; if either of them live to the height of either, one will find losses, the other errors, which he has not stock by him to make up. It were therefore a just rule, to keep your desires, your words and actions, within the regard you observe your friends have

have for you; and never, if it were in a man's power, to take as much as he possibly might, either in preferment or reputation. My walks have lately been among the mercantile part of the world; and one gets phrases naturally from those with whom one converses. I say then, he that in his air, his treatment of others, or an habitual arrogance to himself, gives himself credit for the least article of more wit, wisdom, goodness, or valour, than he can possibly produce if he is called upon, will find the world break in upon him, and consider him as one who has cheated them of all the esteem they had before allowed him. This brings a commission of bankruptcy upon him; and he that might have gone on to his life's end in a prosperous way, by aiming at more than he should, is no longer proprietor of what he really had before, but his pretensions fare as all things do, which are torn instead of being divided.

There is no one living would deny CINNA the applause of an agreeable and facetious wit; or could possibly pretend that there is not something inimitably unforced and diverting in his manner of delivering all his sentiments in his conversation, if he were able to conceal the strong desire of applause which he betrays in every syllable he utters. But they who converse with him, see that all the civilities they could do him, or the kind things they could say to him, would fall short of what he expects; and therefore instead of shewing him the esteem they have for his merit, their reflections turn only upon that they observe he has of it himself.

If you go among the women, and behold GLORIANA trip into a room with that theatrical ostentation of her charms, MIRTILLA with that soft regularity in her motion, CHLOE with such an indifferent familiarity, CORINNA with such a fond approach, and ROXANA with such a demand of respect in the great gravity of her entrance; you find all the sex, who understand themselves and act naturally, wait only for their absence, to

tell you that all these ladies would impose themselves upon you; and each of them carry in their behaviour a consciousness of so much more than they should pretend to, that they lose what would otherwise be given them.

I remember the last time I saw *Macbeth*, I was wonderfully taken with the skill of the poet, in making the murderer form fears to himself from the moderation of the Prince whose life he was going to take away. He says of the King: "He bore his faculties so meekly;" and justly inferred from thence, that all divine and human power would join to avenge his death, who had made such an abstinent use of dominion. All that is in a man's power to do to advance his own pomp and glory, and forbears, is so much laid up against the day of distress; and pity will always be his portion in adversity, who acted with gentleness in prosperity.

The great officer who foregoes the advantages he might take to himself, and renounces all prudential regards to his own person in danger, has so far the merit of a volunteer; and all his honours and glories are unenvied, for sharing the common fate with the same frankness as they do, who have no such endearing circumstances to part with. But if there were no such considerations as the good effect which self-denial has upon the sense of other men towards us, it is of all qualities the most desirable for the agreeable disposition in which it places our own minds. I cannot tell what better to say of it, than that it is the very contrary of ambition; and that modesty allays all those passions and inquietudes to which that vice exposes us. He that is moderate in his wishes from reason and choice, and not resigned from sourness, distaste, or disappointment, doubles all the pleasures of life. The air, the season, a sun-shiny day, or a fair prospect, are instances of happiness, and that which he enjoys in common with all the world, (by his exemption from the inchantments by which all the world are bewitched) are to him uncommon benefits, and new acquisitions. Health is not eaten up with care, nor pleasure inter-

interrupted by envy. It is not to him of any consequence what this man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred. He knows there is in such a place an uninterrupted walk; he can meet in such a company an agreeable conversation. He has no emulation, he is no man's rival, but every man's well-wisher; can look at a prosperous man, with a pleasure in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himself; and has his mind and his fortune (as far as prudence will allow) open to the unhappy and to the stranger.

LUCCEIUS has learning, wit, humour, eloquence, but no ambitious prospects to pursue with these advantages; therefore to the ordinary world he is perhaps thought to want spirit, but known among his friends to have a mind of the most consummate greatness. He wants no man's administration, is in no need of pomp. His clothes please him if they are fashionable and warm; his companions are agreeable if they are civil and well-natured. There is with him no occasion for superfluity at meals, or jollity in company, in a word, for any thing extraordinary to administer delight to him. Want of prejudice, and command of appetite, are the companions which make his journey of life so easy, that he in all places meets with more wit, more good cheer, and more good-humour, than is necessary to make him enjoy himself with pleasure and satisfaction.

T.

N°. 207.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1711.

Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt à Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multùm diversa, remotâ
Erroris nebulâ———————

JUV. SAT. X. 1.

"Look round the habitual world, how few
"Know their own good, or knowing it pursue?
"How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
"Prompts the fond wish, or lifts the suppliant voice?"

DRYD. JONHSON, &c.

ON DEVOTION.

IN my last Saturday's Paper* I laid down some thoughts upon *Devotion* in general, and shall here shew what were the notions of the most refined Heathens on this subject, as they are represented in PLATO's Dialogue upon *Prayer*, intitled, *Alcibiades the Second*, which doubtless gave occasion to JUVENAL's Tenth Satire, and to the Second Satire of PERSIUS; as the last of these authors has almost transcribed the preceding Dialogue, intitled *Alcibiades the First*, in his Fourth Satire.

The speakers in this Dialogue upon *Prayer*, are SOCRATES and ALCIBIADES; and the substance of it (when drawn together out of the intricacies and digressions, as follows.

SOCRATES meeting his pupil ALCIBIADES, as he was going to his devotions, and observing his eyes to be fixed upon the earth with great seriousness and attention, tells him, that he had reason to be thoughtful on that occasion,

* No. 201.

occasion, since it was possible for a man to bring down evils upon himself by his own *prayers*, and that those things, which the Gods send him in answer to his petitions, might turn to his destruction. This, say she, may not only happen when a man prays for what he knows is mischievous in its own nature, as ŒDIPUS implored the Gods to sow dissention between his sons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his good, and against what he believes would be to his detriment. This, the Philosopher shews, must necessarily happen among us, since most men are blinded with ignorance, prejudice, or passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an instance, he asks ALCIBIADES, whether he would not be thoroughly pleased and satisfied if that God, to whom he was going to address himself, should promise to make him the Sovereign of the whole earth? ALCIBIADES answers, that he should doubtless look upon such a promise as the greatest favour that could be bestowed upon him. SOCRATES then asks him, if after receiving this great favour he would be contented to lose his life? Or if he would receive it, though he was sure he should make an ill use of it? To both which questions ALCIBIADES answers in the negative. SOCRATES then shews him, from the examples of others, how these might very probably be the effects of such a blessing. He then adds, that other reputed pieces of good-fortune, as that of having a son, or procuring the highest post in a government, are subject to the like fatal consequences; which nevertheless, says he, men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their *prayers* might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great point, that all the most apparent blessings in this life are obnoxious to such dreadful consequences, and that no man knows what in its event would prove to him a blessing or a curse,

he teaches ALCIBIADES after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first place, he recommends to him, as the model of his devotions, a short *prayer*, which a Greek poet composed for the use of his friends, in the following words; "O JUPITER, give us those things which are good for us, whether they are such things as we pray for, or such things as we do not pray for: and remove from us those things which are hurtful, though they are such things as we pray for."

In the second place, that his disciple may ask such things as are expedient for him, he shews him, that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the study of true wisdom, and to the knowledge of that which is his chief good, and the most suitable to the excellency of his nature.

In the third and last place, he informs him, that the best methods he could make use of to draw down blessings upon himself, and to render his prayers acceptable, would be to live in a constant practice of his duty towards the Gods, and towards men. Under this head he very much recommends a form of prayer the Lacedemonians make use of, in which they petition the Gods, "To give them all good things so long as they were virtuous." Under this head likewise he gives a very remarkable account of an oracle, to the following purpose.

When the Athenians, in the war with the Lacedemonians, received many defeats both by sea and land, they sent a message to the Oracle of JUPITER AMMON, to ask the reason why they who erected so many temples to the Gods, and adorned them with such costly offerings; why they who had instituted so many festivals, and accompanied them with such pomps and ceremonies; in short, why they who had slain so many hecatombs at their altars, should be less successful than the Lacedemonians, who fell so short of them in all these particulars? To this, says he, the Oracle made the follow-

following reply; "I am better pleased with the *prayers* of the Lacedemonians, than with all the oblations of the Greeks." As this prayer implied and encouraged virtue in those who made it, the Philosopher proceeds to shew how the most vicious man might be devout, so far as victims could make him, but that his offerings were regarded by the Gods as bribes, and his petitions as blasphemies. He likewise quotes, on this occasion, two verses out of HOMER, in which the poet says, "That the scent of the Trojan sacrifices was carried up to heaven by the winds; but that it was not acceptable to the Gods, who were displeased with PRIAM and all his people.

The conclusion of this dialogue is very remarkable. SOCRATES having deterred ALCIBIADES from the prayers and sacrifices which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned difficulties of performing that duty as he ought, adds these words, "We must therefore wait until such time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the Gods, and towards men." "But when will that time come, says ALCIBIADES, and who is it that will instruct us? for I would fain see this man, whoever he is." "It is one, says SOCRATES, who takes care of you; but as HOMER tells us, that MINERVA removed the mist from DIOMED's eyes that he might plainly discover both Gods and men;* so the darkness that hangs upon your mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is good, and what is evil." "Let him remove from my mind, says ALCIBIADES, the darkness and what else he pleases, I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I may become the better man by it." The remaining part of this dialogue is very obscure: there is something in it that would make us think SOCRATES hinted at himself, when he spoke of this Divine Teacher who was to come into the world, did not he

* Iliad V. 127.

own that he himself was in this respect as much at a loss, and in as great distress as the rest of mankind.

Some learned men look upon this conclusion as a prediction of our Saviour, or at least that SOCRATES, like the High-Priest, prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the world some ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great Philosopher saw, by the light of reason, that it was suitable to the goodness of the Divine Nature, to send a person into the world who should instruct mankind in the duties of religion, and in particular, teach them how to *pray*.

Whoever reads this abstract of PLATO's Discourse on Prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this reflection, "That the great Founder of our religion, as well by his own example, as in the form of prayer which he taught his Disciples, did not only keep up to those rules which the light of nature had suggested to this great Philosopher, but instructed his Disciples in the whole extent of this duty, as well as all others. He directed them to the *proper object of adoration*, and taught them, according to the third rule above-mentioned, to apply themselves to Him in their closets, without show or ostentation, and to worship Him in spirit and in truth." As the Lacedemonians in their form of prayer implored the Gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular "That our offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others." If we look into the second rule which SOCRATES has prescribed, namely, that we should apply ourselves to the knowledge of such things as are best for us, this too is explained at large in the doctrines of the Gospel, where we are taught in several instances to regard those things as curses, which appear as blessings in the eye of the world; and, on the contrary, to esteem those things as blessings, which to the generality of mankind appear as curses. Thus in the form which is prescribed to us we only pray for that happiness which is our chief good, and the great end of

our

our existence, when we petition the Supreme Being for the *coming of his kingdom*, being solicitous for no other temporal blessings but our *daily sustenance*. On the other side, we pray against nothing but sin, and against *evil* in general, leaving it with Omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first of SOCRATES his rules of prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned form of the ancient poet, we find that form not only comprehended, but very much improved in the petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that *His will may be done*: which is of the same force with that form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of deaths, "Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." This comprehensive petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be offered up from the creature to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our good, and that he knows better than ourselves what is so.

L.

N°. 208.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1711.

——— Veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.

OVID. ARS AM. l. i. 99.

"To be themselves a spectacle they come."

ON BEHAVIOUR AT PLAYS.

I HAVE several letters of people of good sense, who lament the depravity or poverty of taste the town is fallen into with relation to plays and public spectacles. A lady in particular observes, that there is such a levity in the minds of her own sex, that they seldom attend any thing but impertinences. It is indeed prodigious to observe how little notice is taken of the most exalted parts of the best tragedies in SHAKESPEAR; nay, it is not only visible that sensuality has devoured all greatness of soul, but the under-passion (as I may so call it) of a noble spirit, *Pity*, seems to be a stranger to the generality of an audience. The minds of men are indeed very differently disposed; and the reliefs from care and attention are of one sort in a great spirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The man of a great heart, and a serious complexion, is more pleased with instances of generosity and pity, than the light and ludicrous spirit can possibly be with the highest strains of mirth and laughter. It is therefore a melancholy prospect when we see a numerous assembly lost to all serious entertainments, and such incidents, as should move one sort of concern, excite in them a quite contrary one. In the tragedy of *Macbeth*, the other night, when the lady who is conscious of the crime of murdering the King seems utterly

terly astonished at the news, and makes an exclamation at it, instead of the indignation which is natural to the occasion, that expression is received with a loud laugh. They were as merry when a criminal was stabbed. It is certainly an occasion of rejoicing when the wicked are seized in their designs; but I think it is not such a triumph as is exerted by laughter.

You may generally observe, that the appetites are sooner moved than the passions. A sly expression which alludes to baudry, puts a whole row into a pleasing smirk; when a good sentence that describes an inward sentiment of the soul, is received with the greatest coldness and indifference. A correspondent of mine upon this subject, has divided the female part of the audience, and accounts for their prepossessions against this reasonable delight in the following manner. The Prude, says he, as she acts always in contradiction, so she is gravely sullen at a comedy, and extravagantly gay at a tragedy. The Coquette is so much taken up with throwing her eyes around the audience, and considering the effect of them, that she cannot be expected to observe the actors but as they are her rivals, and take off the observation of the men from herself. Besides these species of women, there are the *Examples*, or the first of the mode. These are to be supposed too well acquainted with what the actor was going to say to be moved at it. After these one might mention a certain flippant set of females who are mimics, and are wonderfully diverted with the conduct of all the people around them, and are spectators only of the audience. But what is of all the most to be lamented, is the loss of a party whom it would be worth preserving in their right senses upon all occasions, and these are those whom we may indifferently call the innocent, or the unaffected. You may sometimes see one of these sensibly touched with a well-wrought incident; but then she is immediately so impertinently observed by the men, and frowned at by some insensibly superior of her own sex, that she

is ashamed, and loses the enjoyment of the most laudable concern, Pity. Thus the whole audience is afraid of letting fall a tear, and shun as a weakness the best and worthiest part of our sense.

SIR,

'As you are one that does not only pretend to reform, but affects it amongst people of any sense; makes me (who am one of the greatest of your admirers) give you this trouble to desire you will settle the method of us females knowing when one another is in town: for they have now got a trick of never sending to their acquaintance when they first come; and if one does not visit them within the week which they stay at home, it is a mortal quarrel. Now, dear Mr. SPEC, either command them to put it in the advertisement of your paper, which is generally read by our sex, or else order them to breathe their saucy footmen (who are good for nothing else) by sending them to tell all their acquaintance. If you think to print this, pray put it into better stile as to the spelling part. The town is now filling every day, and it cannot be deferred, because people take advantage of one another by these means, and break off acquaintance, and are rude. Therefore, pray, put this in your paper as soon as you can possibly, to prevent any future miscarriages of this nature. I am, as I ever shall be, dear SPEC,

Your most obedient humble servant,

MARY MEANWELL.'

'Pray settle what is to be a proper notification of a person's, being in town, and how that differs according to people's quality.'

MR. SPECTATOR, October 20.

'I HAVE been out of town, so did not meet with your paper dated September the 28th, wherein you, to my

heart's desire, expose that cursed vice of insnaring poor young girls, and drawing them from their friends. I assure you, without flattery, it has saved a 'prentice of mine from ruin; and in token of gratitude as well as for the benefit of my family, I have put it in a frame and glass, and hung it behind my counter. I shall take care to make my young ones read it every morning, to fortify them against such pernicious rascals. I know not whether what you writ was matter of fact, or your own invention; but this I will take my oath on, the first part is so exactly like what happened to my 'prentice, that had I read your paper then, I should have taken your method to have secured a villain. Go on and prosper.

Your most obliged humble servant.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'WITHOUT raillery, I desire you to insert this, word for word, in your next, as you value a lover's prayers. You see it is an hue and cry after a stray heart (with the marks and blemishes underwritten); which whoever shall bring to you, shall receive satisfaction. Let me beg of you not to fail, as you remember the passion you had for her to whom you lately ended a paper.

" Noble, generous, great, and good,
But never to be understood;
Fickle as the wind, still changing,
After every female ranging,
Panting, trembling, sighing, dying,
But addicted much to lying:
When the Siren songs repeats,
Equal measures still it beats;
Whoe'er shall wear it, it will smart her,
And whoe'er takes it, takes a tartar."

T.

No. 209.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1711.

Γυναικὸς ἐσθλῆς, ἄμεινον, οὐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς.

SIMONIDES.

"Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
"A bad, the bitterest curse of human life."

VARIOUS CHARACTERS OF WOMEN, FROM SIMONIDES.

THERE are no authors I am more pleased with, than those who shew human nature in a variety of views, and describe the several ages of the world in their different manners. A reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times with those which prevailed in the times of his forefathers; and drawing a parallel in his mind between his own private character, and that of other persons, whether of his own age, or of the ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind, under these changeable colours, is apt to shame us out of any particular vice, or animate us to any particular virtue; to make us pleased or displeased with ourselves in the most proper points, to clear our minds of prejudice and prepossession, and rectify that narrowness of temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from ourselves.

If we look into the manners of the most remote ages of the world, we discover human nature in her simplicity; and the more we come downward towards our own times, may observe her hiding herself in artifices and refinements, polished insensibly out of her original plainness, and at length intirely lost under form and ceremony, and (what we call) good-breeding. Read the

the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the most ancient writers, both sacred and profane, and you would think you were reading the history of another species.

Among the writers of antiquity, there are none who instruct us more openly in the manners of their respective times in which they lived, than those who have employed themselves in *Satire*, under what dress soever it may appear; as there are no other authors whose province it is to enter so directly into the ways of men, and set their miscarriages in so strong a light.

SIMONIDES, a poet famous in his generation, is, I think, author of the oldest satire that is now extant; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written. This poet flourished about four hundred years after the siege of Troy; and shews, by his way of writing, the simplicity, or rather coarseness, of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my hundred and sixty-fifth speculation, that the rule of observing what the French call *bienseance* in an allusion, has been found out of latter years; and that the ancients, provided there was a likeness in their similitudes, did not much trouble themselves about the decency of their comparisons. The satire or iambics of SIMONIDES, with which I shall entertain my readers in the present paper, are a remarkable instance of what I formerly advanced. The subject of this satire is woman. He describes the sex in their several characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful supposition raised upon the doctrine of pre-existence. He tells us, "That the Gods formed the souls of women out of those seeds and principles which compose several kinds of animals and elements; and that their good or bad dispositions arise in them according as such and such seeds and principles predominate in their constitutions." I have translated the author very faithfully, and if not word for word (which our language would not bear) at least so as to comprehend every one of his sentiments, without adding any thing of my own.

I have already apologized for this author's want of delicacy, and must further premise, that the following satire affects only some of the lower part of the sex, and not those who have been refined by a polite education, which was not so common in the age of this poet.

'In the beginning God made the souls of womankind out of different materials, and in a separate state from their bodies.

'The souls of one kind of women were formed out of those ingredients which compose a swine. A woman of this make is a slut in her house, and a glutton at her table. She is uncleanly in her person, a slattern in her dress, and her family is no better than a dung-hill.

'A second sort of female soul was formed out of the same materials that enter into the composition of a fox. Such a one is what we call a notable discerning woman, who has an insight into every thing whether it be good or bad. In this species of females there are some virtuous and some vicious.

'A third kind of women were made up of canine particles. These are what we commonly call scolds, who imitate the animals out of which they were taken, that are always busy and barking, that snarl at every one that comes in their way, and live in perpetual clamour.

'The fourth kind of women were made out of the earth. These are your sluggards, who pass away their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over the fire a whole winter, and apply themselves with alacrity to no kind of business but eating.

'The fifth species of females were made out of the sea. These are women of various uneven tempers, sometimes all storm and tempest, sometimes all calm and sunshine. The stranger who sees one of these in her smiles and smoothness, would cry her up for a miracle of good-humour; but on a sudden her looks and words are changed, she is nothing but fury and outrage, noise and hurricane.

'The

'The sixth species were made up of the ingredients which compose an ass, or a beast of burden. These are naturally exceeding slothful, but upon the husband's exerting his authority, will live upon hard fare, and do every thing to please him. They are however far from being averse to venereal pleasure, and seldom refuse a male companion.

'The cat furnished materials for a seventh species of women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of love, that they fly in the face of their husband when he approaches them with conjugal endearments. This species of women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats, and pilferings.

'The mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to any servile toil and labour, composed an eighth species of women. These are they who have little regard for their husbands, who pass away their time in dressing, bathing, and perfuming; who throw their hair into the nicest curls, and trick it up with the fairest flowers and garlands. A woman of this species is a very pretty thing for a stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unless it be a King or a Prince who take a fancy to such a toy. *

'The ninth species of females were taken out of the ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.

'The tenth and last species of women were made out of the bee; and happy is the man who gets such an one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable. Her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her sex. She is

* Whether this description apply to ladies of fashion, in our time, we shall not determine.

is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of women, nor passes away her time with them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife that JUPITER can bestow on man."

I shall conclude these iambics with the motto of this paper, which is a fragment of the same author: "A man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one."

As the poet has shewn a great penetration in this diversity of female characters, he has avoided the fault which JUVENAL and Monsier BOILEAU are guilty of; the former in his sixth, and the other in his last Satire, where they have endeavoured to expose the sex in general, without doing justice to the valuable part of it.* Such levelling satires are of no use to the world; and for this reason I have often wondered how the French author above-mentioned, who was a man of exquisite judgment, and a lover of virtue, could think human nature a proper subject for satire in another of his celebrated pieces, which is called *The Satire upon Man*. What vice or frailty can a discourse correct, which censures the whole species alike, and endeavours to shew, by some superficial strokes of wit, that brutes are the most excellent creatures of the two. A satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper objects of it. L.

---

* JUVENAL is guilty of the same fault in his tenth Satire; he states the evil of the objects of human wishes, but not the good.

INDEX

TO THE

SPECTATOR.

VOL. III.

A

ABSTINENCE, the benefit of it, No. 195.

Accompts, their great usefulness, No. 174.

Action, the felicity of the soul, No. 126. No right judgment to be made of our actions, 174.

Advertisement from Mr. Sly, the haberdasher, No. 187. About the lottery ticket, 191.

Age, the unnatural misunderstanding between age and youth, No. 153. The authority of an aged virtuous person preferable to the pleasures of youth, *ib.*

Albacinda, her character, No. 144.

Alexander, his artifice in his Indian expedition, No. 127. His answer to those who asked him if he would not be a competitor for the prize in the Olympic Games, 157.

Amaryllis, her character, No. 144.

Ambition, the occasion of factions, No. 125. By what to be measured, 188. Many times as hurtful to the princes who are led by it, as to the people, 200.

Apothecary, his employment, No. 195.

Appetites, sooner moved than the passions, No. 208.

Arable, (Mrs.) the great heiress, the Spectator's fellow-traveller No. 132.

Argument, rules for the management of one, No. 179.

Aristotle, his account of the world, No. 166.

Aristus and Aspatia, an unhappy couple, No. 128.
Artist, wherein he has the advantage of an author, No. 166.
Association of honest men proposed by the Spectator, No. 126.
Atheists, great zealots, No. 185. And Bigots, *ib.* Their opinions downright nonsense, *ib.*
Author, in what manner one author is a mole to another, No. 124. Wherein an author has the advantage of an artist, 166. The care an author ought to take of what he writes, *ib.* A story of an atheistical author, *ib.*

B

Bareface, his success with the ladies, and the reason for it, No. 156.
Bawdy-houses, frequented by wise men, not out of wantonness but stratagem, No. 190.
Bear-garden, the Spectator's method for the improvement of it, No. 141.
Bodily exercises, of ancient encouragement, No. 161.
Boileau censured, and for what, No. 209.
Books reduced to their quintessence, No. 124. The legacies of great geniuses, 166.
Burnet, (Dr.) some passages in his theory of the earth considered, No. 143 and 146.
Butts, the adventures of a butt on the water, 175.

C

Cæsar, (Julius) his reproof to an ill reader, No. 147.
Cant, from whence said to be derived, No. 147.
Caprice often acts in the place of reason, No. 191.
Care, what ought to be a man's chief care, No. 122.
Carneades, the philosopher, his definition of beauty, No. 144.
Cassius, the proof he gave of his temper in his childhood, No. 157.
Castilian, the story of a Castilian husband and his wife, No. 198.
Castle-builders, who, and their follies exposed, No. 167.
Charles the Great, his behaviour to his secretary, who had debauched his daughter, No. 181.
Cheerfulness of Temper, how to be obtained and preserved, No. 143.
Children, wrong measures taken in the education of the British children, No. 157.
Chinese, the punishment amongst them for parricide, No. 189.

Christian Religion, the clear proof its articles and excellency of its doctrines, No. 186.
Coffee-house disputes, No. 197.
Comfort, what, and where found, No. 196.
Common Prayer, some considerations on the reading of it, No. 147. The excellency of it, *ib.*
Compassion, the exercise of it would tend to lessen the calamities of life, No. 169.
Compliments, exchange of compliments, No. 155.
Conquests, the vanity of them, No. 180.
Contentment, the utmost good we can hope for in this life, No. 163.
Conversation, what properly to be understood by the word conversation, No. 143.
Cornaro, (Lewis) a remarkable instance of the benefit of temperance, No. 195.
Cotillus, his great equanimity, No. 143.
Coverly, (Sir Roger de) the manner of his reception at the assizes, No. 122; where he whispers the judge in the ear, *ib.* His adventure when a school-boy, 125. A man of the landed interest, 126. His adventure with some gipsies, 130. Rarely sports near his own seat, 131. A dispute between him and Sir Andrew Freeport, 174.
Country, country gentleman and his wife, neighbours to Sir Roger, their different tempers described, No. 128. Country wake described, 161.
Courage, mechanic courage, what, No. 152.
Coxcombs, generally the women's favourites, No. 128.
Credulity in women famous, No. 190.
Cynæas, Pyrrhus's chief minister, his handsome reproof to that prince, No. 180.

D

Death, the contemplation of it affords a delight mixed with terror and sorrow, No. 133. Intended for our relief, *ib.* Deaths of eminent persons the improving passages in history, *ib.*
Debauchee, his pleasure is that of a destroyer, No. 199.
Dedications, the absurdity of them in general, No. 188.
Devotion, the most natural relief in our afflictions, No. 163. A man is distinguished from brutes by devotion more than by reason, 201. The errors into which it often leads us, *ib.*

The notions the most refined among the Heathens had of it, 207. Socrates's model of devotion, *ib.*

Disappointments in Love, the most difficult to be conquered of any other, No. 163.

Dissenters, their canting way of reading, No. 147.

Doctor in Moorfields, his contrivance, No. 193.

Drinking, a rule prescribed for it, No. 195.

Duration, the idea of it how obtained, according to Mr. Locke, No. 194. Different beings may entertain different notions of the same parts of duration, *ib.*

Dutch, their saying of a man that happens to break, No. 174.

E

Education, an ill method observed in the educating our youth, No. 157.

Eginhart, Secretary to Charles the Great, his adventure and marriage with that Emperor's daughter, No. 181.

Englishman, the peculiar blessing of being born one, No. 135. The Spectator's speculations upon the English tongue, *ib.* English not naturally talkative, *ib.* and 148. The English tongue adulterated, 165.

Enthusiasm, the misery of it, No. 201.

Epamenondas, his honourable death, No. 133.

Ephraim, the quaker, the Spectator's fellow-traveller in a stage coach, No. 132. His reproof to a recruiting-officer in the same coach, *ib.* and advice to him at their parting, *ib.*

Epitaph of a charitable man, No. 177.

Equanimity, without it we can have no true taste of life, No. 148.

Eternity, a prospect of it, No. 159.

Eucratia, her character, No. 144.

Eudosia, her character, *ib.*

Eudoxus and Leontine, their friendship and education of their children, No. 123.

Eugenius appropriates a tenth part of his estate to charitable uses, No. 177.

Exercise, the most effectual physic, No, 195.

Expences, oftener proportioned to our expectations than possessions, No. 191.

F

Fable, of the antiquity of fables, No. 183. Fable of Pleasure and Pain, *ib.*
Falsehood in man, a recommendation to the fair sex, No. 156.
Fashion, men of fashion, who, No. 151. A society proposed to be erected for the inspection of fashions, 175.
Faustina, the Empress, her notions of a pretty gentleman, 128.
Feasts, the gluttony of our modern feasts, No. 195.
Foible, (Sir Jeoffery) a kind keeper, No. 190.
Freeport, (Sir Andrew) his moderation in point of politics, No. 126. His defence of merchants, 174.

G

Giving and forgiving two different things, No. 189.
Glory, the love of it, No. 139. In what the perfection of it consists, *ib.* How to be preserved, 172.
Genius, what properly a great one, No. 160.
Geography of a jest settled, No. 138.
Gigglers in church reproved, No. 158.
Gipsies, an adventure between Sir Roger, the Spectator, and some gipsies, No. 130.
Good-nature, a moral virtue, No. 177. An endless source of pleasure, 196. Good-nature, more agreeable in conversation than wit, No. 169. The necessity of it, *ib.* Good-nature born with us, *ib.*
Greeks, a custom practised by them, No. 189.
Grinning, a grinning prize, No. 137.

H

Habits, different, arising from different professions, No. 197.
Handsome people generally fantastical, No. 144. The Spectator's list of some handsome ladies, *ib.*
Hardness of heart in parents towards their children most inexcusable, No. 181.
Hate, why a man ought not to hate even his enemies, No. 125.
Heathen Philosopher, No. 159.
Heirs and elder brothers frequently spoiled in their education, No. 123.
Hen-pecked, the hen-pecked husband described, No. 179.
Herod and Mariamne, their story from Josephus, No. 171.

Historian in conversation, who, No. 136.
Honeycomb, (Will) his letter to the Spectator, No. 131. His notion of a man of wit, No. 151. His boasts, *ib.* His artifice, 156.
Husbands, an ill custom among them, No. 178.

I

Ichneumon, a great destroyer of the crocodile's eggs, No. 126.
Jealousy described, No. 170. How to be allayed, 171. An exquisite torment, 178.
Jezebels, who so called, No. 175.
Ill-nature, an imitator of zeal, No. 185.
Jilts described, No. 187.
Imma, the daughter of Charles the Great, her story, No. 181.
Impertinents, several sorts of them described, No. 148 and 168.
Indigo, the merchant, a man of prodigious intelligence, No. 136.
Indisposition, a man under any, whether real or imaginary, ought not to be admitted into company, No. 143.
Infidelity, another term for ignorance, No. 186.
Interest, often a promoter of persecution, No. 185.
Irresolution, from whence arising, No. 151.
Jupiter Ammon, an answer of his oracle to the Athenians, No. 207.

K

Kennet, (Dr.) his account of the country wakes, No. 161.
Kitty, a famous town-girl, No. 187.

L

Lacedemonians, their delicacies in their sense of glory, No. 188. A form of prayer used by them, 207.
Lancashire Witches, a comedy censured, No. 141.
Language, the English, much adulterated during the war, No. 165.
Leontine and Eudoxus, their great friendship and advantages, No. 123.
Letters to the Spectator; from ——— complaining of the new petticoat, No. 127; from a lawyer on the circuit, with an account of the progress of the fashions in the country, 129; from Will Honeycomb, 131; from George Trusty, thanking the Spectator for the great benefit he has received from his works, 134; from William Wiseacre, who desires his daughter may learn the exercise of the fan, *ib.* from a professed

fessed liar, 136; from Ralph Valet, the faithful servant of a perverse master, 137; from Patience Giddy, the next thing to a lady's woman, *ib.* from Lydia Novell, complaining of her lover's conduct, 140; from R. D. concerning the corrupt taste of the age, and the reasons of it, *ib.* from Betty Saunter, about a wager, *ib.* from Parthenope, who is angry with the Spectator for meddling with the ladies' petticoats, *ib.* from ——— upon drinking, *ib.* from Rachael Basto, concerning female gamesters, *ib.* from Parthenia, *ib.* from ——— containing a reflection on a comedy called The Lancashire Witches, 141; from Andromache, complaining of the false notion of gallantry in love, with some letters from her husband to her, 142; from ——— concerning wagerers, 145; from ——— complaining of impertinents in coffee-houses, *ib.* from ——— complaining of an old bachelor, *ib.* from ——— concerning the skirts in men's coats, *ib.* from ——— on the reading the Common Prayer, 147; from the Spectator to a dancing out-law, 148; from the same to a dumb visitant, *ib.* to the Spectator, from Silvia, a widow, desiring his advice in the choice of a husband, 149; the Spectator's answer, *ib.* to the Spectator, from Simon Honeycomb, giving an account of his modesty, impudence, and marriage, 154; from an Idol that keeps a coffee-house, 155; from a beautiful milliner, complaining of her customers, *ib.* from ——— with a reproof to the Spectator, 158; from ——— concerning the ladies visitants, *ib.* from ——— complaining of the behaviour of persons in church, *ib.* from a woman's man, *ib.* from ——— with a description of a country wake, 161; from Leonora, who had just lost her lover, 163; from a young officer to his father, 165; to the Spectator, from a castle-builder, 167; from ——— concerning the tyranny of school-masters, 168; from T. S. a school-boy at Richmond, *ib.* from ——— concerning impertinence, *ib.* from Isaac Hedgeditch, a poacher, *ib.* from ———with a complaint against a Jezebel, 175; from ——— who had been nonplussed by a Butt, *ib.* from Jack Modish, of Exeter, about fashions, *ib.* from Nathaniel Henroost, a hen-peck'd husband, 176; from Celinda, about jealousy, 178; from Martha Housewife, to her husband, *ib.* to the Spectator, from ——— with an account of a whistling match at the Bath, 179; from Philarithmus, displaying the vanity of Lewis the XIVth's conquests, 180; from ———who had

had married herself without her father's consent, 181; from Alice Threadneedle, against wenching, 112; from ——— in the round-house, *ib.* from ——— concerning Nicholas Hart, the annual sleeper, 184; from Charles Yellow, against jilts, 187; from a gentleman to a lady, to whom he had formerly been a lover, and by whom he had been highly commended, 188; from a father to his son, 189; to the Spectator, from Rebecca Nettletop, a town-lady, 100; from Eve Afterday, who desires to be kept by the Spectator, *ib.* from a bawdy-house inhabitant, complaining of some of their visitors, *ib.* from George Gosling, about a ticket in the lottery, 191; a letter of consolation to a young gentleman who has lately lost his father, *ib.* to the Spectator, from a husband complaining of an heedless wife, 194; from ——— complaining of a fantastical friend, *ib.* from J. B. with advice to the Spectator, 196; from Biddy Loveless, who is enamoured with two young gentlemen at once, *ib.* from Statira to the Spectator, with one to Oroondates, 199; from Susan Civil, a servant to another lady, desiring the Spectator's remarks upon voluntary counsellors, 202; from Thomas Smoky, servant to a passionate master, *ib.* from a bastard, complaining of his condition as such, 203; from Belinda to the Sothades, 204; from J. D. to his coquette mistress, *ib.* from a lady to a gentleman, confessing her love, 204; from angry Phillis to her lover, *ib.* from a lady to her husband, an officer in Spain, *ib.* to the Spectator from Belinda, complaining of a female seducer, 205; from a country clergyman, against an affected singing of the psalms in church, *ib.* from Robin Goodfellow, containing the correction of an erratum in Sir William Temple's rule for drinking, *ib.* from Mary Meanwell, about visiting, 208; from a shopkeeper, with thanks to the Spectator, *ib.* from a lover, with an hue-and-cry after his mistress's heart, *ib.*

Lewis of France, compared with the Czar of Muscovy, No. 139.

Levees of great men animadverted upon, No. 193.

Life, not real but when chearful, No. 143. In what manner to be regulated, *ib.* A survey of it in a vision, 159.

Lottery, some discourse on it, No. 191.

Love, the gallantry of it on a very ill foot, No. 142. Love has nothing to do with state, 149. The transport of a virtuous love, 199.

Luxury, the luxury of our modern meals, No. 195.

Macbeth,

M

Macbeth, the incantations in that play vindicated, No. 141.
Males among the birds have only voices, No. 128.
Man, variable in his temper, No. 162. The mercenary practice of men in their choice of wives, 196.
Maple, (Will) an impudent libertine, No. 203.
Marlborough, (John Duke of) took the French lines without bloodshed, No. 139.
Marriage-life always a vexatious or happy condition, No. 149.
Master, a complaint against some ill masters, No. 137.
Merab, her character, No. 144.
Merchants, of great benefit to the public, No. 174.
Mirth in a man ought always to be accidental, 196.
Mirza, the visions of, No. 159.
Mode, a standing mode of dress recommended, No. 129.
Modesty in men no ways acceptable to ladies, No. 154. Modesty and self-denial frequently attended with unexpected blessings, 206. Modesty the contrary of ambition, *ib.*

N

Nicholas Hart, the annual sleeper, No. 184.
Nutmeg of Delight, one of the Persian Emperor's titles, No. 160.

O

Obedience of children to their parents the basis of all government, No. 189.
Omniamante, her character, No. 144.
Opportunities to be carefully avoided by the fair sex, No. 198.

P

Pamphilo, a good master, No. 137.
Parents naturally fond of their own children, No. 192.
Parties, an instance of the malice of parties. No. 125, The dismal effects of a furious party-spirit, *ib.* It corrupts both our morals and judgment, *ib.* and reigns more in the country than town, 126. Party scribblers reproved, 125.
People the only riches of a country, No. 200.
Petticoat, a complaint against the hoop-petticoat, No. 127. Several conjectures upon it, *ib.* Compared to an Egyptian temple, *ib.*

Philosophers, why longer lived than other men, No. 195.
Phocion, his behaviour at his death, No. 133. His notion of popular applause, 188.
Physic, the substitute of exercise or temperance, No. 195.
Piety, an ornament to human nature, No. 201.
Plato, his account of Socrates's behaviour the morning he was to die, No. 183.
Pleaders, few of them tolerable company, No. 197.
Pleasure, when our chief pursuit, disappoints itself, No. 151. The deceitfulness of pleasure, *ib.* A marriage proposed between Pleasure and Pain, and concluded, 183.
Popular applause, the vanity of it, No. 188.
Poverty, the inconveniencies and mortifications usually attending it, 150.
Pride, a man crazed with pride a mortifying sight, No. 201.
Procrastination, from whence proceeding, No. 151.
Procuress, her trade, No. 205.
Prodicus, the first inventor of fables, No. 183.
Punishments in schools disapproved, 157.

R

Readers divided by the Spectator into the mercurial and saturnine, No. 179.

S

Salamanders, an order of ladies described, No. 198.
Satyrists best instruct us in the manners of their respective times, No. 209.
Schoolmasters, the ignorance and want of discernment in the generality of them, No. 157, 168. Schoolmen, their ass-case, 191. How applied, *ib.*
Scipio, his judgment of Marius when a boy, No. 157.
Sentry, his account of a soldier's life, No. 152. His discourse with a young wrangler in the law, No. 197.
Servants, the hard condition of many of them, No. 137.
Shakespear, wherein inimitable, No. 141.
Simonides, his satire on women, No. 209.
Sloven, a character affected by some, and for what reason, No. 150. The folly and antiquity of it, *ib.*
Sly, the haberdasher, his advertisement to young tradesmen in the last year of apprenticeship, No. 187.

Snuff-box, the exercise of it, where taught, No. 138.
Socrates, his behaviour at his execution, No. 133. His speech to his judges, 146. His notion of pleasure and pain, 183. The effect of his temperance, 195. His instructions to his pupil Alcibiades, in relation to prayer, 207.
Soldiers, when men of sense, of an agreeable conversation, No. 152.
Spectator, goes to the assizes, No. 122. His adventure with a crew of gipsies, 130. The several opinions of him in the country, 131. His return to London, and fellow-travellers in the stage-coach, 132. His soliloquy upon the sudden and unexpected death of a friend, 133. His artifices to engage his different readers, No. 179.
Spy, the mischief of one in a family, No. 202.
State, (future) the refreshments a virtuous person enjoys in prospect and contemplation of it, No. 186.
Story-tellers, their ridiculous punctuality, No. 183.
Strife, the spirit of it, No. 197.
Superiority to be founded only on merit and virtue, No. 202.
Superstition, an error arising from a mistaken devotion, No. 201.

T

Talents ought to be valued according as they are applied, No. 172.
Taste (corrupt) of the age, to what attributed, No. 140, 208.
Temperance, the best preservative of health, 195. What kind of temperance the best, *ib.*
Temple, (Sir William) his rule for drinking, No. 195.
Tom Touchy, a quarrelsome fellow, No. 122.
Trade, trading and landed interest ever jarring, No. 174.

V

Valetudinarians not to be admitted into company but on conditions, No. 143.
Volumes, the advantage an author receives of publishing his works in volumes rather than in single pieces, No. 124.
Uranius, his great composure of soul, No. 143.

W

Whistling-match described, No. 179.
Wife, how much preferable to a mistress, No. 199.

Wimble, (Will) thinks the Spectator a fanatic, No. 126. And fears he has killed a man, 131.
Wine, not proper to be drank by every one that can swallow, No. 140.
Woman's-man described, No. 156. His necessary qualifications, *ib.*
Women, more gay in their nature than men, No. 128. Not pleased with modesty in men, 154. Their ambition, 156. Deluding women, their practices exposed, 182.

Y

Yawning, a Christmas gambol, No. 179.